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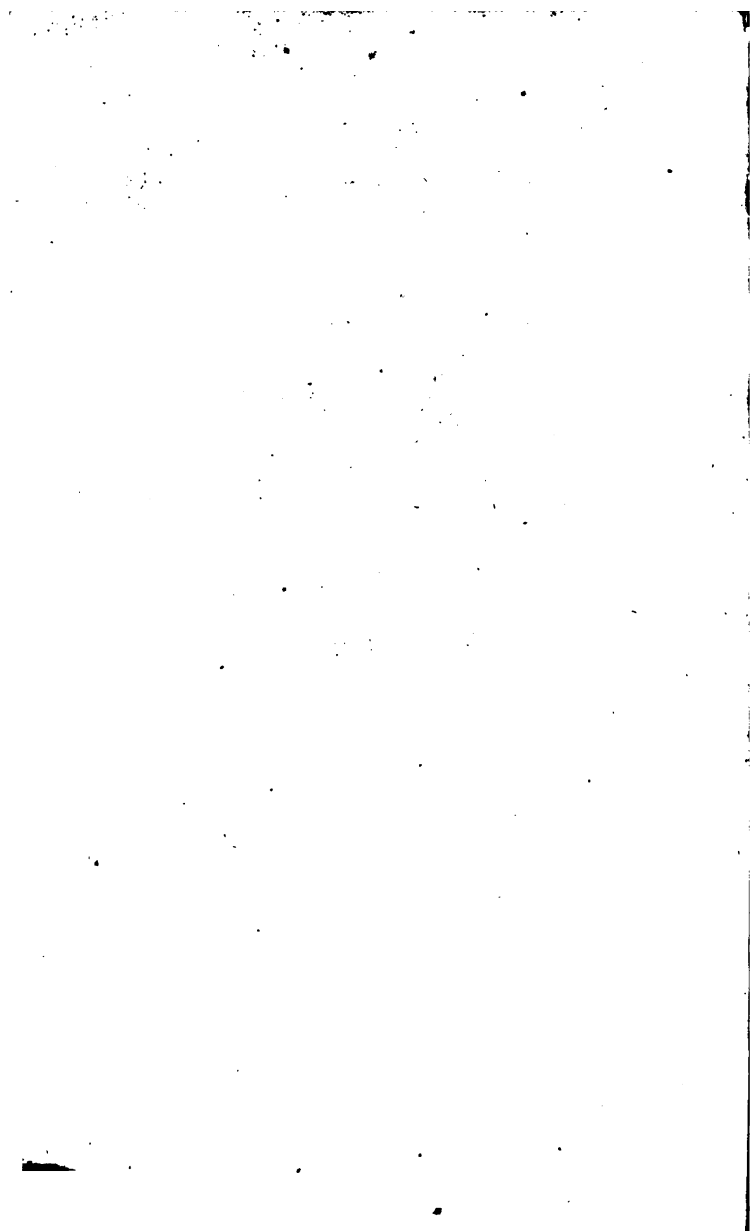
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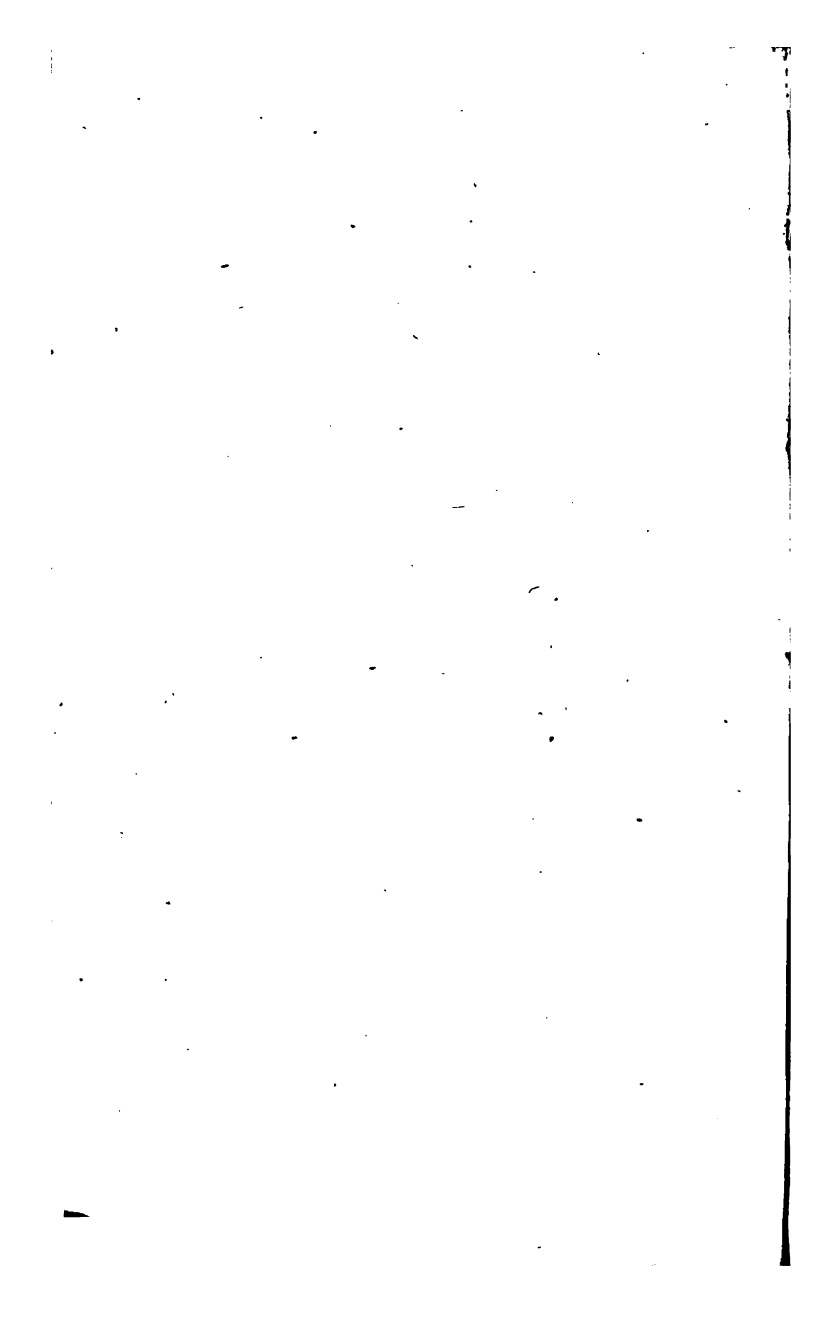
John Palmer

1762.









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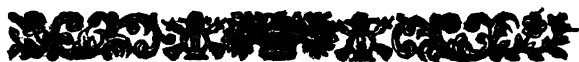
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THE
CITY-MADAM;
A
COMEDY.

By PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.



Vol. VIII.

A

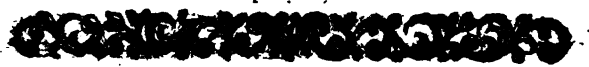


AFTER the great Triumvirate, Shakespear, John-
 Ton and Fletcher, Massinger is certainly the Au-
 thor of most Considerations: for which reason I have
 chose to select from him as many Plays as would make an
 entire Volume. Some will ask, perhaps, why I have not
 taken the Roman Actor, which has commonly been reckon'd
 his best Play? I answer, that tho' the writing of that
 Play, particularly the Pleading of the Roman Actor, may
 perhaps be superior to any thing Massinger ever wrote, yet
 the Story and Conduct of it are so very bad, that I could
 not think it equal to many other of his Plays; and I can-
 not help supposing, that the reason of its having been re-
 viv'd by Betterton, must have been for the sake of the
 Character of Paris the Roman Actor, which he himself
 had a mind to appear in. I am surpris'd, that of so cele-
 brated a Writer, so little can be collected relating to his
 Life; all that I can find is, that he was born in 1584,
 educated at Oxford, and died in 1639. It appears from
 his Dedication of the Bondman, that his Father, Philip
 Massinger, was a Retainer, in some shape or other, to
 Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery; and, I think,
 from the general strain of his Dedications, one may gather
 that he was always in a state of Dependence and Necessity.

Besides the Plays which compose this Volume, he wrote,
 the Roman Actor, the Fatal Dowry, the Duke of Milan,
 the Virgin Martyr, Tragedies; the Renegado, the Great
 Duke of Florence, the Bondman, the Bashful Lover, Co-
 medies; the Maid of Honour, the Emperor of the East,
 and a Very Woman, or the Prince of Tarent, Tragi-Co-
 medies.

A

Dra-



Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Lacy.
Sir John Rich, a merchant.
Sir Maurice Lacy, son to Lord Lacy.
Mr. Plenty, a country gentleman.
Lala, brother to Sir John Rich.
Old Goldwire, } two gentlemen.
Old Tradewell, }
Young Goldwire, } their sons, apprentices to
Young Tradewell, } Sir John Rich.
Stargaze, an Astrologer.
Fortune, a decay'd merchant.
Hoyst, a decay'd gentleman.
Penury.
Holdfast, a steward.
Ramble, Scuffle, two hectors.
Ding'em, a pimp.
Gett-all, a box-keeper.
Lady Rich.
Anne, } her daughters.
Mary, }
Millescent, her woman.
Shave'em, a wench.
Secret, a bawd.

SCENE, LONDON,





THE
CITY-MADAM;
A
COMEDY

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Tradewell and Goldwire.

Tradewell. HE ship is safe in the pool then?
and makes good;
In her rich freight, the name
she bears, the Spectwell:
My master will find it, for on my
certain knowledge,

For every hundred that he ventur'd in her,
She hath return'd him five.

Goldwire. And it comes timely;
For besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchas'd by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.

Tradewell

THE CITY-MADAM.

3

Tradewell. Who, Nan and Mall?

Goldwire. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition.

Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Than *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Tradewell. 'Tis great pity
Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.

Goldwire. The want of one
Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,
With hopes above their birth, and scale. Their dreams are
Of being made countesses, and they take state
As they were such already. When you went
To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress
Above some elder merchants wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court, in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones;
There are few great ladies going to a masque
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.

Tradewell. 'Tis strange my master in his wisdom can
Give the reins to such exorbitancy.

Goldwire. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home.
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censur'd
For his indulgence, and for his John Frugal,
By some still'd sir John Prodigal.

Tradewell. Is his brother,
Mr. Luke Frugal, living?

Goldwire. Yes, the more
His misery, poor man!

Tradewell. Still in the County?

Goldwire. In a worse place. He was redeemed from
the hole,

To live in our house in hell: since his base usage
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady
Admits him to her table, marry ever

Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject
Of her contempt and scorn; and dinner ended,
His courteous nieces find employment for him
Fitting an under-apprentice, or a footman,
And not an uncle.

Tradewell. I wonder, being a scholar, well read, and
travell'd,

The world yielding means for men of such desert,
He should endure it.

*Enter Stargaze, Lady, Anne, Mary, Millefcent, in
several postures, with looking-glasses at their girdles.*

Goldwire. He does, with a strange patience; and to us
The servants, so familiar, nay humble.
I'll tell you; but I'm cut off.—Look these
Like a citizen's wife and daughters?

Tradewell. In their habits
They appear other things; but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?

Goldwire. The young wag-tails
Expect their suitors. The first, the son and heir
Of the lord Lacy, who needs my master's money.
As his daughter does his honour. The second, Mr. Plenty,
A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate; and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.

Lady. You have done your parts here:
To your study, and be curious in the search
Of the natiivities. *[Exit Stargaze.]*

Tradewell. Methinks the mother,
As if she could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curiosity to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.

Goldwire. Keeps the first place,
And tho' the church-book speaks her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her
Than if they tax'd her honesty. T'other day
A tenant of her's, instructed in her humour,
But one she never saw, being brought before her;
For saying only, Good young mistress help me
To the speech of your lady-mother, so far pleas'd her,
That

The CITY-MADAM.

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That he got his lease renew'd for't.

Tradewell. How she bristles!

Prithee, observe her.

Millescent. As I hope to see

A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you

When you are a countess, as you may be one

When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I continuing

Your principal woman, take the upper-hand

Of a 'squire's wife, tho' a justice, as I must

By the place you give me, you look now as young

As when you were married.

Lady. I think I bear my years well.

Millescent. Why should you talk of years? time hath
not plough'd

One furrow in your face; and were you not known

The mother of my young ladies, you might pass

For a virgin of fifteen.

Tradewell. Here's no gross flattery:

Will she swallow this?

Goldwire. You see she does, and glibly.

Millescent. You never can be old; wear but a masque
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young

In your other parts — What a waist is here? O Venus!

That I had been born a king! — and here a hand

To be kiss'd for ever; pardon my boldness, madam.

Then, for a leg and foot you will be courted.

When a great-grandmother.

Lady. These indeed, wench, are not

So subject to decayings as the face,

Their comeliness lasts longer.

Millescent. Ever, ever:

Such a rare-featur'd and proportion'd madam,

London could never boast of.

Lady. Where are my shoes?

Millescent. Those that your ladyship gave order

Should be made of the Spanish perfum'd skins;

Lady. The same.

Millescent. I have sent the prison-bird this morning
for 'em;

But he neglects his duty.

Anne. He is grown
Exceeding careless.

Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle.

Lady. He is your slave,
And as such use him.

Anne. Willingly; but he's grown
Rebellious, madam.

Enter Luke, with shoes, garters and roses.

Goldwire. Nay, like hen, like chicken,

Lady. I'll humble him.

Goldwire. Here he comes, sweating all over;
He shews like a walking frippery.

Lady. Very good, fir:
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you?

Luke. Drunk, an't please you?

Lady. Drunk, I said, firrah. Dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble, thou unthankful wretch?
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
Thy patrimony spent, ragged, and lowly;
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat,
Weré your exceeding festivals; and is this
So soon forgotten?

Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, madam.

Lady. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Anne. Who did new-cloath you?

Mary. Admitted you to the dining-room?

Millescent. Allowed you a fresh bed in the garret?

Lady. Or from whom
Receiv'd you spending-money?

Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, madam. For it you have my pray'rs;
The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.

And

The CITY-MAN

And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon. Tho' you may consider,
Being forc'd to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

Goldwire. Here was a walk
To breathe a footman.

Anne. 'Tis a curious fan.

Mary. These ruses will shew rare; would 'twere in
fashion

That the garters might be seen too.

Millescent. Many ladies,
That know they have good legs, with the same with you,
Men that way have th' advantage.

Luke. I was with the lady,
And deliver'd her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat:
This night she says she'll pay you.

Goldwire. How I am bound
To your favour, *Mr. Luke!*

Millescent. As I live, you will
Perfume all rooms you walk in.

Lady. Get your furr;
You shall pull 'em on within. *[Exit Luke]*

Goldwire. That servile office
Her pride imposes on him.

Sir John within. Goldwire! Tradewell!

Tradewell. My master calls. We come, sir.

[Exeunt Goldwire, Tradewell.]

Enter Holdfast, with porters.

Lady. What have you brought there?

Holdfast. The cream of the market; provision enough
To serve a garrison. I weep to think on't.
When my master got his wealth, his family fed
On roots and livers, and necks of beef on Sundays.
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry:
Butcher's meat will not go down.

Lady. Why, you rascal, is it at
Your expence? What cooks have you provided?

THE CITY-MADAM.

Holdfast. The best of the city. They have wrought
at my lord-mayor's.

Anne. Fie on 'em! they smell of Fleet-lane and Pye-
corner.

Mary. And think the happiness of man's life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.

Lady. I'll have none.
Shall touch what I eat, you grumbling cur,
But French-men and Italians: they wear fatten,
And dish no meat but in silver.

Holdfast. You may want, though
A dish or two when the service ends.

Lady. Leave prating.
I'll have my will; do you as I command you. [Ex.]

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter Lacy and Page.

Lacy. YOU were with Plenty?

Page. Yes, sir.

Lacy. And what answer
Return'd the clown?

Page. Clown, sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition;
More rich than gaudy in his habit, yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him, that
You gave him caution, as he lov'd the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the Merchant's threshold, until you
Of his two daughters had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife;
He smil'd in scorn.

Lacy. In scorn!

Page. His words confirm'd it;
They were few, but to this purpose: Tell your master,
Tho' his lordship in reversion were now his,

It cannot awe me. I was born a free man,
And will not yield in the way of affection
Precedence to him. I will visit 'em,
Tho' he fate porter to deny my entrance.
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face:
Deliver thou this. Then gave me a piece
To help my memory, and so we parted.

Lacy. Where got he this spirit?

Page. At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers; where they are taught the ways,
Tho' they refuse to feat for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter Plenty, and three serving-men.

Lacy. You, sir.

Plenty. What with me, sir?

How big you look? I will not loose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your bever, I'll move mine,
Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out; though I
keep

Not a fencer to breathe me, walk into Moor-fields,
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew
A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shop-keepers, and their clubs: 'tis scurvy,
And the women will laugh at us.

Lacy. You presume
On the protection of your hinds.

Plenty. I scorn it:
Tho' I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a foot-man and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,
And cloath 'em too, my gay sir.

Lacy. What a fine man
Hath your taylor made you!

Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary.
I have made my taylor, for my cloaths are paid for

As soon as put on ; a sin your man of title
 Is seldom guilty of ; but heaven forgive it.
 I have other faults too very incident
 To a plain gentleman. I eat my venison
 With my neighbours in the country, and present not
 My pheasants, partridges, and growse to the usurer ;
 Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
 I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
 With the first cherries or pescods, to prepare me
 Credit with her husband when I come to London.
 The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
 In Smithfield, give me money for my expences:
 I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too
 As are not encumber'd ; no annuity
 Or statute lying on 'em. This I can do,
 And it please your future honour ; and why therefore
 You should forbid my being a suitor with you,
 My dulness apprehends not.

Page. This is bitter.

Lacy. I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shewn
 Too much of the stoick's. But to parley farther,
 Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.
 This only, thy great grandfather was a butcher,
 And his son a grafier,
 Thy fire constable of the hundred, and thou the first of
 your dunghill, created gentleman.
 Now you may come on, sir,
 You and your thrashers.

Plenty. Stir not on your lives.

This for the grafier, this for the butcher. [*They fight.*]

Lacy. So, sir.

Page. I'll not stand idle ; draw my little rapier
 Against your bumb-blades. I'll one by one dispatch you,
 Then house this instrument of death and horror.

Enter Sir John, Luke, Goldwire, Tradewell.

Sir John. Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffians
 hall !

What insolence is this ?

Luke. Noble fir Maurice,

Worshipful mr. Plenty —

Sir John,

Sir John. I blush for you;
Men of your quality ~~suppose~~ your fame
To every vulgar censure! This at midnight,
After a drunken supper at a tavern,
(No civil man abroad to censure it)
Had shown poor in you; but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by, monstrous!

Plenty. Very well, sir;
You look for this defence.

Lacy. 'Tis thy protection;
But it will deceive thee.

Sir John. Hold, if you proceed thus,
I must make use of the next justice's power,
And leave persuasion; and in plain terms tell you,
[*Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, and Millecent.*]
Neither your birth, sir Maurice, nor your wealth
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it! Can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swords? I th' street too?
Nay, e'er you do salute, or I give way
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace. He that draws back, parts with
My good opinion. — This is as it should be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathize with yours, they shall not come,
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Lacy. May I have the honour
To support you, lady?

Plenty. I know not what is supporting:
But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Luke.*]

To him enter Hoyst, Penury, Fortune.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I will help
you
To the speech of my brother.

Fortune. Have you mov'd him for us?

Luke. With the best of my endcavours, and I hope
You'll find him tractable.

Penury.

Penury. Heaven grant he prove so!

Hoyft. Howe'er I'll speak my mind.

Enter Lord Lacy.

Luke. Do so, mr. Hoyft.

Go in. I'll pay my duty to this lord,

And then I am wholly yours.—Heaven blefs your honour.

Lord. Your hand, mr. Luke. The world's much chang'd
with you

Within these few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which mr. Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
For these follies, my good lord, and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by example, should like me
Share in the miseries that wait upon't.
Your honour in your charity may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses
Too late repented.

Lord. I nor do, nor will;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes. How deals your brother with
you?

Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for't.
I am a free man, all my debts discharg'd,
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and cloaths,
Time to ask heaven remission for what's past;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty is a blessing to me;
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever liv'd till now.

Lord. You bear it well;
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whose ruins he builds upon.

Luke.

Luke. In that, report
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his heap, and will not lose
What the law gives him. Such as are worldly wise
Pursue that tract, or they will ne'er wear scarlet.
But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you unseen shall see, and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men, whose making or undoing
Depend upon his pleasure. [*A table, count-book, standish,
chair and stools set out.*]

Lord. To my wish,
I know no object that could more content me. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus primus, Scena tertia.

Enter Sir John, Hoyst, Fortune, Penury, Goldwire.

Sir John. **W**HAT would you have me do? reach
me a chair.

When I lent my moneys, I appear'd an angel;
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.

Hoyst. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I
have it.

For as I am a gentleman——

Enter Luke placing the lord Lacy.

Luke. There you may hear all.

Hoyst. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the
value.

Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,
And a livery punk, or so, and trade not with
The money-mongers wives, not one will be bound
for me:

'Tis a hard case, you must give me longer day,
Or I shall grow very angry.

Sir John. Fret, and spare not.

I know no obligation lies upon me

With

With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose,
How much owes Pennyry?

Goldwire. Two hundred pounds;
His bond three times since forfeited.

Sir John. Is it fu'd?

Goldwire. Yes fir, and execution out against him.

Sir John. For body and goods?

Goldwire. For both, fir.

Sir John. See it serv'd.

Pennyry. I am undone; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.

Sir John. More infidel thou,
In not providing better to support 'em.
What's Fortune's debt?

Goldwire. A thousand, fir.

Sir John. An estate
For a good man. You were the glorious trader,
Embrac'd all bargains; the main venturer
In every ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife
As a lady; she had her coach, her choice
Of summer-houses, built with other mens moneys
Took up at interest, the certain road
To Ludgate in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me
How were my thousand pounds imploy'd?

Fortune. It suit not
On my calamity; though being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;
Losses at sea, and those, fir, great and many,
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.

Sir John. Suppose this true;
What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first; and that done, have
The statute made for bankrupts serv'd upon you.

Fortune. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.

Luke. Not as a brother, fir; but with such duty
As I should use unto my father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave

To speak my thoughts.

Sir John. What would you say?

Luke. No word, fir,

I hope shall give offence; nor let it resist
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is or should be condemn'd, it being a blessing
Deriv'd from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear fir,
You have many equals: Such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from 'em, is, that you are styl'd
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty,
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others miseries: (I have found it, fir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't) while they are cur'd
As rigid and inexorable.

Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.

Luke. That shall not grieve you,
Your affability, and mildness cloath'd
In the garments of your debtors breath,
Shall every where, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondred at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that by odds
Of strength usurp and tyrannize o'er others
Brought under their subjection.

Lord. A rare fellow!
I am strangely taken with him.

Luke. Can you think, fir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an out-cry,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd

To beg their bread ; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted can advantage you ?

Hoyft. If it thrive with him hang me, as it will damn
him,

If he be not converted.

Luke. You are too violent.

Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant
(For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd)
Will raise your reputation with good men ?

But you may urge, (pray pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement) in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge

For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet

But shame and scandal in a victory,

When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.

Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd ; entertain'd by none

But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers

To moral honesty, and never yet

Acquainted with religion.

Lord. Our divines

Cannot speak more effectually.

Sir John. Shall I be

Talk'd out of my money ?

Luke. No, sir, but intreated

To do yourself a benefit, and preserve

What you possess intire.

Sir John. How, my good brother ?

Luke. By making these your beads-men. When they eat,

Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy.

When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell

The sails with prosperous winds, and guard 'em from

Tempests and pirates ; keep your ware-houses

From fire, or quench 'em with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the peoples hearts ;

Follow you every where.

Sir John. If this could be——

Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.

I see

I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument.

Sir John. You shall prevail.
Give 'em longer day. But, do you hear? no talk of 't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laught at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time,
But see you break not. Carry 'em to the cellar,
Drink a health, and thank your orator.

Penury. On our knees, sir.

Fortune. Honest mr. Luke!

Hoyst. I bless the Counter, where
You learn'd this rhetoric.

Luke. No more of that, friends.

[*Exeunt Luke, Hoyst, Fortune, Penury.*]

Sir John. My honourable lord!

Lord. I have seen and heard all,
Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your debtors
I do commend; but where you should express
Your pity to the height, I must boldly tell you,
You shew yourself an atheist.

Sir John. Make me know
My error, and for what I am thus censur'd,
And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty cause.

Lord. It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.

Sir John. Is that all?

Lord. 'Tis more
Than can admit defence. You keep him as
A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife: an underling
To his own Neices. And can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?

Sir John. Pray you take me with you,
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born

His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him the younger, robb'd me of my birth-right:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing. Wants grew heavy on him,
And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost; I did redeem him.

Lord. You could not do less.

Sir John. Was I bound to it, my Lord?
What I possess, I may with justice call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me;
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposure?

Lord. I would have you,
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.

Sir John. Outward gloss
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him?
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful. But that shall not make
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,
And what trust or employment you think fit
Shall be conferr'd upon him: If he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

Lord. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment.
[Exit;



Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Luke, Holdfast, Goldwire, Tradewell,

Holdfast. **T**H E like was never seen.
Luke. Why in this rage, man?

Holdfast. Men may talk of country christmases, and
court gluttony,
Their thirty pound for butter'd eggs, their pies of carp
tongues,

Their

Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the carcases
Of three fat weathers bruiz'd for gravy to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts compar'd with the city's.

Tradewell. What dear dainty

Was it thou murmur'st at?

Holdfast. Did you not observe it?

There were three sucking pigs serv'd up in a dish,
Took from the sow as soon as farrow'd,
A fortnight-fed with dates, and muscadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks apiece;
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made
Of I know not what. I dare swear the cook that
dress'd it

Was the devil, disguis'd like a Dutchman.

Goldwire. Yet all this

Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.

Holdfast. I am rather

Starv'd to look on't. But here's the mischief; though
The dishes were rais'd one upon another
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd
To furnish out a banquet, yet my lady
Call'd me penurious rascal, and cry'd out,
There was nothing worth the eating.

Goldwire. You must have patience,

This is not done often.

Holdfast. 'Tis not fit it should.

Three such dinners more would break an alderman,
And make him give up his cloak. I am resolv'd
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accompts;
And since my master longs to be undone,
The great fiend be his steward, I will pray,
And bless myself from him. [Exit Holdfast.]

Goldwire. The wretch shews in this

An honest care.

Luke. Out on him! with the fortune
Of a slave, he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,

And

And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now
 Busy on all hands; one side eager for
 Large portions, the other arguing strictly
 For jointures and security; but this
 Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
 How dull you look! in the mean time how intend you
 To spend the hours?

Goldwire. We well know how we would,
 But dare not serve our wills.

Tradewell. Being 'prentices,
 We are bound to attendance.

Luke. Have you almost serv'd out
 The term of your indentures, yet make conscience;
 By starts to use your liberty? Hast thou traded
 In the other world, expos'd unto all dangers,
 To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
 Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure?
 Or wilt thou, being keeper of the cash,
 Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles?
 Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
 Of gentry in you? You are no mechanicks,
 Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
 His every-day takings. You have in your keeping
 A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
 And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man
 That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
 For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
 Blush at your poverty of spirit; you
 The brave sparks of the city?

Goldwire. Mr. Luke,
 I wonder you should urge this, having felt
 What misery follows riot.

Tradewell. And the penance
 You endur'd for't in the Counter.

Luke. You are fools,
 The case is not the same. I spent mine own money,
 And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon wasted.
 But you without the least doubt or suspicion,
 If cauteleus, may make bold with your masters.
 As for example; when his ships come home,

And

And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty,
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffaties,
A piece of each deducted from the gross
Will never be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.

Tradewell. Ay, but our fathers bonds that lie in pawn
For our honesties must pay for it.

Luke. A meer bugbear,
Invented to fright children. As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing leachery it is to enter
An ordinary cap-a-pe, trim'd like a gallant,
(For which in trunks conceal'd be ever furnish'd)
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your cram'd pockets
Commands from the attendants, and poor porters —

Tradewell. Oh rare!

Luke. Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrents from all the corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure 'em; the city wits
Cry'd up, or decry'd, as their passions lead 'em;
Judgment having nought to do there.

Tradewell. Admirable!

Luke. My lord no sooner shall rise out of his chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may bold!
By the privilege of a gamester fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant, drink your health as freely,
And striking in a lucky hand or two,
Buy out your time.

Tradewell. This may be; but suppose
We should be known.

Luke. Have money and good cloaths,
And you may pass invisible. Or if
You love a madam punk, and your wide nostril
Be taken with the scent of cambrick smocks
Wrought and perfum'd —

Goldwire.

24. *The CITY-MADAM.*

Goldwire. There, there, mr. Luke,
There lies my road of happiness.

Luke. Enjoy it,
And pleasures stol'n being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a coach
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.

Goldwire. 'Tis enchanting,
I have prov'd it.

Luke. Hast thou?

Goldwire. Yes, in all these places,
I have had my several pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten pound suppers,
The curtains drawn, my fidlers playing all night
The shaking of the sheets, which I have danc'd
Again and again with my cockatrice.—Mr. Luke,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn brothers,
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.

Tradewell. Is't possible?

Luke. You can intrust your tutor.
How? how? good Tom.

Goldwire. Why look you, we casti-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions. I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second;
A third lays down the rest, and when they want,
As my master's monies come in, I do repay it:
Ka me, ka thee.

Luke. An excellent knot! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloos'd; for me it shall not.
You are shewn the way, friend Tradewell, you may
make use on't,
Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company
With the cator, Holdfast.

Tradewell. No, I am converted.
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then a crash at the ordinary.

Goldwire. I am for

The Lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.

Luke. Go to, Tom,
What did you make me ?

Goldwire. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.

Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.

Tradewell. Kind mr. Luke !

Goldwire. We'll break my master to make you,
You know.

Luke. I cannot love money, go boys. When time
serves

It shall appear, I have another end in't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord, Sir John, Lacy, Plenty, Lady, Anne, Mary,
Millescent.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a-piece I'll make
their portions,

And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them for their jointures
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and intail
A thousand more upon the heirs male
Begotten on their bodies.

Lord. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.

Plenty. You, my lord,
May do as you please : but to me it seems strange,
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.

Lady. You say right, [*A chair set out.*
There are counsels of more moment and importance
On the making up of marriages to be
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,
In which a mother's care must be exacted,
And I by special privilege may challenge
A casting voice.

Lord. How's this ?

Lady. Even so, my lord,
In these affairs I govern.

Lord. Give you way to't ?

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B

Sir John.

Sir John. I must, my lord.

Lady. 'Tis fit he should, and shall :
You may consult of something else, this province
Is wholly mine.

Lacy. By the city custom, madam ?

Lady. Yes, my young sir, and both must look my
daughters

Will hold it by my copy.

Plenty. Brave, i'faith.

Sir John. Give her leave to talk, we have the power
to do.

And now touching the business we last talk'd of,
In private, if you please.

Lord. 'Tis well remember'd ;

You shall take your own way, madam. [*Exeunt Lord*

Lacy. What strange lecture [*and Sir John.*
Will she read unto us ?

Lady. Such as wisdom warrants
From the superiour bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes ?

Millescent. Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure. [*Exit Millescent.*

Lacy. Stargaze, Lady ! what is he ?

Lady. Call him in. You shall first know him, then
admire him

For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
He's every thing indeed ; parcel physician,
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretells
My dreams when I eat potato's ; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly ;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher ;
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me ; but an absolute master
In the calculation of nativities ;
Guided by that ne'er-erring science, call'd
Judicial astrology.

Plenty. Stargaze ! fure
I have a peny almanack about me
Inscrib'd to you, as to his patroness,
In his name publish'd.

Lady. Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name, are wholly
Govern'd by his predictions, for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

Enter Millecent and Stargaze, with two schemes.

Lacy. I believe so.

Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?

Lady. Be silent,
And e're we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.

Stargaze. In omni
Parte, & toto.

Plenty. Good learn'd fir, in English.
And since it is resolv'd we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.

Stargaze. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.

Lady. Pray you observe him.

Stargaze. Venus in the west-angle, the house of marriage the 7th house, in trine of Mars, in conjunction of Luna, and Mars almuthen, or lord of the horoscope.

Plenty. Heyday!

Lady. The angels language, I am ravish'd!—forward.

Stargaze. Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other, she in her exaltation, and he in his triplicate trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent, prosperous and happy.

Lady. Kneel, and give thanks. [*The women kneel.*]

Lacy. For what we understand not.

Plenty. And have as little faith in't.

Lady. Be credulous,
To me 'tis oracle.

Stargaze. Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are married.

Plenty. Wearing the breeches you mean.

Lady. Touch that point home,

It is a principal one, and with London ladies
Of main consideration.

Stargaze. This is infallible : Saturn out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust : and Venus in the south-angle elevated above him, lady of both their nativities ; in her essential and accidental dignities ; occidental from the sun, oriental from the angle of the east, in Cazini of the sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes ; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying, she fortunate, and he dejected : the disposers of marriage in the radix of the native in feminine figures, argue, foretel, and declare preheminance, rule, preheminance and absolute sovereignty in women.

Lacy. Is't possible !

Stargaze. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans ; Zoroastres the first and greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolomy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

Lady. Are you yet satisfied ?

Plenty. In what ?

Lady. That you

Are bound to obey your wives ; it being so
Determin'd by the stars, against whose influence
There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must.

Be married by the almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the calendar.

Lacy. With the date
Of my apprenticeship.

Lady. Make your demands ;
I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard conditions.

Lacy. Mine hath the van,
I stand your charge, sweet.

Stargaze. Silence.

Anne. I require first
(And that since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,

In civil manners you must grant) my will
In all things whatsoever, and that will
To be obeyed, not argu'd.

Lady. And good reason.

Plenty. A gentle *imprimis*.

Lacy. This in gross contains all ;
But your special *items*, lady.

Anne. When I am one
(And you are honour'd to be stil'd my husband)
To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher ;
My woman sworn to my secrets ; my caroch
Drawn by six Flanders mares ; my coachman, grooms,
Postilion, and footmen.

Lacy. Is there ought else
To be demanded ?

Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor ; French, and Italian
cooks, musicians, songsters,
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy ;
A friend at court to place me at a mask ;
The private box took up at a new play,
For me and my retinue ; a fresh habit
(Of a fashion never seen before) to draw
The gallants eyes that sit on the stage upon me ;
Some decay'd lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams ;
And there ends my ambition.

Lacy. Your desires
Are modest, I confess.

Anne. These toys subscrib'd to,
And you continuing an obedient husband
Upon all fit occasions, you shall find me
A most indulgent wife.

Lady. You have said ; give place
And hear your younger sister.

Plenty. If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend booted and spur'd,
With a scithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat.

Lacy. Curse not the judge
Before you hear the sentence.

Mary. In some part
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's, and must say
Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.

Lacy. How like you this exordium?

Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief!

Mary. Yes, too modest:
I know my value, and prize it to the worth;
My youth, my beauty.

Plenty. How your glass deceives you!

Mary. The greatness of the portion I bring with me,
And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

Lacy. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you in your wisdom,
Or ruffical simplicity imagine,
You have met some innocent country girl; that never
Look'd farther than her father's farm, nor knew more
Than the price of corn in the market; or at what rate
Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?
That could give directions at what time of the morn
To cut her cocks, for capons against Christmas,
Or when to raise up gossings?

Plenty. These are arts
Would not misbecome you, tho' you should put in
Obedience and duty.

Mary. Yes; and patience,
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
Then make provision for your flaving hounds,
When you come drunk from an ale-house after hunting,
With your clowns and comrades, as if all were your's;
You the lord paramount, and I the drudge:
The case, sir, must be otherwise.

Plenty. How, I beseech you?

Mary. Marry, thus. I will not, like my sister, challenge
What's useful, or superfluous from my husband;
That's base all o'er. Mine shall receive from me,
What I think fit. I'll have the 'state convey'd
Into my hands; and he put to his pension,

Which

Which the wise virago's of our climate practise:

I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.

Mary. Make sale, or purchase. Nay, I'll have my neighbours

Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,

Whose house is this? tho' you stand by, to answer,

The lady Plenty's. Or, who owns this manor?

The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these? whose oxen?

The lady Plenty's.

Plenty. A plentiful pox upon you.

Mary. And when I have children, if it be enquir'd
By a stranger whose they are? they shall still echo,
My lady Plenty's; the Husband never thought on.

Plenty. In their begetting, I think so.

Mary. Since you'll marry
In the city for our wealth, in justice we
Must have the country's sovereignty.

Plenty. And we nothing?

Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,
With a spar-hawk, is sufficient; and these too,
If you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir:
Now if you like me, so.

Lady. At my intreaty,
The articles shall be easier.

Plenty. Shall they i'faith?
Like bitch, like whelps.

Lacy. Use fair words.

Plenty. I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one;
A whirlwind overturn it.

Lacy. On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady?

Plenty. A lady in a morris:
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first.

Lacy. A timber's trull,
A beggar without a smock.

Plenty. Let monsieur Almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,

The CITY-MADAM.

Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.

Lacy. The general pimp to a brothel.

Plenty. Tho' that now

All the loose desires of man were rak'd up in me,

And no means left but thy maidenhood to quench 'em,

I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder

(On my life) should lib me, rather than embrace thee.

Anne. Wooing do you call this?

Mary. A bear-baiting rather.

Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and I hope
I shall live to see it.

Lacy. I'll not rail, nor curse you;

Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great portions

Add much unto your handsomness: but as

You would command your husbands, you are beggars,

Deform'd, and ugly.

Lady. Hear me.

Plenty. Not a word more. [*Exeunt Lacy and Plenty.*]

Anne. I ever thought it would come to this.

Mary. We may

Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us

T'articulate thus with our suitors. [*Both speak weepily.*]

Stargaze. Now the cloud breaks,

And the storm will fall on me.

Lady. You rascal, juggler.

[*She breaks his head,*

Stargaze. Dear madam.

and beats him.

Lady. Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me?

Stargaze. My art cannot err,

If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own star

I did foresee this broken head, and beating;

And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,

It could not be avoided.

Lady. Did you?

Stargaze. Madam,

Have patience but a week, and if you find not

All my predictions true touching your daughters,

And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,

Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the planets

Appointed for their husbands, there will come

Gallants of another metal,

Millescent.

Millescent. Once more trust him.

Anne, Mary. Do, lady mother.

Lady. I am vex'd ; look to it :

Turn o'er your books ; if once again you fool me,

You shall graze elsewhere : come girls.

Exeunt.

Stargaze. I am glad I 'scap'd thus.

Actus secundus, Scena tertia.

Enter Lord and Sir John.

Lord. **T**HE plot shews very likely.

Sir John. I repose

My principal trust in your lordship : 'twill prepare

The physick I intend to minister

To my wife and daughters.

Lord. I will do my part

To set it off to the life.

Enter Lacy and Plenty.

Sir John. It may produce

A scene of no vulgar mirth. — Here come the suitors ;

When we understand how they relish my wife's humours,

The rest is feasible.

Lord. Their looks are cloudy.

Sir John. How fits the wind ? Are you ready to launch
forth

Into this sea of marriage ?

Plenty. Call it rather

A whirl-pool of afflictions.

Lacy. If you please

To enjoin me to it, I will undertake

To find the north-passage to the Indies sooner,

Than plough with your proud heifer.

Plenty. I will make

A voyage to hell first.

Sir John. How, sir ?

Plenty. And court Proserpine

In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter

Cerberus standing by, and all the furies

With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I Jeffrey
Take thee Mary for my wife.

Lord. Why, what's the matter?

Lacy. The matter is, the mother (with your pardon,
I cannot but speak so much) is a most insufferable,
Proud, insolent lady.

Plenty. And the daughters worse.
The dam in years had th' advantage to be wicked;
But they were so in her belly.

Lacy. I must tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same heaven.

Plenty. Take my counsel;
'Tis safer for your credit to profess
Yourself a cuckold, and upon record,
Than say they are your daughters.

Sir John. You go too far, sir.

Lacy. They have so articulated with us.

Plenty. And will not take us
For their husbands, but their slaves; and so aforehand
They do profess they'll use us.

Sir John. Leave this heat:
Tho' they are mine I must tell you, the perverseness
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.

Lacy. True; but what's bred in the bone
Admits no hope of cure:

Plenty. Tho' saints and angels
Were their physicians.

Sir John. You conclude too fast.

Plenty. God by't you; I'll travel three years but I'll
This shame that lives upon me. [bury.

Lacy. With your licence,
I'll keep him company.

Lord. Who shall furnish you
For your expences?

Plenty. He shall not need your help;
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.

Lacy

Lacy. E'er we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.

Plenty. And till then leave you. [*Ex. Lacy and Plenty.*]

Lord. They are strangely mov'd.

Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.

Lord. Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.

Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command me.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Shave'em and Secret.

Secret. **D**EAD doings, daughter.

Shave'em. **D**oings! Sufferings, mother:
Men have forgot what doing is;
And such as have to pay for what they are to do,
Are impotent or eunuchs.

Secret. You have a friend yet, [*Musick come down.*]
And a striker too, I take it.

Shave'em. Goldwire is so,
And comes to me by stealth, and, as he can steal, main-
tains me

In cloaths, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one friend?

I would have a hundred, for every use

And change of humour I am in, a fresh one.

'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,

And not a single lambkin. I am starv'd,

Starv'd in the my pleasures. I know not what a coach is;

To hurry me to the Burse, or Old-Exchange.

The Neat-house for musk-melons, and the gardens

B 6

Where

Where we traffick for asparagus, are, to me,
In the other world.

Secret. There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.

Shave'em. You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon there
In expectation of nuts and pippins;
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of stum-wine for me.

Secret. You are so impatient!
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole fisterhood.

Shave'em. What's that?

Secret. I am told,
Two ambassadors are come over. A French monsieur,
And a Venetian, one of the Clarissimi,
A hot-rein'd Marmosite. Their followers,
For their country's honour, after a long vacation,
Will make a full term with us.

Shave'em. They indeed are
Our best customers. ——— Who knocks there? [*Knocking*
Within Ramble. Open the door. *within.*

Secret. What are you?

Ramble.

[*Within Ramble.*

Scuffle.

[*Within Scuffle.*

Within Ramble: Your constant visitants.

Shave'em. Let 'em not in.

I know 'em swaggering, suburban roarsers,
Six-penny truckers.

Within Ramble. Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours too shall suffer.

Within Scuffle. Force the doors.

Secret. They are out-laws, mrs. *Shave'em*, and there is
No remedy against them. What should you fear?
They are but men; lying at your close ward,
You have foil'd their betters.

Shave'em. Out, you bawd! You care not
Upon what desperate service you employ me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.

Secret.

The GREY-MADAM

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Secret. Sweet lady-bird,
Sing a milder key.

Enter Ramble and Scuffle.

Scuffle. Are you grown proud?

Ramble. I know you a wastrel in the Garden-still,
And would come to a sailor's whistle.

Secret. Good fir Ramble,
Use her not roughly. She is very tender.

Ramble. Rank and rotten, is she not?

[She draws her knife.

Shave'em. Your spittle rogueships *[Ramble his sword.*
Shall not make me so.

Secret. As you are a man, 'squire Scuffle,
Step in between them. A weapon of that length
Was ne'er drawn in my house.

Shave'em. Let him come on ;
I'll scower it in your guts, your dog.

Ramble. You brach,
Are you turn'd mankin? You forgot I gave you,
When we last join'd issue, twenty pounds.

Shave'em. O'er night,
And kick'd it out of me next morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the constable.

*Enter Goldwire like a justice of peace, Ding'em like
a constable, the musicians like watch-men.*

Secret. Ah me! Here's one unsent for,
And a justice of peace too.

Shave'em. I'll hang you both, you rascals ;
I can but ride. You for the purse you cut
In Powl's at a sermon ; I have smok'd you. And you
for the bacon

You took on the high-way from the poor market-woman
As she road from Rumford.

Ramble. Mrs. *Shave'em* —

Scuffle. Mrs. *Secret*,
On our knees we beg your pardon.

Scuffle. Set a ransom on us.

Secret. We cannot stand trifling. If you mean to
save them,

Shut

Shut them out at the back-door.

Shave'em. First, for punishment,
They shall leave their cloaks behind 'em, and in sign
I am their sovereign, and they my vassals;
For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish.

[*Exeunt Ramble and Scuffle.*]

Goldwire. My brave virago! the coast's clear.
Strike up.

Shave'em. My Goldwire made a justice! [*Goldwire and*

Secret. And your scout *the rest discover'd.*

Turn'd constable, and the musicians watch-men!

Goldwire. We come not to fright you, but to make
you merry.

A light lavolto.

[*They dance.*]

Shave'em. I am tir'd. No more.

This was your device.

Ding'em. Wholly his own. He is
No pig sounce, mistress.

Secret. He has an excellent head-piece.

Goldwire. Fie, no, not I: your jeering gallants say
We citizens have no wit.

Ding'em. He dies that says so.

This was a master-piece.

Goldwire. A trifling stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.

Shave'em. I must kiss thee for it,
Again and again.

Ding'em. Make much of her. Did you know

What suitors she had since she saw you —

Goldwire. I'th' way of marriage?

Ding'em. Yee, sir; for marriage, and the other thing
too.

The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd her
Five pound a week.

Secret. And a cashier'd captain, half
Of his entertainment.

Ding'em. And a new courtier
The next suit he could beg.

Goldwire. And did my sweet one
Refuse all this for me?

Shave'em.

Shave'em. Weep not for joy,
'Tis true. Let others talk of lords, and commanders,
Aud country heirs for their servants ; but give me
My gallant 'prentice. He parts with his money
So civilly and demurely ; keeps no account
Of his expences, and comes ever furnish'd.
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with th'appurtenances.

Goldwire. I have it here, duck ; thou shalt want for
nothing.

Shave'em. Let the chamber be perfum'd, and get
you, firrah,
His cap and pantables ready.

Goldwire. There's for thee,
And thee. That for a banquet.

Secret. And a cawdle
Against you rise.

Goldwire. There.

Shave'em. Usher us up in state,

Goldwire. You will be constant ?

Shave'em. Thou art the whole world to me.

[*Ex. wanton musick play'd before 'em.*]

Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Enter Luke.

Within Lane. **W**HERE is this uncle ?

Within Lady. Call this beardsman - brother : he
hath forgot attendance.

Within Mary. Seek him out : idleness spoils him.

Luke. I deserve much more than their icorn can load
me with, and 'tis but justice
That I should live the family's drudge, design'd
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me ; since if now I sat
A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
I am not worth their pity. Such as want

Discourse

Discourse and judgment, and through weakness fall,
 May merit man's compassion ; but I,
 That knew profuseness of expence the parent
 Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
 To riot out mine own, to live upon
 The alms of others ! steering on a rock
 I might have shunn'd : O heaven ! 'tis not fit
 I should look upward ; much less hope for mercy.

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, Stargaze, and Millefcent.

Lady. What are you devising, sir ?

Anne. My uncle is much given to his devotion.

Mary. And takes time to mumble
 A Pater-noster to himself.

Lady. Know you where
 Your brother is ? It better would become you
 (Your means of life depending wholly on him)
 To give your attendance.

Luke. In my will I do :
 But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy,
 I have not seen him.

Lady. And why went not you
 By his stirrup ? How you look ? Were his eyes clos'd,
 You'd be glad of such employment.

Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
 I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
 Most ready to receive.

Lady. I know you can speak well ;
 But say and do.

Enter lord Lacy, with a will.

Luke. Here comes my lord.

Lady. Farther off :
 You are no companion for him, and his business
 Aims not at you, as I take it.

Luke. Can I live in this base condition ? *[Aside.]*

Lady. I hop'd, my lord,
 You had brought mr. Frugal with you ; for I must ask
 An account of him from you.

Lord. I can give it, lady :
 But with the best discretion of a woman,
 And a strong fortify'd patience, I desire you
 To give it hearing.

Luke

Luke. My heart beats.

Lady. My lord, you much amaze me.

Lord. I shall astonish you. The noble merchant,
Who, living, was for his integrity
And upright dealing (a rare miracle
In a rich citizen) London's best honour,
Is ——— I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wondrous strange!

Lady. I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?

Lord. Your supposition's true, your hopes are false.
He's dead.

Lady. Ah me!

Anne. My father!

Mary. My kind father!

Luke. Now they insult not.

Lord. Pray hear me out.

He's dead; dead to the world and you; and now
Lives only to himself.

Luke. What riddle's this?

Lady. Act not the torturer in my afflictions;
But make me understand the sum of all
That I must undergo.

Lord. In few words take it:

He is retir'd into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.

Luke. More strange!

Lord. I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,
And e'er long will be at Lovain.

Lady. Could I guess

What were the motives that induc'd him to it,
'Twere some alloy to my sorrows.

Lord. I'll instruct you,

And chide you into that knowledge: 'Twas your pride
Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from you:
At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrow'd from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispers'd upon you,

And

And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict retirement: And thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.

Lady. I confess

A guilty cause to him; but in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.

Lord. In fact you have:

The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son, and Mr. Plenty; men that lov'd
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
That scandal, put a resolution in 'em
For three years travel.

Lady. I am much griev'd for it.

Lord. One thing I had forgot; your rigour to
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries, made him a coagent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.

Luke. Humph! this sounds well.

Lady. 'Tis now past help: After these storms, my lord,
A little calm, if you please.

Lord. If what I have told you

Shew'd like a storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is pass'd o'er to his brother. With it take
The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left you;
Which you can call your own.

Lady. Undone for ever.

Anne. Mary. What will become of us?

Luke. Humph!

Lord. The scene's chang'd,

And he that was your slave, by fate appointed
Your governor, you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust
Impos'd upon me. This humility
From him may gain remission, and perhaps
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.

Lady.

Lady. Am I come to this ?

Lord. Enjoy your own, good sir, [*Kneeling.*]
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour, to these shew it ;
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you ;
Of which I am most confident.

Luke. Pray you rise,
And rise with this assurance, I am still,
As I was of late, your creature ; and if rais'd
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,
My will is still the same. O my lord !
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse, I cannot thank you for ; and much less
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind,
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him. He now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth confer'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.

Lord. Hopest foul,
With what feeling he receives it !

Lady. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it,
To help you to support it.

Luke. By no means ;
The weight shall rather sink me, than you part
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures
Which you were born to in your care to aid me ;
You shall have all abundance. In my nature
I was ever liberal ; my lord, you know it.
Kind, affable ; And now methinks I see
Before my face the jubile of joy,
When it is assur'd my brother lives in me,
His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,
With Pans to my praise will celebrate.

For

For they well know 'tis far from me to take
 The forfeiture of a bond. Nay, I shall blush,
 The interest never paid after three years,
 When I demand my principal. And his servants
 Who from a slavish fear paid her obedience
 By him exacted; now when they are mine
 Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me,
 Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
 Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
 Hath not the power to alter.

Lord. Yet take heed, sir,
 You ruin not with too much lenity,
 What his fit severity rais'd.

Lady. And we fall from
 That height we have maintain'd.

Luke. I'll build it higher,
 To admiration higher. With disdain
 I look upon these habits, no way suiting
 The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen,
 Bless'd with abundance.

Lord. There, sir, I join with you;
 A fit decorum must be kept; the court
 Distinguished from the city.

Luke. With your favour,
 I know what you would say, but give me leave
 In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
 Wide the whole region in what I purpose.
 Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
 Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
 May challenge their prerogatives. And it shall be
 My glory, nay a triumph, to revive
 In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
 Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
 To be their hand-maids. And when you appear
 Like Juno in full majesty, and my nieces
 Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
 Old poets fancy; your cram'd wardrobes richer
 Than various nature's, and draw down the envy
 Of our western world upon you, only hold me
 Your vigilant Hermes with aerial wings,

My

The CITY-MADAM.

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My Caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,
Pres'd to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.

Lord. A strange phrensy!

Luke. Off with these rags, and then to-bed. There
dream

Of future greatness; which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you.

[*Exit Luke.*]

Lord. Are we all turn'd statues? have his strange
words charm'd us?

What muse you on, lady?

Lady. Do not trouble me.

Lord. Sleep you too, young ones?

Anne. Swift-wing'd time till now

Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night;

Mary. Nay, morning rather.

Lord. Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities? Have you so soon
Forgot your husband?

Lady. He was a vanity
I must no more remember.

Lord. Excellent!

You, your kind father?

Anne. Such an uncle never
Was read of in story!

Lord. Not one word in answer
Of my demands?

Mary. You are but a lord, and know,
My thoughts soar higher.

Lord. Admirable! I will leave you
To your castles in the air. When I relate this,
It will exceed belief; but he must know it. [*Exit Lord.*]

Stargaze. Now I may boldly speak. May it please
you, madam,

To look upon your vassal: I foresaw this;
The stars assur'd it.

Lady. I begin to feel
Myself another woman.

Stargaze.

Stargaze. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepar'd for my young ladies

Millescent. Princely husbands.

Anne. I'll go no less.

Mary. Not a word more ;
Provide my nightrail.

Millescent. What shall we be to-morrow? [Exit.

ACTUS tertius, Scena tertia.

Enter Luke with a key.

Luke. 'T WAS no phantastick object, but a
truth,

A real truth, no dream. I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't ! It did endure the touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handl'd oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder, and astonishment pass'd o'er)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, that without a charm
Did'st make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish, and toil for. *Hermes Moly ;*
Sybilla's golden bough ; the great elixir,
Imagin'd only by the alchymist,
Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou the substance.
And guardian of felicity. No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd up
Like billets saw'd, and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light, the splendor
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd.

But

But when guided by that; my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl; these seen, I could not
But look on gold with contempt. And yet I found
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power. There being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublim'd! gross earth
Supports me not. I walk on air! — Who's there?
Thieves! raise the street, thieves!

Enter Lord, Sir John, Lucy, and Plenty, as Indians.

Lord. What strange passion's this?

Have you your eyes? Do you know me?

Luke. You, my Lord!

I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house; for I must tell you,
Things as they now are with me, well consider'd,
I do not like such visitants.

Lord. Yesterday,

When you had nothing (praise your poverty for't)
You could have sung secure before a thief;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
And needless fears possess you. Thank a good brother,
But let not this exalt you.

Luke. A good brother!

Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,
Which your lordship may conceive great, no way answers

The

The general opinion. Alas!

With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.

Lord. A poor man, say you?

Luke. Poor, compar'd with what

'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters,
And to the utmost of my power obey
His will in all things.

Lord. I'll not argue with you

Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour
At any rate with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make 'em Christians.

Luke. Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity? To send infidels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family? I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.

Lord. Do not slight it, 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embrac'd,
And chearfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplish'd.

Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose
To wordly cares again! I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and with the converted
Feast the converters, who I know will prove
The greater feeders.

Sir John. Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.

Plenty. Enaula.

Lacy. Harrico botikia bonnery.

Luke. Ha! In this heathen language,

How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with 'em? Or I use the means
For their conversion?

Lord. That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes. They have liv'd long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect; the business does concern you;
Mine own designs command me hence. *Continuo,*
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man.

[*Exit.*

Luke. That is, interpreted,
A slave and beggar.

Sir John. You conceive it right,
There being no religion, nor virtue
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus.

Luke. Oracle!

Sir John. Temples rais'd to ourselves in the increase
Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man;
But sacrifice to an imagin'd power,
Of which we have no sense, but in belief,
A superstitious fool.

Luke. True worldly wisdom.

Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.

Lacy. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better angel is
Enter'd your house.

Plenty. There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.

Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us; but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.

Luke. There's something whispers to me,
These are no common men. — My house is yours,
Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter.

You are learn'd Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.

Sir John. You shall find it.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Ding'em, Get-all, and Holdfast.

Ding'em. **N**O-T speak with him? with fear survey
me better,
Thou figure of famine.

Get-all. Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now,
The brave spark Tradewell?

Ding'em. And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire?

Enter Luke.

Holdfast. I know 'em for his 'prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, fir.

Ding'em. Not yours, you rascal.

Holdfast. No, don pimp, you may seek 'em
In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of your com-
rades.

Luke. One of 'em looks as he would cut my throat:
Your business, friends?

Holdfast. I'll fetch a constable,
Let him answer him in the stocks.

Ding'em. Stir and thou dar'st.
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks? they are flea-
bitings

I am familiar with.

[*Draws.*]

Luke. Pray you put up.
And, firrah, hold your peace.

Ding'em. Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money; for as such
I now salute thee, the suburban gamesters

Have

Have heard thy fortunes, and I am in person
Sent to congratulate.

Get-all. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls
Of worshipful mr. Luke. I come from Tradewell,
Your fine facetious factor.

Ding'em. I from Goldwire.
He and his Hellen have prepar'd a banquet
With the appurtenances to entertain thee.
For I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her Paris; but bring money with thee
To quit old scores.

Get-all. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave Tradewell. He's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can assure
you,

There's half a million stirring.

Luke. What hath he lost?

Get-all. Three hundred.

Luke. A trifle.

Get-all. Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for 'em.
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not servants;
But in their care to enrich me, and these curses
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

Get-all. Getall;
I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue.

Luke. Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up, he shall not
Sit long on penniless-bench.

Get-all. There spake an angel.

Luke. You know mistress Shave'em?

Get-all. The pontifical punk?

Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some two hours hence,
And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his hopes, and let your mistress
Appear in her best trim.

Ding'em. She will make thee young,
Old Æson. She is ever furnish'd with
Medæa's drugs, restoratives. I fly
To keep 'em sober till thy worship come,
They will be drunk with joy else.

Get-all. I'll run with you.

[*Exit Ding'em and Get-all.*]

Holdfast. You will not do as you say; I hope?

Luke. Inquire not,
I shall do what becomes me——to the door. [*Knocking.*]
New visitants: what are they?

Holdfast. A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoysf.

Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fall'n upon me.

Holdfast. Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple,
They know my good nature. But let 'em in however.

Holdfast. All will come to ruin; I see beggary
Already knocking at the door. —— You may enter;
But use a countenance, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much,
'Twill shew like charity in you.

[*Enter Fortune, Penury and Hoysf.*]

Luke. Welcome, friends:
I know your hearts and wishes; you are glad
You have chang'd your creditor.

Penury. I weep for joy
To look upon his worship's face.

Fortune. His worship's?
I see lord-major written on his forehead;
The cap of maintenance, and city sword
Born up in state before him.

Hoysf.

Hoyft. Hospitals,
And a third burse erected by his honour.

Penury. The city poet on the pageant-day
Preferring him before Gresham,

Hoyft. All the conduits
Spouting Canary sack.

Fortune. Not a prisoner left,
Under ten pounds.

Penury. We his poor heads-men feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.

Luke. May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour
To the utmost of my power.

Holdfast. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.

Luke. You are ever prating, firrah.
Your present business, friends?

Fortune. Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little.
And will I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

Luke. 'Tis very probable.

Fortune. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means (heav'n be prais'd
for't)

Hath rais'd my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave lost, above my hopes
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.

Luke. Where are they?

Fortune. Near Gravesend.

Luke. I am truly glad of it.

Fortune. I find your worship's charity, and dare
swear so.

Now may I have your licence, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabl'd
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.

Luke. You much wrong me,
~~If you only doubt it. Yours, mr. Hoyft?~~

Hoyft. 'Tis the furrend'ring back the mortgage of
 My lands; and on good terms, but three days' patience;
 By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
 And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd too
 In my riots to the merchant; for I am
 Resolv'd to leave off play, and turn good husband.

Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
 Your's, Penury?

Penury. My state stands as it did, fir;
 What I ow'd I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
 Yet if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
 I can buy a commodity of a sailor
 Will make me a free man. There, fir, is his name;
 And the parcels I am to deal for. [*Gives him a paper.*]

Luke. You are all so reasonable
 In your demands, that I must freely grant 'em.
 Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
 You shall be amply satisfy'd.

Penury. Heaven preserve you.

Fortune. Happy were London, if within her walls
 She had many such rich men.

[*Exeunt Fortune, Hoyft, and Penury.*]

Luke. No more, now leave me,
 I am full of various thoughts. Be careful, Holdfast,
 I have much to do.

Holdfast. And something to say,
 Would you give me hearing.

Luke. At my better leisure.
 'Till my return, look well unto the Indians.
 In the mean time do you as this directs you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus quartus, Scena secunda.

Enter Goldwire, Tradewell, Shave'em, Secret, Get-all, and Ding'em.

Goldwire. **A** L L that is mine is theirs. Those were his words.

Ding'em. I am authentical.

Tradewell. And that I should not sit long on penniless bench.

Get-all. But suddenly start up. A gamester at the height, and cry at all.

Shave'em. And did he seem to have an inclination To toy with me?

Ding'em. He with'd you would put on Your best habiliments, for he resolv'd To make a jovial day on't.

Goldwire. Hug him close, wench; And thou may'st eat gold and amber. I well know him

For a most insatiate drabber. He hath given, Before he spent his own estate, which was Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of, A hundred pound a leap.

Shave'em. Hell take my doctor; He should have brought me some sack oil of talk; These ceruses are common.

Secret. Troth, sweet lady, The colours are well laid on.

Goldwire. And thick enough, I find that on my lips.

Shave'em. Do you so, jack sance? I'll keep 'em farther off.

Goldwire. But be assur'd first Of a new maintainer e'er you cashire the old one. But bind him fast by thy forc'ries, and thou shalt Be my revenue; the whole college study, The reparation of thy ruin'd face.

Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coachman;
 Thy taylor, and embroiderer shall kneel
 To thee their idol.* Cheapside and the Exchange
 Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget
 There ever was a saint Martin's. Thy procurer
 Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend vail
 Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the door,
 And let loud musick, when this monarch enters,
 Proclaim his entertainment.

Ding'em. That's my office.

The consort's ready. [*Cornets flourish.*]

Enter Luke.

Tradewell. And the god of pleasure,
 Mr. Luke, our Cornus, enters.

Goldwire. Set your face in order,
 I will prepare him — Live I to see this day,
 And to acknowledge you my royal master?

Tradewell. Let the iron chests fly open, and the
 gold,

Rusty for want of use, appear again.

Get-all. Make my ordinary flourish.

Shave'em. Welcome, sir,

To your own palace.

[*Musick.*]

Goldwire. Kiss your Cleopatra,
 And shew yourself in your magnificent bounties
 A second Anthony.

Ding'em. All the nine worthies

Secret. Variety of pleasures wait on you.
 And a strong back.

Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you;
 I am astonish'd! all this preparation
 For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
 To feed my appetite?

All. We are all your creatures.

Luke. A house well furnish'd.

Goldwire. At your own cost, sir;
 Glad I the instrument. I prophesied
 You should possess what now you do, and therefore
 Prepar'd it for your pleasure. There's no rag
 This Venus wears, but on my knowledge was

Deriv'd

Deni'd from your brother's cash. The loss of the house

And furniture cost near a thousand, fir.

Shave'em. But now you are master both of it and me, I hope you'll build elfewhere.

Luke. And see you plac'd, Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Tradewell, I hardly knew you, your cloaths so well become you. What is your loss? Speak freely.

Tradewell. Three hundred, fir.

Get-all. But on a new supply he shall recover The sum told twenty times o'er.

Shave'em. There is a banquet, And after that a soft couch that attends you.

Luke. I couple not in the day-light. Expectation Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one. Your musick's harsh; discharge it: I have provided A better comfort, and you shall frolick it In another place.

[*Cease musick.*]

Goldwire. But have you brought gold and store, fir? *Tradewell.* I long to wear the castor.

Goldwire. I to appear In a fresh habit.

Luke. I am no porter To carry so much gold as will supply Your vast desires; but I have ta'en order for you.

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, and officers.

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here Will see it perform'd. Do your offices: You have My lord chief justice's warrant for't.

Sheriff. Seize 'em all.

Shave'em. The city-marshal!

Goldwire. And the sheriff! I know him.

Secret. We are betray'd.

Ding'em. Undone.

Get-all. Dear ms. Luke —

Goldwire. You cannot be so cruel. Your perswasion Chid us into these courses, oft repeating, Shew yourselves city sparks, and hang up money.

Luke. True; when it was my brother's I condemn'd it; But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd.

Tradewell. Will you prove yourself a devil? Tempt us to mischief,

And then discover it?

Luke. Argue that hereafter.

In the mean time, mr. Goldwire, you that made Your ten pound suppers; kept your punks at livery In Branford, Stanes and Barnet, and this in London; Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers; Ka me, ka thee, and knew in your accounts To cheat my brother: if you can evade me, If there be law in London, your father's bonds Shall answer for what you are out.

Goldwire. You often told us It was a bug-bear.

Luke. Such a one as shall fright 'em Out of their estates to make me satisfaction To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam, My Cleopatra, by your own confession, Your house and all your moveables are mine; Nor shall you, nor your matron need to trouble Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown, And a whip to boot, as I will handle it, Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft hands, When they're inur'd to beating hemp, be scour'd In your penitent tears, and quite forget Powders, and bitter almonds.

Shawe'em, Secret, Ding'em. Will you shew no mercy?

Luke. I am inexorable.

Get-all. I'll make bold

To take my leave, the gamesters stay my coming.

Luke. We must not part so, gentle mr. Get-all.

Your box, your certain income, must pay back

Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.

There's half a million stirring in your house,

This a poor trifle.—Mr. Sheriff and mr. Marshal,

On your perils do your offices.

Goldwire. Dost thou cry now,

Like a maudlin gamester, after loss? I'll suffer

Like

Like a Boian, and now in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee,
Thou wert my pander.

Luke. Shall I hear this from
My 'prentice?

Marshal. Stop his mouth.

Sheriff. Away with 'em.

[*Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and the rest.*]

Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd nature ! These house-thieves remov'd,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes recover'd,
Will add unto my heap. Increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Having in his conceit subdu'd one world,
Lamented there were no more to conquer :
In my way, he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in cram'd abundance,
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy.
When I am mention'd, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell ;
To me you are words only, and no more,
All human happiness consists in store.

[*Exit.*]

Actus quartus, Scena tertia.

Enter Serjeants, Fortune, Hoist, Penury.

Fortune. **A**T mr. Luke's suit? The action twenty
thousand?

1. *Serjeant.* With two or three executions, which shall
grind
You to powder when we have you in the Counter.

Fortune. Thou do'st belie him, varlet. He, good
gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are us'd.

1. *Serjeant.* Yes, mill-stones.

Penury. He promis'd to lend me ten pound for a bargain;

He will not do it this way.

2. *Serjeant.* I have warrant

For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,

And there being little to be got by you,

In charity; as I am an officer,

I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,

And for mine own security.

3. *Serjeant.* You are a gallant,

And I do you a courtesy; provided

That you have money. For a piece an hour

I'll keep you in the house, till you send for bail.

2. *Serjeant.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other Counter,

And search if there be aught else out against him.

3. *Serjeant.* That done, haste to his creditors. He's a prize,

And as we are city pirates by our oath,

We must make the best on't.

Hoyst. Do your worst, I care not.

I'll be remov'd to the Fleet, and drink and drab there;

In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever

Intended to be honest.

Enter Luke.

3. *Serjeant.* Here he comes

You had best tell him so.

Fortune. Worshipful sir,

You come in time to free us from these ban-dogs;

I know you gave no way to't.

Penury. Or if you did,

'Twas but to try our patience.

Hoyst. I must tell you,

I do not like such trials.

Luke. Are you serjeants

Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,

Yet stand prating here in the Fleet? The Counter

Is a safer place to parly in.

Fortune. Are you in earnest?

Luke.

Luke. Yes faith, I will be satisfy'd to a token,
Or, build upon it, you rot there.

Fortune. Can a gentleman,
Of your soft and filken temper, speak such language?

Penury. So honest, so religious?

Hoyß. That preach'd.

So much of charity for us to your brother?

Luke. Yes, when I was in poverty it shew'd well,
But I inherit with his 'state, his mind
And rougher nature. I grant, then I talk'd,
For some ends to myself conceal'd, of pity,
The poor man's orisons; and such-like nothing:
But what I thought you all shall feel, and with rigour.
Kind mr. Luke says it. Who pays for your attendance?
Do you wait gratis?

Fortune. Hear us speak.

Luke. While I,

Like the adder, stop mine ears. Or did I listen,
Tho' you spake with the tongues of angels to me,
I am not to be alter'd.

Fortune. Let me make the best
Of my ships, and their freight.

Penury. Lend me the ten pounds you promis'd.

Hoyß. A day or two's patience to redeem my mortgage,
And you shall be satisfy'd.

Fortune. To the utmost farthing.

Luke. I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I will not
Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to. Your ships to my use
Are seiz'd on. I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum. I will likewise take
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds, the use and principal
Shall not serve. Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.

Fortune. Broker.

Hoyß. Jew.

Fortune. Impostor.

Hoyß. Cut-throat.

Fortune.

Fortune. Hypocrite.

Luke. Do, rail on.

Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me.

Penury. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife and children

Shall hourly pray for your worship.

Fortune. Mine betake thee

To the devil thy tutor.

Penury. Look upon my tears.

Hoyft. My rage.

Fortune. My wrongs.

Luke. They are all alike to me;

Intreats, curses, prayers, or imprecations.

Do your duties, Serjeants, I am elsewhere look'd for.

3. *Serjeant.* This your kind creditor? [*Exit Luke.*]

2. *Serjeant.* A vast villain rather.

Penury. See, see, the Serjeants pity us. Yet he's marble.

Hoyft. Buried alive!

Fortune. There's no means to avoid it. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus quartus, Scena quarta.

Enter Holdfast, Stargaze, and Millefcnt.

Stargaze. NOT wait upon my Lady?

Holdfast. Nor come at her:

You find it not in your almanack.

Millefcnt. Nor I have licence

To bring her breakfast?

Holdfast. My new master hath

Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long,

And after a carnival, Lent ever follows.

Millefcnt. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll repent this.

I must know what gown she'll wear.

Holdfast. You are mistaken,

Dame president of the sweet-meats. She and her daughters
Are

Are turn'd philosophers, and may carry all
Their wealth about 'em. They have cloaths laid in their
chamber,

If they please to put 'em on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look, mr. Stargaze,
As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold
The end of the world, and on what day. And you,
As the wasps had broke into the galley-pots,
And eaten up your apricots.

Within Lady. Stargaze! Millefcent!

Millefcent. My Lady's voice!

Holdfast. Stir not, you are constrain'd here.
Your ladyship may approach them if you please,
But they are bound in this circle.

Within Lady. Mine own bees
Rebel against me? When my kind brother knows this,
I will be, so reveng'd.

Holdfast. The world's well alter'd.
He's your kind brother now: but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary, in coarse habits, weeping.

Millefcent. What witch hath transform'd you?

Stargaze. Is this the glorious shape your cheating
brother

Promis'd you should appear in?

Millefcent. My young ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons! Tear 'em off;
Rather shew all than be seen thus.

Holdfast. 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other whim-whams.

Millefcent. A French hood too,
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would shew better.

Lady. We are fool'd indeed: By whose command are
we us'd thus?

Enter Luke.

Holdfast. Here he comes that can best resolve you.

Lady. O good brother!

Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?
Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape?

Anne.

Anne. You talk'd of Hobs;
Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they
Dress'd as we are? They were sure some chandler's
daughters,
Bleaching linen in Moor-fields.

Mary. Or Exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday
At Pimlico, or Islington.

Luke. Save you, sister.
I now dare stile you so. You were before
Too glorious to be look'd on; now you appear
Like a city matron, and my pretty niece
Such things as they were born and bred these. Why
should you ape

The fashions of court ladies? whose high titles
And pedigrees of long descent give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'Twas monstrous,
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

Lady. Is this spoken
In scorn?

Luke. Fye, no, with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselfe,
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolv'd
You shall continue so.

Lady. It is confess'd, sir.

Luke. Sir! firrah. Use your old phrase; I can bear it.

Lady. That, if you please, forgotten. We acknowledge
We have deserv'd ill from you, yet despair not;
Tho' we are at your disposal, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

Lady. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admir'd rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do I laugh, and glory that I have
The power in you to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new fairy-tale. But hear gently,
And in gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguis'd deformity, and cry-up

This

This decency and neatness, with th' advantage
You shall receive by't ———

Lady. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclin'd to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer. Good man, humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd master, Did your pride
Descend from him? But let that pass. Your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanc'd you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistressship ladyfy'd, you were
Sattin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood; rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence; and thus far
You were privileg'd, and no man envy'd it,
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a Patrician and Plebeian ———

Mistress. Pray you leave preaching, or chuse some
other text;

Your rhetorick is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie,
I'll treat of you anon. But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name Lady Mayorefs
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were rais'd, my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to't; and no object pleas'd you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;
What a strange, nay monstrous metamorphosis follow'd!
No English workman then could please your fancy;
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality entertain'd,
To ~~turn into~~ your ears, what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last mask, and how it drew
The young lords eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest 'prentice's place
To walk before you.

Lady. Pray you end.

Held fast.

Holdfast. Proceed, sir;
I could fast almost a 'prenticeship to hear you,
You touch 'em so to the quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl: Your carkanets,
That did adorn your neck, of equal value;
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish Quellio ruffs:
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness fain'd,
That your nightrails, of forty pounds a-piece,
Might be seen with envy of the visitants:
Rich pantables in ostentation shown;
And roses worth a family. You were serv'd in plate;
Stir'd not a foot without your coach; and going
'To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickl'd when the beggars cry'd,
Heaven save your honour. This idolatry
Paid to a painted room.

Holdfast. Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.

Luke. And when you lay
In child-bed, at the christ'ning of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung. The first with arras;
And that for waiters; the second crimson sattin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle, you in state
Like Pompey's Julia,

Lady. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you
Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright

Others

Others by your example. 'Tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useleſs drones.

Holdfaſt. Will you pack?

Milleſcent. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.

Luke. Not a rag, you came
Hither without a box.

Stargaze. You'll ſhew to me,
I hope fir, more compaſſion.

Holdfaſt. 'Troth I'll be
Thus far a ſuitor for him. He hath printed
An almanack for this year at his own charge,
Let him have th'impreſſion with him to ſet up with.

Luke. For once I'll be entreated: let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.

Stargaze. O curſed ſtars
That reign'd at my nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor obſerver!

Anne. Muſt we part in tears?

Mary. Farewell, good Milleſcent.

Lady. I am ſick, and meet with
A rough phyſician. O my pride and ſcorn!
How juſtly am I puniſh'd!

Mary. Now we ſuffer
For our ſtubbornneſs and diſobedience
To our good father.

Anne. And the baſe conditions
We impoſed upon our ſuitors.

[*Lady, Anne, Mary, go off at one door; Star-
gaze and Milleſcent at the other.*]

Luke. Get you in,
And catterwaul in a corner.

Lady. There's no contending. [Exit.]

Luke. How lik'ſt thou my carriage, Holdfaſt?

Holdfaſt. Well in ſome part,
But it reliſhes I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.

Luke.

Luke. Thou art a fool :
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that us'd him cruelly.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Luke, Sir John, Lacy, and Plenty.

Luke. **Y**OU care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our religion.

Sir John. We know no such word,
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.

Luke. I am glad that charge is sav'd.

Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means
To come to the city. Now to you we'll discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance,
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the colony was not to be purchas'd,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most precious venture, as you shall
Receive from us ; far, far above your hopes,
Or fancy to imagine.

Luke. It must be
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me,
You will deal fairly) that I would not hazard.
Give me the name of't.

Lacy. I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience to grant it.

Luke. Conscience ! no, no ; so it may be done with
safety,
And without danger of the law.

Plenty.

Plenty. For that
You shall sleep securely. Nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear 'an atom,
To the mountain it brings with it.

Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.

Sir John. Thus then in a word :
The devil — (Why start you at his name ? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,
You must make haste to be familiar with him.)
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician (for I can do wonders)
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded
With many stripes (for that's his cruel custom)
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We groveling on our faces fall before him,
Two christian virgins, that with their pure blood
Might dye his horrid altars, and a third
(In his hate to such embraces as are lawful)
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,
As an oblation unto Hecate,
And wanton lust her favourite.

Luke. A devilish custom !
And yet why should it startle me ? there are
Enough of the sex fit for this use ; but virgins,
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.

Plenty. A mine of gold for a fee
Waits him that undertakes it, and performs it.

Lacy. Know you no distressed widow, or poor
Maids, whose want of dower, tho' well born,
Makes 'em weary of their own country ?

Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, than where
They have surfeited in felicity ?

Luke. Give me leave,
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron !
And two pure virgins ! Umph ! I think my sister,
Tho'

Tho' proud, was ever honest ; and my nieces
 Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd
 For this employment ? they are burdensome to me,
 And eat too much. And if they stay in London,
 They will find friends that to my loss will force me
 To composition. 'Twere a master-piece
 If this could be effected. They were ever
 Ambitious of title. Should I urge
 Matching with these, they shall live Indian queens,
 It may do much. But what shall I feel here,
 Knowing to what they are design'd ? They absent,
 The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.
 I'll furnish you, and, to indear the service,
 In mine own family, and my blood too.

Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall not
 Contain the gold we'll send you.

Luke. You have seen my sister, and my two nieces ?

Sir John. Yes, Sir.

Luke. These persuaded

How happily they shall live, and in what pomp
 When they are in your kingdoms, (for you must
 Work in 'em a belief that you are kings)——

Plenty. We are so.

Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly. Study you
 For moving language.——Sister ! Nieces ! How,

Enter Lady, Anne, Mary.

Still mourning ? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds
 That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
 My personated reprehension, tho'
 It shew'd like rough anger, could be serious ?
 Forget the fright I put you in. My ends
 In humbling you was, to set off the height
 Of honour, principle honour, which my studies,
 When you least expect it, shall confer upon you.
 Still you seem doubtful : be not wanting to
 Yourself, nor let the strangeness of the means,
 With the shadow of some danger, render you
 Incredulous.

Lady. Our usage hath been such,
 As we can faintly hope that your intents

And language are the same.

Luke. I'll change those hopes

To certainties.

Sir John. With what art he winds about them!

Luke. What will you say, or what thanks shall I
look for,

If now I raise you to such eminence as

The wife and daughters of a citizen

Never arriv'd at? Many for their wealth, I grant,

Have written ladies of honour, and some few

Have higher titles; and that's the farthest rise

You can in England hope for. What think you

If I should mark you out a way to live

Queens in another climate?

Anne. We desire

A competence.

Mary. And prefer our country's smoke

Before outlandish fire.

Lady. But should we listen

To such impossibilities, 'tis not in

The power of man to make 'em good.

Luke. I'll do't.

Nor is this feat of majesty far remov'd;

It is but to Virginia.

Lady. How, Virginia!

High heaven forbid. Remember, sir, I beseech you,

What creatures are shipp'd thither.

Anne. Condemn'd wretches.

Forfeited to the law.

Mary. Strumpets and bawds,

For the abomination of their lives,

Spew'd out of their own country.

Luke. Your false fears.

Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed

Are sent as slaves to labour there, but you

To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men;

With reverence observe them. They are kings;

Kings of such spacious territories and dominions,

As, our Great Britain measur'd, will appear

A garden to't.

Lady.

Lacy. You shall be ador'd there
As goddesses.

Sir John. Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.

Plenty. Pomp and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.

Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretch'd arms and willing hands embrace it;
But this refus'd, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here; and rest assur'd,
In storms it falls upon you. Take 'em in,
And use your best persuasion : if that fail,
I'll send 'em aboard in a dry fat.

Sir John. Be not mov'd, sir :
We'll work 'em to your will : yet e'er we part,
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.

[*Exeunt Lacy, Plenty, Lady, Anne, Mary.*]

Luke. You say well. And now
It comes into my memory, this is my birth-day,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.

Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persia in her height of pomp and riot
Did never equal ; and ravishing musick,
As the Italian princes seldom heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.

Luke. I must have none.

Sir John. Not the city senate ?

Luke. No ;

Nor yet poor neighbours. The first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation ; the latter
Of too much hospitality, and a virtue
Grown obsolete and useless. I will sit
Alone and surfeit on my store, while others
With envy pine at it. My genius pamper'd

With

With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer,
I have mark'd out to misery.

Sir John. You shall;
And something I will add, you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-pac'd.

Luke. I have one business,
And that dispatch'd I am free.

Sir John. About it, sir;
Leave the rest to me.

Luke. Till now I ne'er lov'd magick. [Exeunt]

Actus quintus, Scena secunda.

Enter Lord, Old Goldwire, and Old Tradewell.

Lord. **B**elieve me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguis'd
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn
This devil a saint. Mr. Goldwire and Mr. Tradewell,
What do you mean to do? put on.

Old Goldwire. With your lordship's favour,

Lord. I'll have it so.

Old Tradewell. Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.

Lord. You have receiv'd
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?

Old Tradewell. They are our only sons.

Old Goldwire. And as we are fathers,
Remembring the errors of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.

Old Tradewell. And pay for 'em,
In a moderate way.

Old Goldwire. In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator. [Enter Luke]

Lord. All my power
You freely shall commend. 'Tis he——You are well met,
Vol. VIII. D And

And to my wife ; and wondrous brave ;
Your habit speaks you a merchant royal.

Luke. What I wear I take not upon trust.

Lord. Your betters may, and blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

Lord. You are very peremptory ; pray you stay,
I once held you an upright honest man.

Luke. I am honefter now

By a hundred thousand pound (I thank my stars for't)
Upon the Exchange ; and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it ? Good my lord
To the point. I have other business than to talk
Of honesty and opinions.

Lord. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is't ? I am troubl'd.

Lord. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's 'prentices.

Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.

Lord. Mr. Goldwire and mr. Tradewell.

Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepar'd to satisfy the damage
I have sustained by their sons.

Old Goldwire. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.

Old Tradewell. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation : for it would convince me
Of indiscretion. Nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.

Lord. No moderation ?

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in
Me a thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons truth, and they shall answer all.

They

They have run out. The masters never prosper'd
 Since gentlemens sons grow 'prentices. When we look
 To have our business done at home; they are
 Abroad in the Tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley;
 In Lambeth-marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
 Where I found your sons. I have your bonds; look to't,
 A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
 Repair my losses.

Lord. Thou dar'st not shew thyself
 Such a devil.

Luke. Good words.

Lord. Such a cut-throat. I have heard of
 The usage of your brother's wife, and daughters.
 You shall find you are not lawless, and that your
 Monies cannot justify your villainies.

Luke. I endure this.

And good may lord, now you talk in time of monies,
 Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
 Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
 The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
 To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
 So much in my danger.

Lord. In thy danger?

Luke. Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd;
 Pawn'd, my good lord, Lacy-manor, and that manor
 From which you have the title of a lord,
 And it please your good lordship. You are a nobleman,
 Pray you pay in my monies. The interest
 Will eat faster in't than aqua fortis in iron.
 Now tho' you bear me hard, I love your lordship.
 I grant your person to be privileg'd
 From all arrests. Yet there lives a foolish creature
 Call'd an under-sheriff, who being well paid, will serve
 An extent on lords, or lown's land. Pay it in;
 I would be loth your name should sink; or that
 Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
 Should find you, my lord, without land. You are angry
 For my good counsel. Look you to your bonds; had
 I known..

Of your coming, believe it, I would have had serjeants
 Lord, how you fret ! but that a tavern's near, [ready.
 You should taste a cup of Muscadine at my house,
 To wash down sorrow ; but there it will do better.
 I know you'll drink a health to me. [Exit Luke.

Lord. To thy damnation.
 Was there ever such a villain ! Heaven forgive me
 For speaking so unchristianly, tho' he deserves it.

Old Goldwire. We are undone.

Old Tradewell. Our families quite ruin'd.

Lord. Take courage, gentlemen. Comfort may appear,
 And punishment overtake him, when he least expects it.
 [Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scena ultima.

Enter Sir John, and Holdfast.

Sir John. **B**E silent, on your life.

Holdfast. I am overjoy'd.

Sir John. Are the pictures plac'd as I directed ?

Holdfast. Yes, sir.

Sir John. And the musicians ready ?

Holdfast. All is done

As you commanded.

Sir John. Make haste, and be careful ;
 You know your cue and postures.

Within Plenty. We are perfect.

Sir John. 'Tis well : are the rest come too ?

Holdfast. And dispos'd of
 To your own wish.

Sir John. Set forth the table. So ;

Enter a servant with a rich banquet.

A perfect banquet. At the upper end,
 His chair in state ; he shall feast like a prince.

Holdfast. And rise like a Dutch hang-man.

Enter Luke.

Sir John. Not a word more.
 How like you the preparation ? fill your room,

And

And taste the cates; then in your thoughts consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.

Luke. I can brook

No rival in my happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpay'd for, please my palate!
Some wine. Jove's nectar! Brightness to the star
That govern'd at my birth. Shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gain'd
By vows to saints above, and much less purchas'd
By thriving industry; nor fall'n upon me
As a reward of piety and religion,
Or service to my country. I owe all this
To dissimulation, and the shape
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrob'd of flesh,
To soar above the firmament. I am well,
And so I surfeit here in all abundance;
Tho' still'd a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else
Such as malign my state and load me with,
I will not envy it. You promis'd musick.

Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and power
Of it, the spirit of Orpheus rais'd to make it good,
And in those ravishing strains with which he mov'd
Charon and Cerberus to give him way
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.
Appear swifter than thought.

[*Musick. At one door Cerberus, at the other Charon,
Orpheus, chorus.*]

Luke. 'Tis wond'rous strange!

Sir John. Does not the object and the accent take you?

Luke. A pretty fable. But that musick should
Alter in fiends their nature, is to me
Impossible. Since in myself I find
What I have once decreed shall know no change.

Sir John. You are constant to your purposes; yet I think

That I could stagger you.

Luke. How!

Sir John. Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.

Luke. Not a mote.

The musick that your Orpheus made, was harsh
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their cries and groans. If it be in your power,
I would now see 'em.

Sir John. Spirits in their shapes
Shall shew them as they are. But if it should move you?

Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity.

Sir John. Be your own judge.
Appear as I commanded.

[Sad musick. Enter Goldwire and Tradewell, as from prison. Fortune, Hoyst, Penury, following after them. Shave 'em, in a blue gown: Secret, Ding 'em, Old Tradewell, and Old Goldwire, with Serjeants. As directed, they all kneel to Luke, bearing up their hands for mercy. Stargaze with a pack of almanacks. Millefcent.]

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!

This move me to compassion? or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face?
You are deceiv'd: It rather renders me
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings
Overflow the Alps, than knees, or groans
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so,
It sets my happiness off. I could not triumph
If these were not my captives. Ha! my terriers,
As it appears, have seiz'd on these old foxes,
As I gave order. New addition to
My scene of mirth. Hah, ha!--They now grow tedious;

Let

Let 'em be remov'd ; some other object, if
Your art can shew it:

Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
Yet one thing real, if you please.

Luke. What is it ?

Sir John. Your nieces, e'er they put to sea, crave hum-
Tho' absent in their bodies, they may take leave [bly,
Of their late suitors statues.

Enter Lady, Anne, and Mary.

Luke. There they hang ;
In things indifferent I am tractable.

Sir John. There, pay your vows, you have liberty.

Anne. O sweet figure
Of my abused Lacy ! When remov'd
Into another world, I'll daily pay
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance ;
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride
And insolence threw upon thee.

Mary. I had been
Too happy, if I had enjoy'd the substance ;
But far unworthy of it, now I shall
Thus prostrate to thy statue.

Lady. My kind husband,
Blessed in my misery, from the monast'ry
To which my disobedience confin'd thee,
With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,
Look on my penitence. O ! that I could
Call back time past, thy holy vow dispens'd,
In what humility would I observe
My long-neglected duty !

Sir John. Does not this move you ?

Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow
My absent brother. If by your magick art
You can give life to these, or bring him hither
To witness her repentance, I may have
Perchance some feeling of it.

Sir John. For your sport
You shall see a master-piece. Here's nothing but
A superficies, colour, and no substance.

Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement
I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice
To make the great work perfect.

Enter Lacy and Plenty.

Luke. Prodigious!

Sir John. Nay, they have life and motion. Descend,
And for your absent brother, this wash'd off,
Against your will, you shall know him.

Enter Lord and the rest.

Luke. I am lost!

Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

Lord. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

Sir John. What think you now

Of this clear soul? this honest pious man?

Have I stripp'd him bare? or will your lordship have
A farther trial of him? 'Tis not in a wolf to change his
nature.

Lord. I long since confess'd my error.

Sir John. Look up, I forgive you,
And seal your pardons thus.

Lady. I am too full
Of joy to speak it.

Anne. I am another creature;
Not what I was.

Mary. I vow to shew myself
When I am married an humble wife,
Not a commanding mistress.

Plenty. On those terms
I gladly thus embrace you.

Lacy. Welcome to
My bosom; as the one half of myself
I'll love and cherish you.

Goldwire. Mercy!

Tradewell and the rest. Good sir, mercy!

Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall find me,
As far as lawful pity can give way to't,
Indulgent to your wishes, tho' with loss
Unto myself. My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?

What

What a golden dream you have had in the possession
Of my estate? but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!
Revengeful, avaricious atheist!
Transcending all example. But I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes should I repeat 'em.
What wilt thou do? Turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own; pray you, uncase. *This*
key too

I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some desert,
Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice
Pack to Virginia and repent; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou did'st design these.

Luke. I care not where I go. What's done, with words
Cannot be undone. *[Exit Luke.]*

Lady. Yet, sir, shew some mercy;
Because his cruelty to me, and mine,
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promis'd reformation, and instruct
Our city dames (whom wealth makes proud) to move
In their own spheres, and willingly confess
In habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court.

[Exeunt omnes.]



(11)

1. The first of these is the

second of these is the

third of these is the

fourth of these is the

fifth of these is the

sixth of these is the

seventh of these is the

eighth of these is the



A
NEW WAY
TO
Pay old DEBTS.

A
COMEDY.

By PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.





Dramatis Personæ.

- L** *Ovell*, an English lord.
Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner.
Wellborn, a prodigal.
Allworth, a young gentleman, page to lord Lovell.
Greedy, a hungry justice of peace.
Marrell, a term-driver, a creature of *Sir Giles Overreach's*.
Order,
Amble,
Furnace,
Watchall, } Servants to the lady Allworth.
Well-do, a parson.
Tapwell, an ale-house keeper.
Three Creditors.
The Lady Allworth, a rich widow.
Margaret, *Overreach's* daughter.
Waiting woman.
Chambermaid.
Froth, *Tapwell's* wife.





A

New Way to pay old Debts.

A

C O M E D Y.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Wellborn, Tapwell, Froth.

Well. O bouze? nor no tobacco?



Tap. Not a fuck, fir,
Nor the remainder of a single cann,
Left by a drunken porter; all night
pall'd too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morn-
ing's draught, fir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brach!

The devil turn'd precisian? Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth! durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.

Well,

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Well. How! dog!

Tap. Even so, fir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your plimworth cloak, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call (if it please your worship)
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty bill-men,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tatter'd, lousy ———

Well. Rascal! slave!

Fratb. No rage, fir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, fir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk
thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou ha'st my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and cloath'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, fir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent. Now for a farewell:
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Old fir John Wellborn, justice of peace, and *quorum*;
And stood fair to be *Custos rotularum*;
Bare the whole sway of the shire; kept a great house;
Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late mr. Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Fratb. Very hardly,

You cannot be out of your way.

Tap.

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Tap. But to my story.

You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler : note the change now.
You had a merry time of't. Hawks and hounds ;
With choice of running horses : mistresses
Of all sorts, and all fizes ; yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordship melt ;
Which your uncle, sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose a drop of 'em
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supply'd your looseness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have study'd it.

Tap. I have not done yet :
Your lands gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower ; no man 'scap'd
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage ;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment —

Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they call'd fer ;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I glean'd from them, hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger ; and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor ;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow your thirteen-pence a quarter ;
And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dogbolt —

And thus —

[Beats and kicks him.]

Tap. Cry out for help !

Well. Stir, and thou diest :
Your potent prince the constable shall not save you.

Heav

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Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I
 Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots,
 And thought your holy-day cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
 'Twas I, that when I heard thee swear, if ever
 Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds, thou would'st
 Live like an emperor: 'twas I that gave it,
 In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir.

For from the tavern to the tap-house, all,
 On forfeiture of their licence, stand bound,
 Never to remember who the best guests were,
 If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded
 That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
 Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!
 But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
 Your memory, and tread thee into mortar;
 Not leave one bone unbroken.

Tap. Oh!

Froth. Ask mercy..

[*Enter Allworth.*]

Well. 'Twill not be granted.

Allworth. Hold, for my sake, hold!

Deny me, Frank? they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou ha'st redeem'd them from this
 sceptre: [His cudgel.]

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their knees;
 And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you
 presum'd

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
 Tho' you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth,

There's law to cure our bruises [They go off on their

Well. Sent for to your mother? hands and knees.

Allworth. My lady, Frank, my patroness! my all!

She's such a mourner for my father's death,

And in her love to him, so favours me,

That I cannot pay too much observance to her.

There are few such stepdames.

Well.

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Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life
With the splendour of her actions leaves no tongue
To envy, or detraction, Pr'ythee tell me;
Has she no suitors?

Allworth. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted: Such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again; but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;
Yet she's so far from fullness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment. I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors names.

Wellborn. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel. I am bound to it;
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee:
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allworth. I thank your noble care; but, pray you,
in what
Do I run the hazard?

Wellborn. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.

Allworth. In love, at my years?

Wellborn. You think you walk in clouds, but are
transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star,
By which the load-stone of your folly's guided.
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child, and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only named? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

Allworth. You are too bitter, sir.

Wellborn. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:

Art

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Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the porter's lodge,
And yet sworn servant to the pantoffle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, nor e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him,
Court-waiters not exempted.

Allworth. This is madness.

Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious brier, I may infer,
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.

Wellborn. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

Allworth. And yours too.

Wellborn. I confess it.

True, I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine, (let not self-love blind thee)
That sir Giles Overreach (that to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too)
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

Allworth. You have well advis'd me.
But, in the mean time, you that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Wellborn. No matter, no matter.

Allworth. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can.

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I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Wellborn. How's this?

Allworth. Nay, be not angry. There's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.

Wellborn. Money from thee?

From a boy? a stipendary? one that lives

At the devotion of a step-mother,

And the uncertain favour of a lord?

I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind fortune

Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;

Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,

And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,

Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;

Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer.

And as I, in my madness, broke my state,

Without th' assistance of another's brain,

In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,

Die thus, and be forgotten.

Allw. A strange humour!

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchball.

Order. SET all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry,
Good master steward.

Furnace. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock
yet,

Nor dinner taking up, then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their places, may be cholerick.

Furnace. You think you have spoke wisely, good man

Amble,

My lady's go-before.

Order.

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Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furnace. 'Twill me with the authority of the kitchen?
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And, thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Furnace. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be
angry.

Order. With whom?

Furnace. No matter whom: Yet, now I think on't,
I am angry with my lady.

Watchball. Heaven forbid, man.

Order. What cause has she given thee?

Furnace. Cause enough, master steward:
I was entertain'd by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Tho' I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications in the pastry,
Such as might serve for models in the Low-Countries;
Which, if they had been practis'd at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took
it.

Amble. But you had wanted matter there to work on.

Furnace. Matter! with fix eggs, and a strike of rye-
meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday; perhaps longer.

Order. But what's this to your pet against my lady?

Furnace. What's this? marry this, when I am three
parts roasted,

And the fourth part par-boil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Order. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Furnace. By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much, as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stol'n into commission.

Order's

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Order. Justice Greedy?

Furnace. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;

It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.

His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,

Or strumpets ravenous appetites.

Watchball. One knocks. [*Allworth knocks, and enters.*]

Order. Our late young master.

Amble. Welcome, sir.

Furnace. Your hand:

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Order. His father's picture in little.

Furnace. We are all your servants.

Amble. In you he lives.

Allworth. At once, my thanks to all;

'This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter the lady Allworth, waiting-woman, and chamber-maid.

Order. Her presence answers for us.

Lady. Sort those filks well.

I'll take the air alone.

Exeunt waiting-woman and chamber-maid.

Furnace. You air, and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

Lady. Pr'ythee, be not angry,

I shall er'e long: i'the mean time, there is gold

To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furnace. I am pleas'd, and Furnace now grows cold.

Lady. And, as I gave directions, if this morning

I am visited by any, entertain 'em

As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,

I am indispos'd.

Order. I shall, madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me.

[Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchball.]

Nay, stay you Allworth.

Allw. I shall gladly grow here,

To wait on your commands.

Lady.

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Lady. So soon turn'd courtier !

Allw. Stile not that courtship, madam, which is duty,
Purchas'd on your part.

Lady. Well, you shall o'ercome ;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master ?

Allw. Ever like himself ;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour :
He did command me, (pardon my presumption)
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries ?

Allw. Constantly, good madam :
But he will, in person, first present his service.

Lady. And how approve you of his course ? you are
yet,

Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please
I will put on ; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit : you had a father,
(Bless'd be his memory) that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge :
And therefore what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not :
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.

Allworth. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me ;
And with my utmost strength of care and service,

Will

Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounty's show'd upon me.

Lady. I much hope it.

These were your father's words: If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed: But for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with licence practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for the country's safety
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat; and not to faint
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

Allworth. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle;
Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady. To conclude;
Beware ill company; for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse:
And from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had liv'd
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

Allworth. I shall obey in all things.

Lady. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have
gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supply'd,
As I hear from you.

Allworth. I am still your creature.

[*Exeunt.*

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Actus primus, Scena tertia.

*Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace Watch-
all, Marrell.*

Greedy. NOT to be seen?

Over. Still cloister'd up? her reason,
I hope, assures her, tho' she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her will;
Which we that are her servants ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome:
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came not six days since from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary; which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right sort?

Order. Yes, mr. Greedy.

Amble. How his mouth runs o'er!

Fur. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good
worship!

Greedy. Honest mr. Cook, thy hand; again! How
I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well seasoned.

Greedy. Good!

Fur. A pheasant larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Fur. Other quelques choses.

Besides there came last night, from the forest of Sher-
wood,

The fatest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man?

Fur. A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too, sir Giles!

A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And

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And red deer too, fir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Fur. How the lean skeleton's wrapp'd!

Over. You know, we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes: I'll prove't, for such a
dinner

We may put off a commission; you shall find it

Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, mr. Greedy,
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
I could ev'n cry now. Do you hear, mr. Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal patty;
And I, in thankfulness, will by your boy
Send you a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal? [*Enter Wellborn.*]

Over. Remember me to your lady.—Who have we
here?

Wellb. Don't you know me?

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avant, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipp'd.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of Pye-corner, Furnace! [*Exeunt Overreach,*

Watch. Will you out, fir? *Greedy, Marrall.*
I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your fellows from the basket,
But you must press in to the hall?

Furnace. Pr'ythee vanish
Into some out-house, though it be the pig-sty;
My skullion shall come to thee. [*Enter Allworth.*

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Well.

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Well. This is rare ;
Oh, here is Tom Allworth ! Tom !

Allworth. We must be strangers ;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

[Exit Allworth.]

Wellb. Better and better. He contemns me too.

[Enter Woman and Chamber-maid.]

Wom. Foh, what a smell's here ! what thing's this ?

Chamb. A creature.

Made out of the privy. Let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon. *[Exeunt Woman and Chamber-maid.]*

Wom. I begin to faint already.

Watch. Will you know your way ?

Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders ?

Wellb. No, I will not stir :

Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe ;

To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;

That have not souls only to hope a blessing

Beyond black-jacks, or flaggons ; you that were born

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten

Upon reverfions ; who advances ? who

Shews me the way ?

Order. My lady. *[Enter Lady, Woman, and Chamb.]*

Chamb. Here's the monster.

Wom. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

Chamb. Or let me

Fetch some perfumes may be predominant ;

You wrong yourself else.

Wellb. Madam, my designs

Bear me to you.

Lady. To me ?

Wellb. And though I have met with

But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,

I hope from you to receive that noble usage,

As may become the true friend of your husband ;

And then I shall forget these.

Lady.

Lady. I am amaz'd,
To see and hear this rudeness, *But* if thou think,
Tho' sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
~~Deny'd my~~ presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy, forbear my house!
And know, and keep the distance that's between us:
Or tho' it be against my gentler temper;
I shall take order, you no more shall be
An eye-sore to me.

Wellb. Scorn me not, good lady;
But as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At least a while to hear me. You will grant,
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble,
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's obsequance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and I know deserve it;
Yet, Lady, I must say, in nothing more,
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband:

Order. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye
To hear him nam'd.

Lady. Have you aught else to say?

Wellb. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I. Want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, Lady;
And when in all mens judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up;
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

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Furn. Are not we base rogues
That could forget this?

Wellb. I confess you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great, or noble,
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Wellb. For his sake then, in that I was his friend,
Do not condemn me.

Lady. For what's past, excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Wellb. No, madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg, nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supply'd elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers: and 'tis this. [Whispers to her]

Lady. Fie, nothing else?

Wellb. Nothing; unless you please to charge your
servants,

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. What you demand is your's.

Wellb. I thank you, Lady.

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit,
Is yet in supposition; I have said all,
When you please you may retire.—Nay, all's forgotten,
And for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry, mr. Wellborn?

[Exeunt.]

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Overreach; Marrall.

Overreach. **H**E's gone, I warrant thee; this com-
mission crush'd him.

Marrall. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er
miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air; and yet
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too;
(With your good favour) to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice. He that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder
(Still with your licence) why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.

Over. Thou art a fool:
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, out of willfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire;
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not.
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor

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Of your neighbour mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land lying in the midst of your many Tordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall;
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns; or break his cattels legs.
These trespasses draw on suits; and suits, expences:
Which I can spare, but will soon begger him,
When I have harried him thus two or three years,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard; I could adore you.

Over. Then with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title; want will force him
To put it to arbitrament: then if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder.
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold,
Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have us'd all means; and the last night I caus'd
His host the Tapster to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And on the forfeit of your favour charg'd them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from
starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall, but thou must
go farther;

And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar.

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Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out ; and, if thou canst,

Persuade him, that 'tis better steal than beg ;
Then if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work, with the lord Lovell ;

The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country ; and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write Honourable ;
Right Honourable, Marrall ; my Right Honourable
daughter ;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I will have her well attended ; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes, and meat, will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were Right Worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride, there having ever been
More than a few, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true-gentry. [Enter Wellborns

Mar. See ! who's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster, prodigy !

Wellb. Sir, your wife's nephew ;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

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Over. Avoid my sight, thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marrall, this is the time to work him.

Mar. I warrant you, sir. [Exit *Over*.]

Wellb. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you took compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Wellb. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Wellb. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Wellb. Thy religion!

The devil's creed; but what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a peny halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A with had serv'd my turn to hang myself.

I am zealous in your cause: pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.

Wellb. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice de-
vour you?

Or if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?

Wellb. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again?
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some
course

For your reputation.

Wellb. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.

I am

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I am as far as thou art from despair.

Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air.
Will not persuade me, or to give or lend
A token to you.

Wellb. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Wellb. Nay more, dine *gratis*.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose
cost?

Are they Padders, or Abram-men, that are your consorts?

Wellb. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of Fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Wellb. With the lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.

Wellb. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice no doubt of dog-whips.
Why dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Wellb. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine own
eyes.

Mar. Troth in my hope, or my assurance rather
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Wellb. Come along then.

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Actus secundus, Scena secunda.

*Allworth, Waiting-woman, Chamber-maid, Order,
Amble, Furnace, Watchball.*

Woman. **C**ould you not command your leisure one
hour longer?

Chamb. Or half an hour?

Allw. I have told you what my haste is :
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if to please myself
I should neglect my lord.

Wom. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket ;
They are of mine own preserving.

Chamb. And this marmalade ;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Wom. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Chamb. You are still before me : I move the same
suit, fir. *[Kisses 'em severally.]*

Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless
chin !

I think the tits will ravish him.

Allw. My service

To both.

Wom. Ours waits on you.

Chamb. And shall do ever.

Order. You are my lady's charge ; be therefore
careful

That you sustain your parts.

Wom. We can bear, I warrant you.

[Exeunt Woman and Chamber-maid.]

Furn. Here, drink it off ; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir ; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,

Knuckles

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Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow;
Coral, and ambergrise: were you two years elder,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: You need not bait
After this, I warrant you; though your journey's long,
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow
morning.

Allworth. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much
grieve

To part from such true friends, and yet I find comfort;
My attendance on my honourable lord,
(Whose resolution holds to visit my lady)

Will speedily bring me back. [*Knocking at the gate.*]

Mar. Dar'st thou venture farther? [*Marrall and Well-*

Wellb. Yes, yes, and knock again. *born within.*

Order. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*They go off several ways.*]

Watch. Beast that I was to make you stay: most
welcome;

You were long since expected.

Wellb. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Wellb. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, though I had found it in my
primer.

Allw. When I have given you reasons for my late
harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me: for, believe me,

Tho' now I part abruptly, in my service

I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfy'd: farewell Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you.

[*Exit Allw.*]

Enter Amb.

Amb. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet

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Presented one so welcome, as I know
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;
Or sure these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a Pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant!
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.

Enter Furnace.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your
pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some growse and turkey
chickens,

Some rails and quails; and my lady will'd me t'ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it. [palate!

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his
That on my knowledge, for almost this twelve month,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays.

Well. That way I like 'em best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. [Exit Furnace.

Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine un-
Shall we feed gratis? [der?

Mar. I know not what to think:
Pray you, make me not mad. [Enter Order.

Order. This place becomes you not:
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you!
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd [Enter Woman and
up in pease-straw. Chamber-maid.

Wom. O! sir, you are wish'd for.

Chamb. My lady dream't, sir, of you.

Wom. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was (her devotions done) to give her notice
When you approach'd here. [Chamb.]

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Chamb. Which is done, on my virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted ; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.

Wom. Sir, my lady. [*Enter Lady.*]

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw
This first kiss is for form ; I allow a second [*you.*]
To such a friend.

Mar. To such a friend ! heav'n bless me !

Well. I am wholly yours ; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute.

Mar. Salute me at his bidding !

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

Lady. Sir, you may command me.

Well. Run backward from a lady ! and such a lady !

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of — [*Offers to kiss her foot.*]

Lady. Nay, pray you rise ;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you :
You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table ! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest :
I will not be deny'd. [*Enter Furnace.*]

Furn. Will you still be babbling,
Till your meat freeze on th' table ? The old trick still :
My art ne'er thought on.

Lady. Your arm, mr. Wellborn :
Nay, keep us company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd. [*Exeunt Wellborn,*]

Order. So, we have play'd our [*Lady, Amble, Marz-*]
parts, and are come off well. [*all, Woman.*]

But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why mr. Wellborn
Desir'd it, may I perish.

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts.
By fire ! (for cooks are Persians and swear by it)

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Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to fir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common :
But this fir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage ;
Rich in his habit ; vast in his expences ;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.

Order. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks thro' all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily. [Enter Amble.]

Amble. Ha, ha ! I shall burst.

Order. Contain thyself, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amble. Ha, ha ! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table, this term-driver Marrall,
This snip of an attorney.

Furn. What of him, man ?

Amble. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop
in Ram-alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose :
And feeds so slovenly !

Furn. Is this all ?

Amble. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please mr. Well-
As I live, he rises and takes up a dish, [born.]
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth.

Furn.

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Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.

Amble. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and after a leg or two
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Order. Rose already!

Amble. I shall be chid.

[Enter Lady, Well-

Furn. My lady frowns.

bern, Marrall.

Lady. You wait well.

Let me have no more of this, I observ'd your leering.
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.

Lady. You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners
As not to enquire your purposes ; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, fir,
And it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no farther,
Dear madam ; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, mr. Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship. [Ex. Well. Mar.

Lady. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you
know me

An easy mistress : be merry ; I have forgot all.

Order and *Furnace*, come with me : I must give you
Farther directions.

Order. What you please.

Furn. We are ready.

Actus

Actus secundus, Scena tertia.

Wellborn. Marrall.

Well. I Think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good, fir! the best way;
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above 'em,
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope e'er long you will encrease in worship,
And be right worshipful.

Well. Pr'ythee do not flout me.
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, and it like your worship.
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Tho' it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.

Well. Is not this a true rogue, [Aside.
That out of meer hope of a future coz'nage
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wife, and needs no
counsel:

Yet if in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then in my judgment, fir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distastful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for this morning,
To me (and I am but a swine to her)
Before th' assurance of her wealth perfum'd you,
You favour'd not of amber.

Well. Do I now then? [Kisses the end of his cudgel.

Mar.

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Mar. This your battoon hath got a touch of it.
Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I presently
Lay down at your worship's feet : 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse ?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk a foot. Alas ! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor (as I know you will be)
You may with the lease of glebe-land, call'd *Knaves-*
A place I would manure, requite your vassal. [*acre,*

Well. I thank thy love ; but must make no use of it.
What's twenty pounds ?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Do'st thou think, tho' I want cloaths, I could
not have 'em,

For one word to my lady ?

Mar. As I know not that——

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee ;
I'll not give her the advantage, tho' she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
(There being no woman but is something froward)
To hit me in the teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my wedding cloaths, and took me on
With a plain riding suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell ; for thy suit touching *Knaves-acre,*
When it is mine, 'tis thine,

Mar. I thank your worship. [*Exit Well,*

How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune ? my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men ;
For that is our profession. Well, well, mr. Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated :
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you *sans question* shall be,
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*
Enter

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Enter Overreach.

Over. Sirrah! take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter
So it be done. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives.

Lives once more to be made a prey to you:
And greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?

If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fal'n in love with him.

Over. With him! What lady?

Mar. The rich lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt; how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth;

And I do so but once a year; unless

It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship:

I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,

I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him;
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
And dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd
And sad after performance.

Over. Why thou rascal,

To tell me these impossibilities:

Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!

Impudent varlet. Have not I myself,

To whom great countesses doors have oft flew open,

Ten

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Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, tho' I came — a suitor ;
And yet your good sollicitorship, and rogue---Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lye would call up one
On thy butter-milk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, fir ?
Or taste ? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over,
firrah :

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a begger's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving men and chamber-maids ; for, beyond these,
Thou never saw'st a woman ; or I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this, yet ?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn
(I would give a crown now, I durst say his worship)---
My nagg, and twenty pounds. [*Aside.*

Over. Did you so ? [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me ?

Mar. Will your worship kill me ?

Over. No, no ; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow :
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him ;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Tho' they paint her, so she catch the lord ; I'll thank
There's a peace, for my late blows. [*em.*

Mar. I must yet suffer :
But there may be a time--- [*Aside.*

Over. Do you grumble ?

Mar. No, fir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Lovell, Allworth, Servants.

Lov. **W**ALK the horses down the hill : something
in private

I must impart to Allworth.

[*Ex. Servants.*]

Allw. O my lord !

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching ;
Altho' I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em ;
What danger, tho' in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, tho' I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer,
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lov. Loving youth,

Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'er-prize it : since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls 'em :
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with ; who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow 'em,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd ; I can make
A fitting difference between my foot-boy
And a gentleman, by want compell'd to serve me.

Allw. 'Tis thankfully acknowledg'd ; you have been
More like a father to me than a master.
Pray you, pardon the comparison. *Lov.*

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Lov. I allow it;

And give you assurance I'm pleas'd in't.
My carriage and demeanor to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passion.

Allw. 'Tis a conquest

Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name, I in the wars have purchas'd,
And all my actions hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth.

Allw. As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given, is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise;
Yet being a man (for sure to stile you more
Would relish of gross flattery) I am forc'd,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assailing you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand 'em,

Allw. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you) must be obey'd.
My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses,
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.

But

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But when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue
 Make musick to you, and with numerous sounds
 Assault your hearing (such as if Ulysses
 Now liv'd again, howe're he stood the Sirens,
 Could not resist) the combat must grow doubtful,
 Between your reason and rebellious passions.
 Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
 Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
 Arabia, creating gums and spices;
 And in the van, the nectar of her lips
 Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
 Well-arm'd and strongly lin'd with her discourse,
 And knowing manners to give entertainment;
 Hippolytus himself would leave Diana
 To follow such a Venus.

Low. Love hath made you
 Poetical, Allworth.

Allw. Grant all these beat off,
 (Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it)
 Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in
 With heaps of ill-got gold and so much land;
 To make her more remarkable, as would tire
 A faultcon's wings in one day to fly over.
 O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
 Make a mishapen negro beautiful,
 (Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
 That in herself is all perfection) must
 Prevail for her. I here release your trust,
 'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you;
 And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look on her.

Low. Why, shall I swear?

Allw. Oh, by no means my lord!
 And wrong not so your judgment to the world;
 As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
 Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
 Divers great men are rivals for.

Low. Suspend
 Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
 To Overreach's house?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding;
 You'll soon be there.

Low.

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Low. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. Oh that I durst but hope it ! [*Exeunt.*]

Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.

Overreach. **S**Pare for no cost, let my dressers crack
with the weight

Of curious viands.

Greedy. Store indeed's no fore, fir.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, mr. Greedy!
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room; and when we wash, the water
With precious powders mix'd, to please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avant, you drudge.

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
And, master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——

Greedy. As I do indeed, fir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

Over. I do confer that province, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions.--Now am I
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the bak'd;
For which I will eat often and give thanks,
When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and that's pure
justice.

Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl prove
modest, [*Exit Greedy.*]

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She may spoil all ; she had it not from me,
But from her mother : I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.
Alone, and let your women wait without, Margarett.

Marg. Your pleasure, fir ?

Over. Ha, this is a neat dressing !
These orient pearls, and diamonds well pac'd too !
The gown affects me not ; it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold ;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below ? since oft the wanton eye
The face observ'd, descends unto the foot ;
Which being proportion'd, as your's is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The lady Downfall'n ?

Marg. Well for a companion ;
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg ?
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten ?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her ! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tatter'd gown,
(E'en starv'd for want of two-penny chops) to serve thee ;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her Knight, where I have lodg'd him,
Into the Counter ; and there let 'em howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways ; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Over. In birth ! Why art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth ?
Why foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have ran, and still pursue those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not ?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee ;
Of, by my hopes to see thee honourable,

I will

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I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care ; do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, fir ; mould me which way you please.

Over. How, interrupted ? [Enter Greedy.

Greedy. 'Tis mater of importance.

The cook, fir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, fir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it,
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it :
And, fir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly
To stuff it out ; cook it any way, pry'thee, leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling ?

Over. Let it be dump'd
Which way thou wilt ; or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own cauldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach,
Had I lost my mistress's dumpling ; I'll give ye thanks
for't.

Over. But to our business, Meg ; you have heard who
dines here. [Exit Greedy.

Marg. I have, fir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers ; and what's rare, is one himself ;
A bold and understanding one ; and to be
A Lord, and a good leader in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory. [Enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantick ?

Greedy. Frantick ! 'twould make me frantick, and stark
mad,

Were I not a Justice of Peace, and Quorum too,
Which this rebellious Cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks—

Over. Make thyself

Thirteen, the bakers dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With roast and butter. My father was aaylor;
And my name, though a Justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, e'er I'll see my lineage so abus'd,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. Cook, rogue, obey him.
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.

[*Exit Greedy.*]

Over. And, as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd
us;

This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine to hope it.

Over. I more than hope it, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and therefore when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it,
This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin.

Over. Virgin me no virgins.

I will have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I will have you private, start not, I say private,
If thou art my true daughter, not a ballard,
If thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too:
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I have heard this is the flatterer's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn any thing,

And

And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.

Marg. This is but devilish doctrine!

Over. Or if his blood grow hot; suppose he offer
Beyond this; do you not stay till it cool;
But meet it with ardor? if a couth be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.

Marg. In your own house,
Your own house, fir? for heaven's sake! What are you,
then?

Or, what shall I be, fir?

Over. Stand not on form:
Words are no substances.

Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour; cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell: excuse me.
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife: his whore, I grant, it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay prostituted, cannot but assure him,
I that am light to him will not hold weight
When tempted by others: so in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must, and will forsake me.

Over. How! forsake thee?
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground,
Not purchas'd with his blood, that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done? he dares not.
Give me but proof, he has enjoy'd thy person,
Though all his captains, echo's to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour;
I have said it.

[Enter Marfall.

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Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come, Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply,
And do as I command, or thou art lost. [*Exit Mar.*
Is the loud musick, I gave order for,
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Over. Let 'em found
A princely welcome: Roughness, a while leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me. [*Loud musick.*

Enter Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall.

Low. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleas'd to stile so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.

Allw. Strange! so humble.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord. [*Presents Greedy*

Low. Your hand, good sir. *to him.*

Greedy. This is a lord; and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling: [*Aside.*

Over. Room for my lord.

Low. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord

Low. You'll be obey'd, sir. [*Ex. omnes præter Over.*

Over. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come; ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach—how! tears in your eyes?
Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out:

Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis
For me to say, my honourable daughter:

And thou, when I stand bare, to say, put on;
Or, father you forget yourself; no more,
But be instructed, or expect:—He comes.

[Enter Lovell, Greedy, Marrall, they salute.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord:

Low. As I live, a rare one!

Allw. He's took already: I am lost.

Over.

Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room, [*The rest off*]
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Low. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——

Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember——
[*to his daughter.* Exit *Overreach.*]

Low. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.

Low. But o'er your duty——

Marg. Which forc'd too much, may break.

Low. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours:
And choicest fruits too soon pluck'd, rot and wither.

Low. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure, I am too young.

Low. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow:
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble;
I of low descent, however rich;
And tiffness match'd with scarlet suit but ill,
O my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Low. Pray you trust my ear then. [*Enter Ow. listening.*]

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And by their postures, a consent on both parts. [*Enter*
Greedy. Sir Giles, sir Giles! *Greedy.*

Over. The great fend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings
noon.

The bak'd-meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust I care not;

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In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

Over. Marry and shall: you Banahum of the flesh-
bles. [Strikes him.]

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace? 'tis petty-
treason

Edwardi quinto; but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to day: disturb my lord
When he is in discourse?

Greedy. Is't a time to talk:
When we should be munching?

Low. Ha! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain; vanish: shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [Thrusts Greedy off.]

Low. Lady, I understand you;
And rest most happy in your choice. Believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind
Your slaves for ever. [Exit

Low. I am in the act rewarded.
Since it is good; howe'er you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Low. Now break we off our conference. Sir Giles,
Where is sir Giles?

Enter Overreach, and the rest.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?

Low. Apt, sir Giles, and coming,
And I like her the better

Over. So do I too.

Low. Yet should we take fort at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page; and you give way to it.

Over. With all my soul:—s towards gentlemen!
Your

Your hand, good mr. Allworth, know my house
Is ever open to you.

Allw. 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*]

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter.
Th'art so already: know this gentle youth, [*ter.*]
And cherish him; my honourable daughter.

Mar. I shall with my best care.

[*Noise within as of a coach.*]

Over. A coach!

Greedy. More stops

Before we go to dinner! O my guts! [*Enter Lady and*

Lady. If I find welcome, *Wellborn.*

You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Low. How! the lady Allworth!

Over. And thus attended!

Mar. No, I am a dolt; [*Lowell salutes the Lady, the*
The spirit of lyes had enter'd me. *Lady salutes Marg.*

Over. Peace, patch,

'Tis more than wonder, an astonishment
That does possess me wholly.

Low. Noble lady,

This is a favour to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

Lady. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn;
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.

Low. Your housewife are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

Lady. Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*]

How do'st thou, Marmall? Lik'd you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

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Greedy. I will when you please,
And it like your ladyship.

Lady. When you please, *mr. Greedy*;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse, [*Present*
His inward linings are as fine and fair *Wellborn*.
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large :
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accouter'd ; or what taint soever
For his wild life have stuck upon his fame ;
He may e'er long with boldness rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. *Sir Giles Over-*
If I am welcome, bid him so. [*reach,*

Over. My nephew!
He hath been too long a stranger : 'faith you have.
Pray let it be mended. [*Lozell conferring with Wellborn.*

Mar. Why, fir, what do you mean ?
'This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
'That should hang, or drown himself, no man of wor-
Much less your nephew. [*ship,*

Over. Well, firrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Tho' I be beaten dead for it.

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Low. I would hear and help 'em.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Low. Pray you lead, we follow.

Lady. Nay, you are my guest ; come, dear *mr. Well-*
born. [*Exeunt. Manet Greedy.*

Greedy. Dear *mr. Wellborn* ! so she said, heav'n !
heav'n !

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this : I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail ! And now, dear *mr. Wellborn* !
And my good nephew ! — But I play the fool To

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To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Are they set, Marrall? [Enter Marrall.]

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, fir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does intreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected; especially his nephew,
The table being too full, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemallion!

Mar. No bug words, fir;
Should his worship hear you —

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too?
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting-woman, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, fir.

[Exeunt.]

Actus tertius, Scena tertia.

Overreach as from dinner.

Over. **S**HE'S caught! O woman! she neglect, my
lord,

And all her compliments apply'd to Wellborn!
The garments of her widow-hood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him; in the wine she drinks,

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He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And, if in our discourse he be but nam'd,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me, if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it; prythee Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? the rogue,
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a wag. [*Enter Lady and Wellborn.*]

Mar. See, sir, she comes, and cannot be without him.

Lady. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two
In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbor too,
If your ladyship please to use it.

Lady. Come, mr. Wellborn. [*Ex. Lady and Wellborn.*]

Over. Groffer and groffer! now I believe the poet
Fain'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:

This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord,
Excuse my manners.

[*Enter Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.*]

Low. There needs none, sir Giles;
I may e'er long say father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me
Marg. My lady is return'd. [happy.]

[*Enter Wellborn and the Lady.*]

Lady. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away: my thanks, sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

[*Lady.*]

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Lady. I must do you a farther wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Low. I wait on you, madam: farewell, good fir Giles.

Lady. Good mrs. Margaret: nay, come mr. Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam; of all joys at once.
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, fir.

Low. This parting kiss. You shall every day hear from
By my faithful page. [me,

Allw. 'Tis a service [Ex. *Lowell, Lady, Allworth,*
I am proud of. *Margaret, Marrall.*

Over. Daughter, to your chamber. You may wonder,
nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I shall desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, fir.
'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no wonder,
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We wordly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
As I must yield, with you I practise'd it:
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, fir.

Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [Aside.

Over. You have a trunk of rich cloaths, not far hence,
In

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In pawn; I will redeem 'em: and, that no clamor
May stain your credit for your debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, fir, out of love, and no ends else—

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments; you are stay'd for: e'er
you've supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my
nephew:

To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle

In a man's extreams! how much they do belie you
That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Lovell. *Allworth.*

Lov. 'TIS well. Give me my cloak: I now discharge you

From farther service. Mind your own affairs;
I hope they will prove successful.

Allw. What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.

Let after-times report, and to your honour,

How much I stand engag'd; for I want language

To speak my debt: yet if a tear or two

Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply

My tongue's defects, I could——

Lov. Nay, do not melt:

This ceremonial of thanks to me's superfluous.

Over, within. Is my lord stirring?

[*Low*]

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Low. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter! [*Enter Over*...
let him in. *Greedy, Mar.*]

Over. A' good day to my lord!

Low. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Low. And you too, mr. Greedy, up so soon?

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up

I cannot sleep; for I have a foolish stomach

That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,

I have a serious question to demand

Of my worthy friend sir Giles.

Low. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be

From your manor-house to this of my lady Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four miles.

Greedy. How! four miles! good sir Giles.

Upon your reputation think better;

For if you do abate but one half quarter

Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong

That can be in the world: for four miles riding

Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite

As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,

Or go a foot, you are that way still provided,

And it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah! prating

Before my lord? no difference? go to my nephew,

See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship

To sit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too;

Toss'd like a dog still?

[*Exit Marrall.*]

Low. I have writ this morning

A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's already.

Sweet mr. Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham; get a licence,

Still

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Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord; that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman; get your
breakfast.

'Tis unwholsome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you;
And eat to purpose.

Over. Some fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! Did you not devour this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?

Greedy. Why that was, fir, only to scour my sto-
mach,

A kind of preparative. Come, gentlemen,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.

Low. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line

My christmass coffer. [*Exeunt Greedy and All-worth.*]

Over. To my wish, we're private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add.
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Low. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Low. 'Tis a wholsome air,
And well-built; and she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time: but let my lord

Say only, that he but like it, and would have it,
I say e'er long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands; for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her doatage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The publick voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard;
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good mens opinions as now:
Nor can my actions, tho' condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For tho' I do condemn report myself,
As a mere found; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestion'd integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot,
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee,
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for tho' I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want shall never find you.

Lov.

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Low. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and like these
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now for those other piddling complaints,
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand Incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lovell. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth, these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence: in one word therefore,
Is it a match?

Lovell. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind
here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher. An earl! if gold can do it,
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,

Though

Though I am born thus headlong by my will ;
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal ; so, my lord, good morrow.

[Exit

Lovell. He's gone ; I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent ! I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast, I'm bath'd all over
In a cold sweat ; yet like a mountain he,
Confirm'd in atheistical assertions,
Is no more shaken, than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow. [Enter Amble, Lady, Wom.

Lady. Save you, my lord.
Disturb I not your privacy ?

Lovell. No, good madam ;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold, bad man, sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin, next to his,
But to repeat it.

Lady. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others privacies ; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to our lodgings, I was made
(So loud and vehement he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lovell. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.

Lady. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true, and hearty.--Wait in the next room,
But be within call : yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.

Wom. And well know our distance.

Lady. Do so, and talk not : 'twill become your breeding.
ing. [Exeunt Amble and Woman.

Now

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Now, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend—

Lovell. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble, (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood (who are engag'd
More to prefer their honours, than to encrease
The 'state left to 'em by their ancestors)
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births: though I must grant
Riches well got to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.

Lovell. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer you from it?

Lady. This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial: so all wealth
(I mean ill acquir'd) cemented to honour
By virtuous ways atchiev'd, and bravely purchas'd,
Is but as rubbage pour'd into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank)
Rend'ring the water that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholsome. Follow
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot
With all that she brings with her fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition)
Were real motives, that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.

Lovell. I do, sweet madam;
And long since have consider'd it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy,

Consists

Consists in the well chusing of his wife :
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth or fortune ;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy :
But I come nearer.

Lady. Pray you do, my lord.

Lovell. Were Overreach's 'states thrice centupl'd ; his
daughter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
(Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me)
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret ; and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London-blue. In my own tomb
I will interr my name first.

Lady. I am glad to hear this.

[*Aside.*

Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to her ?
Disimulation but ties false knots
On that streight line, by which you hitherto
Have measur'd all your actions ?

Lovell. I make answer,

And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That since your husband's death, have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments ? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown publick conference ? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserv'd before, incur not censure ?

Lady. I am innocent here, and on my life I swear
My ends are good.

Lovell. On my soul so are mine

To Margaret ; but leave both to the event :
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other farther ; you having shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you ;

Deny

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Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady. So I shall hear you. [Exeunt.]

Actus quartus, Scena secunda.

Tapwell, Froth.

Tapwell. **U**Ndone, undone! this was your counsel,
Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marrall
(He has marr'd all I am sure) strictly command us
(On pain of sir Giles Overreach's displeasure)
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy (since he fill'd his belly)
At his commandment, to do anything;
Woe, woe to us.

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands:
Tho' he knew all the passages of our house;
As the receiving of stol'n goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe
him,

And then his information could not hurt us:
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart
For a close bawd; thine eyes o'en pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing
(If I 'scape the halter) with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine day's wander: as for credit
We have none to lose; but we shall lose the money.
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

Tap.

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Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many foldiers
On the pay-day; and has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronic'd for it.

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?

[A cry within, brave mr. Wellborn.]

Tap. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

[Enter Wellborn in a rich habit; Greedy, Order, Furnace, and three Creditors; Tapwell kneeling, delivers his bill of debt.]

Wellb. How's this! petition'd too?
But note what miracles, the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes
Can work upon these rascals: I shall be,
I think, prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

Wellb. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.

Wellb. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance

[This interim, Tapwell and Froth flatter and bribing Justice Greedy.]

(Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of) I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Wellb. Fear me not, sir Giles.

Greedy. Who? Tapwell? I remember thy wife
brought me
Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas; let your worship
But stand thy friend now.

Greedy.

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Greedy. How! with mr. Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him, on such terms. —
See you this honest couple? they are good souls
As ever drew out foffet, have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Wellb. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promis'd; you are coufen'd in 'em;
For of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This for a most unthankful knave, and this
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd;
And therefore speak not for them. By your place
You are rather to do me justice, lend me your ear,
Forget his turkies, and call in his licence,
And at the next fair I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am chang'd on the sudden
In my opinion. — Come near, nearer, rascal.
And now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch-knave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, tho' he were innocent.

Tap. and Froth. Worshipful sir.

Greedy. No; though the great Turk came instead of
turkies,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable:
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,
Thou never had'st in thy house to stay mens stomachs
A piece of Suffolk cheefe, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument; but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault, I here do damn thy licence,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly, I will in mine own person
Command the constable to pull down thy sign;
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish.

If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me.

Tap.

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Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapuel, Froth.*]

Wellb. Speak ; what are you ?

1. *Creditor.* A decay'd vintner, fir,
That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

Wellb. I remember.

1. *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest
you.

And therefore, fir——

Wellb. Thou art an honest fellow :
I'll set thee up again ; see his bill paid.
What are you ?

2. *Cred.* A taylor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Wellb. See him paid ; and botch no more.

2. *Cred.* I ask no interest, fir.

Wellb. Such taylors need not ;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They are seldom losers.---O, I know thy face,
'Thou wert my surgeon : you must tell no tales.
Those days are done. I will pay you in private

Order. A royal Gentleman !

Furn. Royal as an Emperor !

He'll prove a brave master : 'my good lady knew
To chuse a man.

Wellb. See all men else discharg'd ;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me ;
There is something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts,
And this for your respect ; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.

Order. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Wellb. Pray you on before.

3. *Cred.*

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3. *Cred.* Heaven blefs you.

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me. [*Exeunt Order, Furnace, Creditors.*]

Wellb. Now, mr. Marrall, what's the weighty secret You promis'd to impart ?

Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance ;
This only in a word : I know fir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds ; which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat (as I am sure he will)
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land :
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Wellb. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve then ; —urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies. I'll instruct you farther,
As I wait on your worship : if I play not my part
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marral.

Wellb. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus quartus, Scena ultima.

Allworth, Margaret.

Allw. **W**Hether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequal'd temperance, or your constant
sweetness,

That I yet live, (my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair)
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to lord Lovell ;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.

I make

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I make but payment of a debt, to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest ;
Yet when I call to mind, how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness ;
And you, rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world, thus hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you ;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting ?
Or wealth, rak'd up together with much care,
And to be kept with more ; when the heart pines,
In being dispossest of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines ; or the smooth brow
Of a pleas'd fire, that slaves me to his will ?
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election.

Allw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing :
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me ;
A tear or two by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours,
I then shall rest in peace. Or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance ; but with ling'ring torments,
In mind and body, I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment : so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you.
So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em

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With such patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

Allw. Heaven avert

Such trials of your true affection to me.
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigor. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And tho' but a young actor, second me,
In doing to the life what he has plotted, [*Enter Over.*
The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth.

Allw. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title.
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him:
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T'appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge;
A priest to tie the knot, can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.

Allw. I hope better,

Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Tho' all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience.

But whatsoever my lord writes, must, and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet mr. Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord, he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg! are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions.

[*Overreach reads the letter.*]

*Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet*

Lap

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*Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.*

Over. Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? In the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two
That are already offer'd? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be marry'd like your daughter.
Not hurry'd away i'th' night I know not whither, [ter,
Without all ceremony: no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour,
(For so before to-morrow I must stile you)
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masques, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated
When he has brought your Honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, oh my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no farther; if you do, this goad
Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, mr. Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expence; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums. In the mean time
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd

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At my maner of Gotam, and call'd parson Well-do:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, fir, what warrant is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways
Without your knowledge, and then to be refus'd,
Were such a stain upon me—— if you please, fir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse?

I say again, I will not cross my lord,
Yet I'll prevent you too.——Paper and ink there.

Allw. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. *[Writes on*

Allw. You may, if you please, put out *his book.*
the name of my lord,

In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advis'd. *[Margaret kneels.*

'Tis done: away—— my blessing, girl, thou hast it.

Nay, no reply----- begone, good mr. Allworth;

This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

Allw. I hope so, fir. *[Ex. Allworth and Margaret.*

Over. Farewell. Now all's cock-sure.

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies

Say, fir Giles Overreach, how is it with

Your honourable daughter? has her honour

Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please

To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquet?

(This is state in ladies;) or my eldest son

To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?——

My ends, my ends are compass'd!---- then for Wellborn

And the lands; were he once married to the widow——

I have him here—— I can scarce contain myself,

I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! *[Exit.*

Actus

Actus quintus, Scena quinta.

Lowell. Lady. Amble.

Lady. **B**Y this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
(In personating some few favours to him)
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent (altho' I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't) the action.
For he that ventur'd all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy: which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously deny'd,
It might have argu'd me of little love
To the deceas'd.

Low. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have us'd to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, tho' I hope, well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant,
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.

Lady. Tho' my wishes
Are with yours, my lord, yet give me leave to fear
The building, tho' well grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles (that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings) were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Low. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift deriv'd from heaven,
Tho' sometimes lodg'd i'th' hearts of wordly men
(That ne'er consider from whom they receive it)

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Forfakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason, that the polittick
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreach'd.

Lady. May he be so; yet in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.

Low. May it so myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you:
What think you of the motion?

Lady. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin-flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour, looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

Low. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish, is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you: which confirms me,
That if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth. In a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal;
You being descended nobly and ally'd so,
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Low. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched.

Lady. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.--- You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself. *[Enter Wellborn.]*

Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgement, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it;

Low. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

Lady. For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall: he's grown into strange pas-
sions

About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house; but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubl'd.

Low. It may be,
Sweet heart, my pro- *[Enter Over, with distracted looks,*
ject took. *driving in Marrall before him.]*

Lady. I strongly hope.

Over. Ha! find her, booby; thou huge lump of no-
thing,

I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please our lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, tho' not of hearing,
You may perhaps have sport.

Low. You shall direct me. *[Steps aside.]*

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

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Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating;
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slepp'd in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry 'quittance;
Tho' now I suffer, and dare not resist. *[Aside.*

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make court'ies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady. When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know,
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. — Nephew.

Well. Sir.

Over. No more!

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you? *[In scorn.*

Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married.

Lady. This is excellent!

Over. Sir, in calm language, (tho' I seldom use it)
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stol'n marriage; Do you hear? of a stol'n marriage:
In

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In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been couzen'd.
I name no parties.

Well. Well, fir, and what follows?

Over. Marry this, since you are peremptory, remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd, in your lavender robes, to the goal; you know
me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rife? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

Over. End me no ends; engage the whole estate;
And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four thousand more to roar, and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after:

Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed, you shall not:
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.

Out-brav'd! *[They both draw, the servants*

Lady. Help, murder! murder! *enter.*

Well. Let him come on,

With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practises to guard him;
The right that I bring with me, will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

Lady. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Were't in a church,

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By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, fir ;
For fighting fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement ; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds ;
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt ! oh impudence ! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father ? that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents ; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of ? Is not here enclos'd
The deed that does confirm it mine ?

Mar. Now, now.

Well. I do acknowledge none ; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Any such land ; I grant, for a year, or two,
You had it in trust ; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself, and me, of chargeable suits in law ;
Which, if you prove not honest, (as I doubt it)
Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my judgment
He does advise you well.

Over. Good, good ! conspire
With your new husband, lady ; second him
In his dishonest practices ; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

Lady. Never : do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lye, the loud lye : I draw out
The precious evidence ; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of [*Opens the box,*
Thy ears to the pillory : see, here's that will make]
My interest clear.—Hah !

Lady. A fair skin of parchment!

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax, nor words. How! thunder-struck
Not a syllable to insult with? my wife uncle,
Is this your precious evidence? is this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust, the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd; and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes, there is.
And now 'tis better thought; for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee
Would begger the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall.

Mar. Sir.

Over. Tho' the witnesses are dead, [*flattering him.*]
Your testimony
Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know, you will swear any thing to dash
This cunning flight: besides, I know thou art
A publick notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses; the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wer't present, will make good my title;
Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! no I assure you.
I have a conscience, not fear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me?

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Mar. Yes, and unsafe you too.
 The ideot; the patch; the slave; the booby;
 The property fit only to be beaten
 For your morning exercise; your football, or
 Th' unprofitable lump of flesh; your drudge
 Can now anatomize you, and lay open
 All your black plots, and level with the earth
 Your hill of pride; and with these gabions guarded,
 Unload my great artillery, and shake,
 Nay pulverize the walls you think defend you.

Lady. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Well. To him again.

Over. Oh that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear
 thee
 Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.
 But I'll have first your fangs par'd off; and then
 Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
 And made it good before the judge, what ways
 And devilish practises you us'd to couzen
 With an army of whole families, who yet live,
 And, but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
 To take in Dunkirk.

Well. All will come out.

Lady. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
 And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die;
 These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
 Although they made my body but one wound,
 But I would reach thee.

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this,
 One ban-dog worry the other.

[*Aside.*

Over. I play the fool,
 And make my anger but ridiculous.
 There will be a time, and place, there will be, cowards,
 When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:
 You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
 To be honest and repent.

Over,

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Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the [Enter Greedy
begger's virtue, and parson Well-do.
Shall find no harbour here.—After these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome;
There's comfort in thy looks; Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Well-do. Married? yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts; there's more
gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my right honourable, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting at least for a month.
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more!
You shall be stuff'd like bag-pipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Over. Instantly be here? [Whispering to Well-do.
To my wish, to my wish. Now you that plot against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up; that contemn'd me;

[Loud musick:
Think on't, and tremble. They come, I hear the musick,
A lane there for my lord.

Wellb. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord.

[Enter Allworth and Margaret:

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [Kneeling:
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd. Not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

Allw. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage
With every circumstance are past. Alas! sir,
Altho' I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my lov'd wife mourns not for it.

And

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And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Well-do. Do a father's part, and say, heav'n give 'em
joy.

Over. Confusion and rain! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Well-do. They are married.

Over. Thou had'st better

Have made a contract with the king of fiends
Than these.—My brain turns!

Well-do. Why this rage to me?

Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot:

Nor will I e'er believe it: 'sdeath I will not.

That I, that in all passages I touch'd

At worldly profit, have not left a print

Where I have trod for the most curious search

To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children!

Bass'd and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours

Defeated, and made void.

Wellb. As it appears

You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste

A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which wretched I gave to thee. [*Offers to kill Margaret.*]

Lovell. Hold, for your own sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,

Can leave no hope for peace, or rest hereafter?

Consider; at the best you're but a man,

And cannot so create your aims, but that

They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,

And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,

And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour

Dares shew itself, where multitude and example

Lead

A new Way to pay old Debts. 159

Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lovell. I am ready.

Lady. Stay, fir.

Contest with one distracted?

Wellb. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both, as I'm hem'd in thus.
Since, like the Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place;
Alone I can do nothing: but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good) or leave
One throat uncut, if it be possible,
Hell add to my afflictions!

[*Exit Overreach.*]

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport? I am sure it has ta'en away my
stomach;

I do not like the sauce.

Allw. Nay, weep not, dearest, [To *Marg.*]
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Lady. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
(And it please your worship) to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please,
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor, and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Wellb. I do believe thee.
But first discover the quaint means you us'd
To raze out the conveyance.

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in publick: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.

Besides,

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Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this Conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me
To urge you, or to drown, or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Wellb. You are a rascal; he that dares be false
To a master, tho' unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other: look not for reward,
Or favour from me: I will shun thy sight
As I would do a Basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er I will take order
Your practice shall be silenc'd.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.

Wellb. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison; not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Order. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. *[Exit Mar. enter Over.*

Lady. Come again!

Lovell. Fear not, I am your guard.

Wellb. His looks are ghastly.

Wellb. Some little time I have spent under your fa-
vours

In physical studies, and, if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his sword unsheathed.]
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some

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Some undone widow fits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword
Glew'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans tears
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? fure hang-
men,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat. Now they are new shapes
And do appear like furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul: shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of fate
I will be forc'd to hell like to myself;
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—

Wellb. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lovell. How he foams!

Wellb. And bites the earth.

Wellb. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father! [*They force Overreach off.*]

Allw. You must be patient, mistress.

Lovell. Here is a president to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave 'em. Pray you take comfort;
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distraction: and for your land, mr. Wellborn,
Be it good, or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, th'undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

Allw. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Wellb. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and till I redeem it

Some

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Some noble way, I am but half made up,
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lovell. Your suit is granted,
And you lov'd for the motion,

Wellb. Nothing wants then
But your allowance.

[To the pit,



The EPILOGUE.

Spoke by WELLBORN.

BUT your allowance. — And, in that, our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the Comedy, can be free,
Without your Manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the Poet's and our labours, as you may,
(For we despair not, Gentlemen, of the Play;)
We jointly shall profess, your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.

THE

[163]



THE
GUARDIAN.
A
Comical HISTORY.

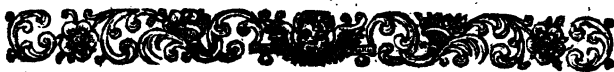
By PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.



THE PROLOGUE.

AFTER twice putting forth to sea, his fame
 Shipwrack'd in either, and his once known name
 In two years silence buried, perhaps lost
 To the general opinion; at our cost
 (A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made
 For good success in his uncertain trade)
 Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
 Forsaking the security of the shore,
 Resolves to prove his fortune. What 'twill be,
 Is not in him, or us to prophesie;
 You only can assure us. Yet he pray'd
 This little in his absence might be said,
 Designing me his orator. He submits
 To the grave censure of those abler wits
 His weakness; nor dares he profess that when
 The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them again.
 (Strange self-love in a writer!) He would know
 His errors as you find 'em, and bestow
 His future studies to reform from this,
 What in another might be judg'd amiss.
 And yet despair not, gentlemen; though he fear
 His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear
 Some things so writ, as you may truly say,
 He hath not quite forgot to make a play,
 As 'tis with malice rumour'd. His intents
 Are fair; and though he want the compliments
 Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage
 (Before their works are brought upon the stage)
 Their parasites to proclaim 'em: This last birth
 Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,
 As ballanc'd equally, will cry down the boast
 Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.

Drama.



Dramatis Personæ.

A *Lpbonso*, King of *Naples*.
 General of Milan.
Severino, a nobleman banish'd.
Monteclaro, his brother-in-law, disguised.
Durazzo, the guardian.
Caldoro, his ward, in love with *Caliste*.
Adorio, belov'd by *Caliste*.
Camillo,
Lentulo, } *Neapolitan gentlemen*.
Donato, }
Cario, servant to *Adorio*.
Claudio, servant to *Severino*.
 Captains.
 Servants.
 Banditti.
Jolantre, wife to *Severino*.
Caliste, her daughter.
Myrtille, *Caliste's* maid.
Calipso, the confident of *Jolantre*.





THE GUARDIAN.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Durazzo, Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato, two servants.

Dur. TELL me of his expences? Which of you
Stands bound for a gazet? he spends
his own;
And you impertinent fools, or knaves,
(make choice

Of either title, which your signiorships please)
'To meddle in't.---

Cam. Your age gives privilege to this harsh language.

Dur. My age! do not use
'That word again; if you do, I shall grow young
And swinge you soundly: I would have you know,
'Tho' I write fifty odd, I do not carry
An almanack in my bones to predeclare
What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel

In

In adoration at the spring and fall
Before my doctor, for a dose or two
Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,
You are familiar with.

Cam. This is from the purpose.

Dur. I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you
When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
Out of the field. But bring me to a fence-school,
And crack a blade or two for exercise;
Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,
Following my hounds or hawks, (and by your leave,
At a gamesom mistress) and you shall confess
I am in the May of my abilities,
And you in your December.

Lent. We are glad you bear your years so well.

Dur. My years! No more of years; if you do, at
your peril.

Cam. We desire not
To prove your valour.

Dur. 'Tis your safest course.

Cam. But as friends to your fame and reputation,
Come to instruct you: your too much indulgence
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro,
Your nephew and your ward, hath render'd you
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.

Dur. Wise men!--- in your opinion; but to me,
That understand myself and them, they are
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have me
Train up my ward, a hopeful youth, to keep
A merchant's book, or at a plough, and clothe him
In canvas or coarse cotton; while I sell
His woods, grant leases, which he must make good
When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry
With a cast whore and three bastards: let him know
No more than how to cypher well, or do
His tricks by the square root; grant him no pleasure
But coys and nine-pins; suffer him to converse
With none but clowns and cobblers, as the Turk says;
Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons
Light on such heathenish guardians.

Don.

Don. You do worfe
To the ruin of his 'state, under your favour,
In feeding his loose riots.

Dur. Riots! what riots?
He wears rich clothes, I do so; keeps horses, games, and
wenches;

'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?

Cam. With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve.

Dur. Outwith it, man.

Cam. His rash endeavour, without your consent,
To match himself into a family
Not gracious with the times.

Dur. 'Tis still the better:
By this means he shall 'scape court-visitants,
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress. But does he mean to marry?

Cam. Yes, sir, to marry.

Dur. In a beardless chin
'Tis ten times worse than wenching. Family! whose
family?

Cam. Signior Severino's.

Dur. How! not he that kill'd
The brother of his wife (as it is rumour'd)
Then fled upon it; since proscrib'd, and chosen
Captain of the Banditti; the king's pardon
On no suit to be granted?

Lent. The same, sir.

Dur. This touches near. How is his love return'd
By the saint he worships?

Don. She affects him not, but doats upon another.

Dur. Worse and worse.

Cam. You know him, young Adorio.

Dur. A brave gentleman! What proof of this?

Lent. I dogg'd him to the church;
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,

But

But to make his approaches to his mistress,
Is often seen.

Cam. And would you stand conceal'd
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,
The mattins ended, as she returns home,
You may observe the passages.

Dur. I thank you. This torrent must be stopt.

Enter Adorio, Caliste, Mirilla, and Caldero muffled.

Don. They come.

Cam. Stand close.

Calist. I know I wrong my modesty.

Ador. And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant.

Calist. A hard sentence! and, to increase my misery,
by you

(Whom fond affection hath made my judge)
Pronounc'd without compassion. Alas! fir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sullied reputation; were I deform'd,
As it may be I am, tho' many affirm
I am something more than handsome——

Dur. I dare swear it.

Calist. Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely,
You might with some pretence of reason slight
What you should sue for.

Dur. Were he not an eunuch,
He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:
Heyday! there are a legion of young Cupids
At barley-break in my breeches.

Calist. Hear me, fir; tho' you continue, nay increase
your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinc'd,
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,
And spare your farther trouble.

Ador. I'll tell you, and bluntly, as my usual manner is,
Tho' I were a woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the sex, for my ends; take me with you:

If in my thought I found one taint or blemish
 In the whole fabrick of your outward Features,
 I would give myself the lye. You are a virgin
 Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you :
 Your father Severino's dire disaster
 In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,
 In no part taking from you. I repeat it ;
 A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours
 Th'Italian princes might contend as rivals ;
 Yet unto me (a thing far, far beneath you,
 A noted libertine I profess myself)
 In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,
 Nay, I might say unpardonable, at your years,
 If justly you consider it, that I cannot,
 As you desire, affect you.

Calist. Make me know it, I'll soon reform it,

Ador. Would you would keep your word.

Calist. Put me to the test.

Ador. I will. You are too honest,
 And, like your mother, too strict and religious,
 And talk too soon of marriage: I shall break,
 If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with
 My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck
 Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,
 With all th'expected joys my life can yield me,
 For one commodity before I prove it?
 Venus forbid on both sides; let crook'd hams,
 Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks
 Be aw'd by ceremonies: if you love me
 I'the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it,
 And we'll meet merrily. ••

Calist. 'Tis strange such a man can use such language.

Ador. In my tongue my heart
 Speaks freely, fair one! Think upon't, a close friend
 Or private mistress, is court-rhetorick;
 A wife, mere rustick solecism. So goodmorrow.

Cam. How like you this?

[*Adorio offers to go, is staid by Caldoro.*

Dur. A well-bred gentleman!
 I am now thinking, if e'er in the dark,

Or drunk, I met his mother : he must have
Some drops of my blood in him ; for at his years
I was much of his religion.

Cam. Out upon you !

Don. The colt's tooth still in your mouth ?

Dur. What means this whispering ?

Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant you,
Where you desire to grow : for farther thanks,
'Tis needless compliment.

Cald. There are some natures
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Receiv'd in corners ; holding it an impairing
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.
I am made of other clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess
Before my glory, tho' your scorn, Caliste,
How much I am your servant.

Ador. My designs are not so urgent, but they can
dispense
With so much time.

Cam. Pray you now observe your nephew.

Dur. How he looks ! like a school-boy that had play'd
the truant,

And went to be breech'd.

Cald. Madam !

Calist. A new affliction !
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,
It being not to be granted.

Mirt. Hear him, madam.
His sorrow is not personated ; he deserves
Your pity, not contempt.

Dur. He has made the maid his ;
And as the master of the art of love
Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage
To the mistress's favour.

Cald. I come not to urge
My merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value :
Much less to argue you of want of judgment

For following one that with wing'd feet flies from you ;
 While I at all parts (without boast) his equal,
 In vain pursue you ; bringing those flames with me,
 Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other
 I never shall approach you) which Adorio,
 In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,
 With atheistical impudence contemns,
 And in his loose attempt to undermine
 The fortrefs of your honour, seeks to ruin
 All holy altars by clear minds erected
 To virgin-honour.

Dur. My nephew is an ass ;
 What a devil hath he to do with virgin-honour,
 Altars, or lawful flames ? when he should tell her
 They are superstitious nothings, and speak to the purpose,
 Of the delight to meet in the old dance
 Between a pair of sheets ; my grandame call'd it
 The peopling of the world.

Calist. How, gentle sir ? to vindicate my honour, that
 is needless ;
 I dare not fear the worst aspersions malice
 Can throw upon it.

Cald. Your sweet patience, lady, and more than
 dove-like innocence renders you
 Insensible of an injury, for which
 I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
 The scorn of being refus'd ? I must confess
 It makes for my ends ; for had he embrac'd
 Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been
 In my own hopes forsaken ; and if yet
 There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
 To his contempt I owe it : but his ill
 No more shall make way for my good intents,
 Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
 The aids of vice.

Ador. You take that licence, sir, which yet I never
 granted.

Cald. I'll force more, nor will I for mine own ends
 undertake it,
 (As I will make apparent) but to do

A justice

A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong
And irrecoverable loss.—To thee I turn,
Thou goatish ribauld, in whom lust is grown
Defensible, the last descent to hell,
Which gapes wide for thee: Look upon this lady,
And on her fame, (if it were possible,
Fairer than she is) and if base desires
And beastly appetite will give thee leave,
Consider how she fought thee, how this lady
In a noble way desir'd thee: Was she fashion'd
In an inimitable mould, (which nature broke,
The great work perfected) to be made a slave
To thy libidinous twines, and when commanded
To be us'd as physick after drunken surfeits?
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now
I heard with horror, shew'd like blasphemy,
And as such I will punish it. [*He strikes Adorio, the rest*
Calist. Murder! make in, they all draw.

Mir. Help!

Dur. After a whining prologue, who would have
look'd for

Such a rough catastrophe? nay, come on, fear nothing:
Never till now, my nephew. And do you hear, sir,
(And yet I love thee too) if you take the wench now,
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,
Thou wert beaten to't.

Ador. You think you have shewn
A memorable master-piece of valour
In doing this in publick; and it may
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:
Wear it without my envy; but expect
For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you
To a strict account. [*Exeunt.*

Dur. Hook on, follow him harpies,
You may feed upon this business for a month,
If you manage it handsomely: when two heirs quarrel,
The sword-men of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference;
Some I know make a set living on't. Nay, let him go,

Thou art master of the field ; enjoy thy fortune
 With moderation ; for a flying foe,
 Discreet and provident conquerors build up
 A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy ; if I were
 I'thy shirt, how I could nick it !

Cald. You stand, madam, as you were rooted, and I
 more than fear

My passion hath offended : I perceive
 The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness
 T'usurp their room ; yet you may please to ascribe it
 To my excess of love, and boundless ardor
 To do you right ; for myself I have done nothing.
 I will not curse my stars, howe'er assur'd
 To me you are lost for ever : for suppose
 Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life
 Is forfeited to the law ; which I contemn,
 So with a tear or two you would remember
 I was your martyr, and died in your service.

Calist. Alas, you weep ! and in my just compassion
 Of what you suffer, I were more than marble,
 Should I not keep you company : you have sought
 My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd
 In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn
 For my ingratitude ; it is no better
 To your deservings : Yet such is my fate,
 Tho' I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro !
 In our misplac'd affection I prove
 Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
 Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.
 If it be possible, learn to forget,
 And yet that punishment is too light ; to hate
 A thankless virgin : practise it ; and may
 Your due consideration that I am so,
 In your imagination disperse
 Lothsome deformity upon this face
 That hath bewitch'd you. More I cannot say,
 But that I truly pity you, and wish you
 A better choice, which in my prayers (*Caldoro*)
 I ever will remember.

[*Ex, Caliste, Mirtilla.*

Dur.

Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue: why, how now, thunder-struck?

Cald. I am not so happy: Oh that I were but master of myself,

You soon should see me nothing.

Dur. What would you do?

Cald. With one stab give a fatal period
To my woes and life together.

Dur. For a woman! better the kind were lost, and
generation maintain'd a new way.

Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear this profane language.

Dur. Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no heartick fever,
But a love-sick ague, easy to be cur'd,
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe
To my directions. First, you must change
This city, whorish air, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here, I must have you
To my country-villa: rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning-dew
Serv'd up by nature on some grassy hill:
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.

Cald. You talk of nothing.

Dur. This ta'en as a preparative to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,
You shall hear such musick from their tunable mouths;
That you will say, the viol, harp, theorbo,
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony, from the groves
And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echo's
Repeating it.

Cald. What's this to me?

Dur. It shall be, and you give thanks for't. In the
afternoon

(For we will have variety of delights)

We'll to the field again, no game shall rise
 But we'll be ready for't ; if a hare, my greyhounds
 Shall make a course ; for the pye or jay, a sparrowhawk
 Flies from the fist ; the crow so near pursued,
 Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
 Our horses bellies ; a hearn put from her siege,
 And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
 So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
 Above the middle region of the air.
 A cast of haggard falcons, by me man'd,
 Eying the prey at first, appear as if
 They did turn tail, but with their labouring wings
 Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
 Cleaving the purer element, make in,
 And by turns bind with her ; the frightened fowl,
 Lying at her defence upon her back,
 With her dreadful beak a while defers her death,
 But by degrees forc'd down, we part the fray,
 And feast upon her.

Cald. This cannot be, I grant, but pretty pastime.

Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew !

'Tis royal sport. Then for an evening flight,
 A tiercel gentle, which I call my masters,
 As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
 In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
 See me, or see me not : the partridge sprung,
 He makes his stoop ; but wanting breath, is forc'd
 To cancelier ; then with such speed, as if
 He carried light'ning in his wings, he strikes
 The trembling bird ; who even in death appears
 Proud to be made his quarry.

Cald. Yet all this is nothing to Caliste. [night

Dur. Thou shalt find twenty Calistes there, for every
 A fresh and lusty one ; I'll give thee a ticket,
 In which my name, Durazzo's name subscrib'd,
 My tenants nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
 At midnight shall contend to do thee service.
 I have bred them up to't ; should their fathers murmur,
 Their leases are void ; for that is a main point
 In my indentures : and when we make our progress

There

There is no entertainment perfect, if
This last dish be not offer'd.

Cald. You make me smile.

Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright. My horses, knaves?
'Tis but six short hours riding: yet e'er night
Thou shalt be an alter'd man.

Cald. I wish I may, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jodentre, Caliste, Calypso, Mirtilla:

Jol. I had spies upon you minion; the relation
Of your behaviour was at home before you:
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,
With noted libertines? her fame and favours
The quarrel of their swords?

Calist. 'Twas not in me to help it, madam.

Jol. No? how have I liv'd?

My neighbours know my manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular action of my life
I can be justly censur'd.

Calyp. Censur'd, madam! what lord or lady lives,
worthy to sit

A competent judge on you?

Calist. Yet black detraction will find faults where
they are not.

Calyp. Her soul mouth

Is stopp'd, you being the object. Give me leave
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction:
And if my young lady and her woman hear,
With reverence, they may be edify'd.

You are my gracious patroness and supportress,
And I your poor observer, nay your creature,
Fed by your bounties; and but that I know
Your honour detests flattery, I might say
(And with an emphasis) You are the lady
Admir'd and envied at, far, far above
All imitation of the best of women

That are, or ever shall be. This is truth:
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd
From your oraculous ladyship, to act

The part of a she-parasite.

Jol. If you do, I never shall acknowledge you.

Calist. Admirable! this is no flattery.

Mirt. Do not interrupt her:

'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,

That she may peradventure forget us,

To feed on her own praises.

Jol. I am not so far in debt to age; but if I would

Listen to men bewitching foreeries,

I could be courted.

Calyp. Rest secure of that; all the braveries of the city
run mad for you.

And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.

Jol. I keep no mankind servant in my house,

In fear my chastity may be suspected:

How is that void'd in Naples?

Calyp. With loud applause, I assure your honour.

Jol. It confirms I can command my sensual appetites.

Calyp. As vassals to your more than masculine reason
that commands 'em:

Your palace still'd a nunnery of pureness,

In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,

Your clear soul standing sentinel.

Mirt. Well said, echo.

Jol. Yet I have tasted those delights which women

So greedily long for, know their nullations;

And when with danger of his head thy father

Comes to give comfort to my widowed sheets,

As soon as his desires are satisfied,

I can with ease forget 'em.

Calyp. Observe that,

It being indeed remarkable: 'tis nothing

For a simple maid that never had her hand

In the hony-pot of pleasure, to forbear it;

But such as have lick'd there often,

And felt the sweetness of 't—

Mirt. How her mouth runs over with rank imagination!

Calyp. If such can,

As I urg'd before, the sickshaw being offer'd,

Refuse

Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,
They may be saluted.

Jol. I'll lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension; look to't,
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body.

Calyp. Seek no other president:
In all the books of Amadis de Gaul,
The Palmerins, and that true Spanish story,
The mirror of knighthood, which I have read often,
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,
My lady has no parallel.

Jol. Do not provoke me.
If from this minute thou e'er stir abroad,
Write letter, or receive one, or presume
To look upon a man, tho' from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner,
Prescribe thy daily labour; which omitted,
Expect the usage of a fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother's. Come, Calypso.

Calyp. Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my credit, my young lady
And her woman shall obey 'em. [*Exeunt Jol. Calyp.*]

Mirtil. You shall fry first
For a rotten piece of dry touchwood, and give fire
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco.
Note the injustice, madam; they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep a perpetual lent,
And the whole year to them a carnival.
Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you:
Suffer this, and suffer all.

Calist. Not stir abroad!
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us?

Mirt. Insufferable.

Calyp. Nor write, nor yet receive an amorous letter!

Mirt. Not to be endured.

Calyp. Nor look upon a man out of a window!

Mirt. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny
To a lady of your blood.

Calist. She is my mother, and how should I decline it?

Mirt. Run away from't, take any course.

Calist. But without means, Mirtilla, how shall we live?

Mirt. What a question's that! as if...

A buckfom lady could want maintenance

In any place in the world, where there are men,

Wine, meat, or money stirring.

Calist. Be you more modest,

Or seek some other mistress: Rather than

In a thought, or dream, I will consent to aught

That may take from my honour, I'll endure

More than my mother can impose upon me.

Mirt. I grant your honour is a specious dressing,

But without conversation of men,

A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you

To disobedience: yet my confessor told me

(And he you know is held a learned clerk)

When parents do enjoin unnatural things,

Wife children may evade 'em. She may as well

Command when you are hungry, not to eat,

Or drink, or sleep; and yet all these are easy

Compar'd with the not seeing of a man.

But I persuade no farther, as to you

There is no such necessity; you have means

To shun you mother's rigour.

Calist. Lawful means?

Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too. I will not urge

Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't,

Make trial of Adorio.

Calist. And give up my honour to his lust?

Mirt. There's no such thing

Intended, madam: in a few words, write to him,

What slavish hours you spend under your mother;

That you desire not present marriage from him,

But as a noble gentleman to redeem you

From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter

Present him some rich jewel; you have one,

In which the rape of Proserpine, in little,

Is to the life express'd. I'll be the messenger

With any hazard, and at my return,

Yield you a good account of't.

Calist. 'Tis a business to be consider'd of.
Mirt. Consideration, when the converse of your
 lover is in question,

Is of no moment. If she would allow you
 A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,
 A songster in the afternoon, a servant
 To air you in the evening; give you leave
 To see the theatre twice a week, to mark
 How the old actors decay, the young sprout up,
 A fitting observation, you might bear it;
 But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,
 Abominable!

Calist. Do not my blushes speak
 How willingly I would assent?

Mirt. Sweet lady,
 Do something to deserve 'em, and blush after. [*Exeunt.*]



Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Jolantre and Calypso.

Jol. **A**ND are these Frenchmen, as you say, such
 gallants?

Calyp. Gallant and active; their free breeding knows
 The Spanish and Italian preciseness, [not
 Practis'd among us. What we call immodest,
 With them is stil'd bold courtship: they dare fight
 Under a velvet ensign at fourteen.

Jol. A petticoat you mean.

Calyp. You are i'th' right:
 Let a mistress wear it under an armor of proof,
 They are not to be beaten off.

Jol. You are merry, neighbour.

Calyp. I fool to make you so; pray you observe 'em,
 They are the forwardest monsieurs; born physicians
 For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss;
 I owe my life to one of 'em, when I was

A

A raw young thing not worth the ground I trod on,
And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips
As blue as salt water, he came up roundly to me,
And cur'd me in an instant; Venus be prais'd for't.

Enter Alphonso, General, Montecarlo, attendants, and Captain.

Jol. They come, leave prating.

Calyp. I am dumb, an't like your honour.

Alph. We will not break the league confirm'd between us,

And your great master: the passage of his army
Thro' all our territories lies open to him;
Only we grieve that your design for Rome
Commands such haste, as it denies us means
To entertain you, as your worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.

Gen. Royal Alphonso, the king my master, your confederate,

Will pay the debt he owes, in fact, which I
Want words t'express. I must remove to-night;
And yet, that your intended favours may not
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe 'em, I dare say,
Without repentance. I forbear to give
Your majesty his character, in France
He was president for arts and arms, [*Alphonso recieves*
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples *Montecarlo*.
Worthy the imitation.

Calyp. Is he not, madam,
A monsieur in print? What a garb was there? O rare!
Then, how he wears his clothes, and the fashion of 'em!
A main assurance that he is within
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever
Make their conjectures.

Jol. Peace, I have observ'd him
From head to foot.

Calyp. Eye him again, all over.

Monte. It cannot, royal sir, but argue me
Of much presumption, if not impudence,
To be a suitor to your majesty,

Before

Before I have deserv'd a gracious grant,
By some employment prosperously achiev'd.
But pardons, gracious sir: when I left France
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine,
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness)
With such humility as well becomes
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon [He delivers
From your magnificence. a petition.

Calyp. With what punctual form he does deliver it.

Jol. I have eyes; no more.

Alph. For Severino's pardon?— you must excuse me:
I dare not pardon murder.

Monte. His fact, sir, ever submitting to your abler
judgment,

Merits a fairer name. He was provok'd,
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,
By Montecarlo's rashness: who, repining
That Severino without his consent
Had married Jolantre, his sole sister,
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years)
Tho' the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,
First challeng'd him, and that declin'd, he gave him
A blow in publick.

Gen. Not to be endur'd, but by a slave.

Monte. This, great sir, justly weigh'd,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The rigour of your justice, and express
An act of mercy.——

Jol. I can hear no more;

This opens an old wound; and makes a new one.
Would it were cicatriz'd; wait me.

Calyp. As your shadow. [Ex. *Jol. Calyp.*

Alph. We grant you these are glorious pretences,
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,
Which wise kings must distinguish. The defence
Of reputation, now made a bawd
To murder; every trifle falsely stil'd
An injury, and not to be determin'd
But by a bloody deed; tho' this vice
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains

(As

(As France, and in strange fashions her ape
 England can dearly witness, with the loss
 Of more brave spirits than would have flood the flock
 Of the Turk's army) while Alphonso lives
 It shall not here be planted: Move me no farther
 In this. In what else suiting you to ask,
 And me to give, expect a gracious answer:
 However, welcome to our court, lord general,
 I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you
 To your good fortune.

Gen. Your grace overwhelms me. [Exit.

Enter Calypso, and Yolante with a purse and a jewel.

Calyp. You are bound to favour him: mark you how
 he pleaded

For my lord's pardon.

Yol. That's indeed a tye; but I have a stronger on me.

Calyp. Say you love

His person; be not ashamed of't, he's a man;

For whose embraces the Bhdynion

Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb

And exchange kisses with him:

Yol. Do not fan

A fire that burns already too hot in me:

I am in honour-sick, sick to the death,

Never to be recovered.

Calyp. What a coiffe here

For loving a man? It is no Africk wonder.

If like Pasiphae you doated on a bull,

Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have

A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.

A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour

When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not
 blam'd for't;

And many more besides of higher calling,

Tho' I forbear to name 'em. You have a husband,

But as the case stands with my lord, he is

A kind of no husband; and your ladyship

As free as a widow can be. I confess

If ladies should seek change, that have their husbands

At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,

The

The surest bond of concord, 'twere a fault,
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that
Do lie alone so often, body of me,
I am zealous in your cause — let me take breath.

Jol. I apprehend what thou would'st say: I want all
As means to quench the spurious fire that burns here.

Calyp. Want means, while I, your creature, live? I
dare not
Be so unthankful.

Jol. Wilt thou undertake it,
And, as an earnest of much more to come,
Receive this jewel, and purse cram'd full of crowns?
How dearly I am forc'd to buy dishonour!

Calyp. I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill become
My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty;
Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him,
He shall be yours: that's poor; he is already.
At your devotion. I will not boast
My faculties this way, but suppose he were
Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,
And your desires more hot than Cythera's,
Or wanton Phedra's, I'd bring him chain'd
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters. I have
said it.

Jol. Go and prosper, and imagine a salary beyond
thy hopes.

Calyp. Sleep you
Secure on either ear, the burthen's yours
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither. [Exeunt.

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, Denato.

Don. Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you deal
Too fairly with him, if you take that way
To right yourself.

Lent. The least that you can do
I'th' terms of honour is, when next you meet him
To give him the bastinado.

Cam. And that done,
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat. No,
Be rul'd by me, shew yourself an Italian,

And

And having receiv'd one injury, do not put off
Your hat for a second; there are fellows that
For a few crowns will make him sure, and so
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.

Ador. I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied care
In what concerns my honour; but in that
I'll steer mine own course. Yet, that you may know
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom
Lies open to you: I begin to feel
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness;
And something tells me here, I should repent
My harshness to Caliste.

Enter Cario, in haste.

Cam. When you please, you may remove that scruple.

Ador. I shall think on't.

Car. Sir, sir, are you ready?

Ador. To do what? I am sure 'tis not yet dinner
time.

Car. True; but I usher
Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast,
As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,
Fry'd frogs, potatoes marrow'd, caveer,
Carp's tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate, oyl'd mushrooms,
And yet a drawer-on too; and if you shew not
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
(For it will not stay a preface) I am 'sham'd,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.

Ador. Art thou in thy wits? what new-found rarity
Hast thou discover'd?

Car. No such matter, sir; it grows in our own coun-

Don. Serve it up, [try.]
I feel a kind of stomach.

Cam. I could feed too.

Car. Not a bit upon a march; there's ocher lettuce
For your coarse lips; this is peculiar only
For my master's palate. I would give my whole year's
wages.

With

With all my vails and fees due to the kitchen,
But to be his carver.

Ador. Leave your fooling, sirrah, and bring in your dainty.

Car. 'Twill bring in itself,
It has life and spirit in it, and for proof,
Behold: now fall to boldly, my life on't
It comes to be tasted.

Enter Mirtilla, with letter and jewel.

Cam. Ha! Caliste's woman.

Lent. A handsome one, by Venus.

Ador. Pray you forbear.

You are welcome fair one.

Don. How that blush becomes her!

Ador. Aim your designs at me?

Mirt. I'm trusted, sir,

With a business of near consequence, which I would
To your private ear deliver.

Car. I told you so.

Give her audience on your coach, it is fit state
To a she-ambassador.

Ador. Pray you, gentlemen,

For a while dispose of yourselves, I'll strait attend you.

Exit.

Car. Dispatch her first for your honour, the quickly
doing,

You know what follows.

Ador. Will you please to vanish? ——— *Ex. Caris.*

Now, pretty one, your pleasure; you shall find me

Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to

My oath, I'll take it on this book.

Mirt. O sir, the favour is too great, and far above

My poor ambition; I must kiss your hand

In sign of humble thankfulness.

Ador. So modest!

Mirt. It well becomes a maid, sir; ——— spare those
blessings

For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,

And with your good allowance, I might add

With a due gratitude, you may confer 'em;

But

But this will better speak her chaste desires,
 Than I can fancy what they are, much less
 With moving language to their fair deserts
 Aptly express 'em. Pray you read, but with
 Compassion, I beseech you: if you find
 The paper blurr'd with tears fal'n from her eyes,
 While she endeavour'd to set down that truth
 Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
 A gracious answer.

Ador. O the powerful charms!
 By that fair hand writ down here; not like those
 Which dreadfully pronounc'd by Circe, chang'd
 Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have
 An opposite working, I already feel
 But reading 'em, their saving operations,
 And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,
 Which have too long usurp'd and tyranniz'd
 Over my reason, of themselves fall off.
 Most happy metamorphosis! in which
 The film of error that did blind my judgment
 And seduced understanding, is remov'd.
 What sacrifice of thanks can I return
 Her pious charity, that not alone
 Redeems me from the worst of slavery,
 The tyranny of my beastly appetites,
 To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;
 But adds a matchless favour to receive
 A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness
 In my protection.

Mirt. Transform'd! it is
 A blessed metamorphosis, and works
 I know not how on me.

Ador. My joys are boundless,
 Curb'd with no limits: for her sake, *Mirdilla*,
 Instruct me how I presently may seal
 To those strong bonds of loyal love and service
 Which never shall be cancell'd.

Mirt. She'll become your debtor, sir, if you vouch-
 to answer
 Her pure affection.

Ador.

Ador. Answer it, *Mirtilla*! with more than adoration
I kneel to it.

Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths
Than fail with punctuality to perform
All her commands.

Mirt. I am lost on this assurance,
(Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,
As in an oracle. Ah me!) she presents you [*Aside.*
This jewel, her dead grandfire's gift, in which
As by a true Egyptian heroglyphick,
(For so I think she call'd it) you may be
Instructed what her suit is you should do,
And she with joy will suffer.

Ador. Heaven be pleas'd to qualify this excess of hap-
With some disaster, or I shall expire [*pines*
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art
The cunning lapidary hath here express'd
The rape of Proserpine! — I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband, I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind 'em.

Mirt. I despair then. [*Aside.*

Ador. At the time appointed, say wench, I'll attend
And guard her from the fury of her mother, [*her:*
And all that dare disturb her.

Mirt. You speak well, and I believe you.

Ador. Would you aught else?

Mirt. I would carry some love-sign to her; and now
I think on't,

The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,
I'll faithfully deliver it.

Ador. O a kiss; you must excuse me, I was then mine
Now wholly her's. The touch of other lips [*own,*
I do abjure for ever; but there's gold
To bind thee still my advocate. [*Exit.*

Mirt. Not a kiss? I was coy when it was offered, and
now justly

When

When I beg one am deny'd. What scorching fire
 My loose hopes kindle in me? shall I be
 False to my lady's trust? and from a servant
 Rise up her rival? His words have bewitch'd me,
 And something I must do, but what? 'tis yet
 An embrion, and how to give it form
 Alas! I know not. Pardon me, Caliste,
 I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
 To perfect that which yet is undetermined. [Exit.]

Enter Claudio and Severino.

Claud. You are master of yourself; yet if I may,
 As a try'd friend in my love and affection,
 And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts
 Without offence; i'th' way of counsel to you
 I could alledge, and truly, that your purpose
 For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,
 Is full of danger.

Sever. Danger, Claudio!
 'Tis here, and every where our forc'd companion;
 The rising and the setting sun beholds us
 Invjron'd with it; our whole life a journey
 Ending in certain ruin.

Claud. Yet we should not, howe'er besieg'd, deliver
 up our fort
 Of life, till it be forc'd.

Sever. 'Tis so indeed by wisest men concluded, which
 we should

Obeys as christians; but when I consider
 How different the progress of our actions
 Are from religion, nay morality,
 I cannot find in reason, why we should
 Be scrupulous that way only, or like meteors
 Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff
 Be utterly consum'd, which once put out,
 Would bring security unto ourselves,
 And safety unto those we prey upon.
 O Claudio! since by this fatal hand
 The brother of my wife, bold Montecarlo,
 Was left dead in the field, and I proscrit'd
 After my flight, by the justice of the king,

My

My being hath been but a living death
With a continued torture.

Claud. Yet in that you do decade their bloody violence

That do pursue your life.

Sever. While I by rapines live terrible to others as myself,

What one hour can we challenge as our own

(Unhappy as we are) yielding a beam

Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings

Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,

In which he rises early to do wrong,

And when his work is ended, dares not sleep :

Our time is spent in watches to intrap

Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves

From the ministers of justice, that would bring us

To the correction of the law. O Claudio !

Is this a life to be preserv'd ? and at

So dear a rate ? But why hold I discourse

On this sad subject ? since it is a burden

We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off

But with our humane frailty. In the change

Of dangers there's some delight, and therefore

I am resolv'd for Naples.

Claud. May you meet there

All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife

(As fame proclaims her without parallel)

Can yield to ease your sorrows.

Sever. I much thank you ;

Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy

I have prov'd certainties, and from their want

Her excellencies take lustre.

Claud. E'er you go yet,

Some charge unto your 'squires not to flie out

Beyond their bounds, were not impertinent :

For tho' that with a look you can command 'em,

In your absence they'll be headstrong.

Sever. 'Tis well thought on,

I'll touch my horn, they know my call.

[*Blows his horn.*

Claud.

Claud. And will, as soon as heard, make in to't from
all quarters,
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

Enter six Banditti.

1. What's your will?
2. Hail sovereign of these woods.
3. We lay our lives at your highness's feet.
4. And will confess no king,
Nor laws, but what come from your mouth; and those
We gladly will subscribe to.

Sever. Make this good
In my absence to my substitute, to whom
Pay all obedience as to myself:
The breach of this in one particular
I will severely punish; on your lives
Remember upon whom with our allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your fury.

Claud. 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their memory; besides,
Here are some newly initiated.

Sever. To these read you the articles: I must be
gone:

Claudio, farewell.

[*Ex. Sever.*

Claud. May your return be speedy.

1. Silence; out with your table-books.
2. And observe.

Claud. The cormorant that lives in expectation
Of a long-wish'd-for dearth, and smiling grinds
The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of;
Even theft to such is justice.

3. He's in my tables.

Claud. The grand incloser of the commons, for
His private profit or delight, with all
His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize.

4. And we will bring 'em in, altho' the devil
Stood roaring by to guard 'em.

Claud. If a usurer,
Greedy at his own price to make a purchase,
'Taking advantage upon bond, or mortgage,

From

From a prodigal, pass through our territories,
I the way of custom, or of tribute to us,
You may ease him of his burden.

2. Wholsome doctrine.

Claud. Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests
With timber trees for shipping.

1. May we not have a touch at lawyers ?

Claud. By no means ; they may
Too soon have a gripe at us ; they are angry hornets,
Not to be jested with.

3. This is not so well.

Claud. The owners of dark shops, that vent their
wares
With perjuries ; cheating vintners not contented
With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out
When they find their guests want coin, 'tis late and bed-
time ;

These ranfack at your pleasures.

3. How shall we know 'em ?

Claud. If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd
stockings,
And shining shoes. If horsemen, by short boots,
And riding furniture of several counties.

2. Not one of the least escape us.

Claud. But for scholars,
Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets,
Soldiers that have bled in their country's service,
The rent-rack'd farmer, needy market-folks,
The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport
The goods of other men, are privileg'd ;
But above above all, let none presume to offer
Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,
Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy
Hangs for't by martial law.

Omnes. Long live Severino.
And perish all such cullions as repine at his new mo-
narchy.

Claud. About your business,
That he may find at his return good cause
To praise your care and discipline.

Omnes. We'll not fail, fir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Monteclearo and Calypso.

Mont. Thou art sure mistaken, 'tis not possible
That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.

Calyp. Not you the man? you are the man of men,
And such another in my lady's eye,
Never to be discover'd.

Mont. A mere stranger newly arriv'd?

Calyp. Still the more probable,
Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to 'em. This is not an age
In which faints live; but women, knowing women,
That understand their *summum bonum* is
Variety of pleasures in the touch,
Deriv'd from several nations; and if men
Would be wise by their example——

Mont. As most are. 'Tis a coupling age!

Calyp. Why, fir, do gallants travel,
Answer that question, but at their return,
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
The garb and difference in foreign females?
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch fro, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sp'ritful Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtesan,
The English fair companion, that learns something
From every nation, and will flie at all;
I say, again, the difference betwixt these
And their own country gamesters?

Mont. Aptly urg'd.

Some make that their main end; but may I ask
Without offence to your gravity, by what title,
Your lady that invites me to her favours,
Is known in the city?

Calyp. If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after.
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travel; she is, fir,
No single ducat trader, nor a beldam

So

So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her :
No lioness by her breath.

Mont. Leave these impertinencies, and come to the matter.

Calyp. Would you wou'd be as forward
When you draw for the up-shot ; she is, sir, a lady,
A rich, fair, well-complexioned, and what is
Not frequent among Venus' votaries,
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted ;
A sound and wholsome Lady, and her name is
Madoña Jolantre.

Mont. Jolantre ! I have heard of her ; for chastity
and beauty,
The wonder of the age.

Calyp. Pray you, not too much
Of chastity ; fair and free I do subscribe to,
And so you'll find her.

Mont. Come, y'are a base creature,
And covering your foul ends with her fair name,
Give me just reason to suspect you have
A plot upon my life.

Calyp. A plot ! very fine !
Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't,
'Tis cunningly contriv'd : I plot to bring you
A foot, with the travel of some forty paces,
To those delights, which a man not made of snow
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be
Receiv'd at a postern door, if you be cautious,
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,
And cure his hernia ? A terrible plot !
A kiss then ravished from you by such lips
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious
Than the fam'd Sibilla's bough to guide you safe
Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,
Where Jove might feast his Juno ; a dire plot !
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common ;
But I must not forget to make the plot
More horrid to you. The retiring bower
So furnish'd, as might force the Persian's envy,
The silver bathing-tub, the cambrick rubbers,

'Th'embroider'd quilt, a bed of gossamire,
And damask roses, a mere powder-plot
To blow you up; and last, a bed-fellow,
'To whose rare entertainment all these are
But foils, and settings-off.

Mont. No more, her breath would warm an eunuch.

Calyp. I knew I should heat you; now he begins to glow.

Mont. I am flesh and blood,
And I were not man, if I should not run the hazard,
Had I no other ends in't. I have consider'd
Your motion, matron.

Calyp. My plot, fir, on your life,
For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous woman. Fare you well, fir:
I'll be bold to take my leave.

Mont. I will along too.
Come, pardon my suspicion, I confess
My error; and eying you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill can flow from you.
I am serious, and for proof of it I'll purchase
Your good opinion.

Calyp. I am gentle natur'd,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction.

Mont. What's the hour?

Calyp. Twelve.

Mont. I'll not miss a minute.

Calyp. I shall find you at your lodging?

Mont. Certainly, return my service,
And for me kiss your lady's hands.

Calyp. At twelve I'll be your convoy!

Mont. I desire no better.

Actus

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Duraxzo, Caldoro, Servant.

Dur. **W**alk the horses down the hill, I have a little
To speak in private.

Cald. Good sir, no more anger.

Dur. Love do you call it? Madness, willful madness;
And since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,
And then you are mad kat-exikene, the madman.

Cald. Such as are safe on shore, may smile at tempests;
But I that am embark'd, and every minute
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth;
To me it is unseasonable.

Dur. Pleasing viands are made sharp by sick palates;
I affect

A handsome mistress in my grey beard, as well
As any boy of you all; and on good terms
Will venture as far i'th'fire, so she be willing
To entertain me; but e'er I would doat
As you do, where there is no flattering hope
Ever t'enjoy her, I would forswear wine,
And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,
Or live like a Carthusian on Poor-John,
Then bathe myself, night by night, in marble dew,
And use no soap but camphire-balls.

Cald. You may (and I must suffer it) like a rough
surgeon

Apply these burning causticks to my wounds
Already gangreen'd, when soft unguents would
Better express an uncle, with some feeling
Of his nephew's torments.

Durax. I shall melt, and cannot
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,
Who on my knowledge is able to beat a man,
Should be baff'd by this blind imagin'd boy,
Or fear his bird-bolts!

Cald. Y'have put yourself already
To too much trouble in bringing me thus far:
Now, if you please, with your good wishes leave me
To my hard fortunes.

Dur. I'll forsake myself first.
Leave thee? I cannot, will not; thou shalt have
No cause to be weary of my company,
For I'll be useful, and e'er I see thee perish,
Dispensing with my dignity and candour,
I will do something for thee, though it favour
Of the old 'squire of Troy. As we ride, we will
Consult of the means: bear up.

Cald. I cannot sink,
Having your noble aid to buoy me up;
There was never such such a guardian.

Dur. How's this? stale compliments to me? when
my work's done,
Commend th'artificer, and then be thankful.

[*Exeunt.*
*Enter Caliste, (richly habited) and Mirtilla, (in her
first gown.)*

Calist. How dost thou like my gown?

Mirt. 'Tis rich, and court-like.

Cal. The dressings too are they suitable?

Mir. I must say so, or you might blame my want of
care.

Cal. My mother
Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
These are my nuptial ornaments.

Mir. I hope so.

Cal. How dully thou repliest! thou dost not envy
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune
That it brings to me?

Mir. My endeavours that way can answer for me.

Cal. True, you have discharged
A faithful servant's duty, and it is
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress:
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony
Than you have yet expressed.

Mir.

Mir. The miseries which from your happiness I am
 sure to suffer,
 Refrain my forward tongue ; and, gentle madam,
 Excuse my weakness, though I do appear
 A little daunted with the heavy burden
 I am to undergo : when you are safe,
 My dangers like to roaring torrents will
 Gush in upon me ; yet I would endure
 Your mother's cruelty ; but how to bear
 Your absence, in the very thought confounds me :
 Since we were children, I have lov'd and serv'd you ;
 I willingly learn'd to obey, as you
 Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me ;
 And now to be divorc'd from all my comforts,
 Can this be born with patience ?

Cal. The necessity of my strange fate commands it ;
 but I vow

By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.

Cal. Pity me, madam ! a cold charity ;
 You must do more, and help me.

Cal. Ha ! what said you ?
 I must ? is this fit language for a servant ?

Mir. For one that would continue your poor servant,
 And cannot live that day in which she is
 Deny'd to be so : Can Mirtilla fit
 Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures
 Which you this blessed hymeneal night
 Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,
 And my lord too in being your's, (already
 As such I love and honour him,) shall a stranger
 Sew you in a sheet to guard that maidenhead
 You must pretend to keep ? (and 'twill become you.)
 Shall another do those bridal offices
 Which time will not permit me to remember,
 And I pine here with envy ? Pardon me,
 I must and will be pardon'd, for my passions
 Are in extreams, and use some speedy means
 That I may go along with you, and share
 In those delights, but with becoming distance :

Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all.

Calist. Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The building thou hast rais'd.

Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me, for 'tis resolv'd,

Calist. I know not what to think of't.
In the discovery of my secrets to her,
I have made my slave my mistress, I must sooth her,
There's no evasion else.—Pr'ythee, Mirtilla,
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken
With thy affection to me, 'twas my purpose
To have thee sent for.

Mirt. When?

Calist. This very night; and I vow deeply, I shall be
no sooner
In the desir'd possession of my lord,
But by some of his servants I will have thee
Conveyed unto us.

Mirt. Should you break?

Calist. I dare not:

Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our departure.

Mirt. Pray you, forgive my boldness,
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.

Calist. I thank thee for't.

Mirt. You'll keep your word?

Calist. Still doubtful?

Mirt. 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to
fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, Cario,
Servants.

Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all
Provision along with you; and for use
And ornament, the shortness of the time
Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,
And costliest hangings, and if't be possible
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,
Provide an epithalamium.

Car.

Car. Trust me for belly-timber, and for a song I have

A paper blurrer, who on all occasions,
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets
Ready i'th'deck. It is but altering
The names, and they will serve for any bride,
Or bridegroom in the kingdom.

Ador. But for the dance?

Car. I will make one myself, and foot it finely,
And summoning your tenants at my dresser,
Which is indeed my drum, make a rare choice
Of th'abler youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of amber, which you know is
The grace of the country-hall.

Ador. About it Cario, and look you be careful.

Car. For mine own credit, sir.

[*Exit.*

Ador. Now noble friends confirm your loves, and
think not

Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid
The stealing away an heir. I will secure you,
And pay the breach of't.

Cam. Tell us what we shall do, we'll talk of that
hereafter.

Ador. Pray you be careful
To keep the west-gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum; this is all.

Don. A dangerous business.

Cam. I'll make the constable, watch, and porter drunk,
Under a crown.

Lent. And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a murder.

Cam. Get but your mistress,
And leave the rest to us.

Ador. You much engage me,
But I forget myself.

Cam. Pray you in what, sir?

Ador. Yielding too much to my affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation
And honour suffer: the disgrace in taking

A blow in publick from Caldoro, branded
 With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying
 To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher ;
 That's first to be consider'd.

Cam. If you dare
 Trust my opinion, (yet I have had
 Some practice and experience in duels)
 You are too tender that way : Can you answer
 The debt you owe your honour, till you meet
 Your enemy from whom you may exact it ?
 Hath he not left the city, and in fear
 Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine ?
 What would you more ?

Ador. I should do.

Cam. Never think on't
 'Till fitter time and place invite you to it.
 I have read Caranza, and find not in his grammar
 Of quarrels, that the injur'd man is bound
 To seek for reparation at an hour ;
 But may, and without loss, till he hath settled
 More serious occasions that import him,
 For a day or two defer it.

Ador. You'll subscribe
 Your hand to this ?

Cam. And justify't with my life,
 Presume upon't.

Ador. On then, you shall overrule me. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Jolantre and Calypso.

Jol. I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have it hung
 O'er thy tomb for a monument. [up]

Calyp. I am not prepar'd yet
 To leave the world ; there are many good pranks
 I must dispatch in this kind before I die :
 And I had rather, if your honour please,
 Have the crowns in my purse.

Jol. Take that.

Calyp. Magnificent lady !
 May you live long, and every moon love change,
 That I may have fresh employment. You know what
 Remains to be done.

Jol.

Jos. Yes, yes, I will command
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.

Calyp. And lock 'em up : such liquorish kitlings are not
To be trusted with our cream. E'er I go, I'll help you
To set forth the banquet, and place the candid eringo's
Where he may be sure to taste 'em. Then undress you,
For these things are cumbersome, when you should be
active :

A thin night-mantle to hide part of your smock,
With your pearl embroider'd pantofles on your feet,
And then you are arm'd for service ; nay, no trifling,
We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly
To be coy to eat, when meat is set before you. [*Ex.*

Enter Adorio, and Servant.

Ador. 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed.
Listen at the door ; hear'st thou any stirring ?

Serv. No, sir, all's silent here.

Ador. Some cursed business keeps
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,
And shew where you shall wait us with the horses,
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume, to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Durazzo, Caldoro.

Dur. What's now to be done ? pr'ythee let's to bed ;
I am asleep.

And here's my hand on't without more ado ;
By fair or foul play, we'll have her to-morrow
In thy possession.

Cald. Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctify'd.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,
And looking out, a new star to be gaz'd on
By me with admiration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

Dur. Is not here fine fooling ?

Cald. Thou great queen of love,
Or real or imagin'd, be propitious
To me thy faithful votary ; and I vow

T'ereft a ftatue to thee, equal to
 Thy picture by Apelles' skillful hand,
 Left as the great example of his art ;
 And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
 His torches flaming, and his quiver full,
 For farther honour.

Dur. End this waking dream, and let's away.

Enter Califte and Mirtilla.

Calist. Mirtilla !

Cald. 'Tis her voice.

Calist. You heard the horfes footing.

Mirt. Certainly.

Calist. Speak low, my lord Adorio.

Cald. I am dumb.

Dur. The darknefs friends us too, moft honour'd
 Adorio, your fervant. [madam.

Calist. As you are fo, I do command your filence till
 we are

Farther remov'd ; and let this kiſs affure you,
 (I thank the fable night that hides my blufhes)
 I am wholly yours.

Dur. Forward, you micher.

Mirt. Madam, think on Mirtilla.

[Goes in.

Dur. I'll not now enquire
 The myſtery of this, but bleſs kind fortune
 Favouring us beyond our hopes : yet now I think on't,
 I had ever a lucky hand in ſuch ſmock night-work.

[Exeunt.

Enter Adorio and Servant.

Ador. This ſlownefs does amaze me ; ſhe's not alter'd
 In her late reſolution.

Within Jolantre. Get you to bed.

And ſtir not on your life, till I command you.

Ador. Her mother's voice ! liſten.

Serv. Here comes the daughter.

Enter Mirtilla.

Mirt. Whither ſhall I fly for ſuccour ?

Ador. To theſe arms, your caſtle of defence, impreg-
 nable,

And not to be blown up. How your heart beats !

Take

Take comfort, dear Caliste, you are now
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you,
Adorio : Your chang'd Adorio swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break ;
He loves you, loves you in a noble way ;
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you.
And I'll defer the musick of your voice
Till we are in a place of safety.

Mirt. O blest error !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Severino.

Sever. 'Tis midnight : how my fears of certain death,
Being surpris'd, combat with my strong hopes
Rais'd on my chaste wife's goodness ! I am grown
A stranger in this city, and no wonder,
I have too long been so unto myself :
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul,
I hear some footing, ha !

Enter Montecarlo and Calypso.

Calyp. This is the house.
And there's the key ; you'll find my lady ready
To entertain you : 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill : I have brought you on,
Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*]

Sever. It makes this way.

Mont. I am much troubled, and know not what to
think
Of this design.

Sever. It still comes on.

Mont. The watch ! I am betray'd.

Sever. Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me ; there is no retiring.
My confidence must protect me, I'll appear
As if I walk'd the round. Stand.

Mont. I am lost.

Sever. The word ?

Mont. Pray you forbear ; I am a stranger,
And missing this dark stormy night my way
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office
To guide me to't.

[*Sever.*]

Sever. Do you think I stand here for a page or a porter?

Mont. Good sir, grow not so high,
I can justify my being abroad; I am
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you,
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain:
For if you do assault me, tho' not in fear
Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder
And raise the streets.

Sever. Before my captain, ha?
And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted;
I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.

Mont. Will you do your duty?

Sever. I must close with him —
Truth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language
I guess you a gentleman) I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous, and good night.

Mont. The like to you, sir: I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd! fare you well, sir.

Exit Montecarlo.

Sever. I am glad he's gone; there is a secret passage
Unknown to my wife, thro' which this key will guide
To her desired imbraces, which must be, [me
My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome.

Enter Jolantre, with a rich banquet, and tapers, in a chair, behind a curtain.

Jol. I am full of perplexed thought: imperious blood,
Thou only art a tyrant: judgment, reason,
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust
Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding
Stow'd under hatches) like a desperate pilot
Commands me to urge on: My pride, my pride,
Self-love, and over-value of myself

Are

Are juffly punish'd : I that did deny
My daughter's youth, allow'd and lawful pleasures,
And would not suffer in her those desires
She fuck'd in with my milk, now in my waning
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire
That must consume my fame ; yet still I throw
More fuel on it.

Enter Severino.

Sever. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle !
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banish'd mate : alas, that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer ! but I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The extasy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome. Jolantre !

Jol. Ha ! good angels guard me.

Sever. What do I behold ?
Some sudden flash of light'ning strike me blind,
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I
May living find a sepulchre to swallow
Me and my shame together.

Jol. Guilt and horror
Confound me in one instant ; thus surpris'd,
The subtilty of all wantons, tho' abstracted,
Can shew no seeming colour of excuse
To plead in my defence.

Sever. Is this her mourning ?
O killing object ! the imprison'd vapours
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me :
This little world, like to a tottering tower,
Not to be underpropp'd ; yet in my fall
I'll crush thee with my ruins. *[Draws a poniard,*

Jol. Good sir, hold : *she kneels.*
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,
If you proceed to execution,
And will too late repent it.

Sever. Thy defence?----to move it, adds (could it receive addition)

Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy

That

That in thy being a strumpet hath already
 Infected every vein, and spreads itself
 Over this carrion, which would poison
 Vulturs and dogs, should they devour it. Yet to stamp
 The seal of reprobation on thy soul,
 I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell
 And prompted by the devil thy tutor, whore !
 Then send thee too him. Speak !

Jol. Your Gorgon looks
 Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes
 My silenc'd tongue.

Sever. O fate ! that the disease
 Were general in women ; what a calm
 Should wretched men enjoy ! Speak, and be brief,
 Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

Jol. Be appeas'd, fir,
 Until I have deliver'd reasons for
 This solemn preparation.

Sever. On, I hear thee.

Jol. With patience ask your memory ; 'twill instruct
 you,
 This very day of the month seventeen years since
 You married me.

Sever. Grant it, what can'st thou urge from this ?

Jol. That day since your proscription, fir,
 In the remembrance of it annually,
 The garments of my sorrow laid aside,
 I have with pomp observ'd.

Sever. Alone !

Jol. The thought of my felicity then, my misery now,
 Were the invited guests ; imagination
 Teaching me to believe that you were present
 And a partner in it.

Sever. Rare ! this real banquet
 To feast your fancy. Fiend ! could fancy drink off
 These flagons to my health ? or th' idol thought,
 Like Baal, devour these delicates ? the room
 Perfum'd to take his nostrils ? this loose habit
 Which Messalina would not wear, put on
 To fire his lustful eyes ? Wretch ! am I grown

So weak in thy opinion, that it can
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter? where
The bawd your woman? Answer me, Caliste!
Mirtilla! they are dispos'd of, if not murder'd,
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neighbour,
Your whistle, agent, parasite Calypso,
Should be within call: when you hem to usher in
The close adulterer.

Jol. What will you do?

Sever. Not kill thee, do not hope it, I am not
So near to reconciliation. Ha! this scarf,
Th' intended favour to your stallion, now [Binds her]
Is useful: do not strive; thus bound expect
All studied tortures, my assurance, not
My jealousy thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness howl thy mischiefs; and if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribauld, glut thyself with him:
I will cry aim, and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh my heart-strings!

[Exit, with tapers.]

Jol. Most miserable woman! and yet sitting
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy doom
My incens'd husband must pronounce upon me.
In my intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same punishment, as if
I had in fact offended.

[Calypso speaks at the door.]

Cal. Bore my eyes out
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady
What caus'd your stay, and instantly present you.
How's this? no lights? what new device? will she play
At blindman-buff? Madam!

Jol. Upon thy life speak in a lower key.

Calyp. The mystery
Of this sweet lady: where are you?

Jol. Here, fast bound.

Calyp. By whom?

Jol.

Jol. I'll whisper that into thine ear, and then farewell for ever——

Calyp. How! my lord!

I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him.
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain
Almost made up?

Jol. What shall we do?

Calyp. Betray him; I'll instantly raise the watch.

Jol. And so make me for ever infamous.

Calyp. The gentleman, the rarest gentleman is at the door;

Shall he lose his labour? since that you must perish,
'Twill shew a woman's spleen in you to fall
Deservedly: give him his answer, madam.
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whimfy,
But I will first unbind you.

Jol. Now what follows?

Cal. I will supply your place; and bound, give me
Your mantle, take my night-gown, send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt you: I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some new love-trick: if he should grow furious
And question me, I am resolv'd to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gentleman,
His courage may cool.

Jol. I'll speak with him; but if
To any base or lustful end, may mercy
At my last gasp forsake me.

[Exit.

Calyp. I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone: say he should
kill me,

I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in: 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she-Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house; she's at her pleasure
Whate'er she said, and I must endure the torture——
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

Enter

Enter Severino, throwing open the doors violently, having a knife.

Ser. It is a deed of darkness, and I need
No light to guide me: there is something tells me
I am too slow-pac'd in my wreak, and trifle
In my revenge. All hush'd? no sigh nor groan
To witness her compunction? can guilt sleep,
And innocence be open-ey'd? even now
Perhaps she dreams of the adulterer,
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance
The villain that defiles my bed; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you
Into the sea together. Do not play with
The light'ning of my rage; break, stubborn silence,
And answer my demands; will it not be?
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet.

Calyp. Oh!

Sever. Thus stab these arms

That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a stranger.

Calyp. Oh!

Sever. This is but an induction; I'll draw

The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:

Howl on, 'tis musick to me,

[*Exit Sever.*]

Calyp. He is gone.

A kiss and love-tricks! he hath villainous teeth,
May sublim'd Mercury draw 'em. If all dealers
In my profession were paid thus, there would be
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I had one,
My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear:
Curs'd desire of gold, how art thou punish'd?

Enter Jolantre.

Jol. Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all principles and lectures read
In chastity's cold school was so instructed
As by her contrary. How base and deform'd
Loose appetite is! as in a few short minutes

This

This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.
 Oh! that I could recall my bad intentions,
 And be as I was yesterday, untainted
 In my desires, as I am still in fact
 (I thank his temperance) I could look undaunted
 Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it;
 So strong the guards, and sure defences are
 Of armed innocence; but I will endure
 The penance of my sin, the only means
 Is left to purge it.—The day breaks, Calypso.

Calyp. Here, madam, here.

Jol. Hath my lord visited thee?

Calyp. Hell take such visits, these stabb'd arms, and loss
 Of my nose, you left fast on, may give you a relish
 What a night I have had of't, and what you had suffered,
 Had I not supplied your place.

Jol. I truly grieve for't; did not my husband speak
 to thee?

Calyp. Yes, I heard him,
 And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief;
 But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan
 With silence I endur'd it, he could not get
 One syllable from me.

Jol. Something may be fashion'd
 From this invention: Help me, I must be sudden;
 Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick, now bind me sure,
 And leave me to my fortune.

Calyp. Pray you consider
 The loss of my nose; had I been but carted for you,
 Tho' wash'd with mire and chamber-lye, I had
 Examples to excuse me; but my nose, my nose, dear
 lady. [Exit.]

Jol. Get off, I'll send to thee.
 If so, it may take; if it fail, I must
 Suffer whatever follows.

Enter Severino, with a taper.

Sever. I have searched
 In every corner of the house, yet find not
 My daughter, nor her maid, nor any print
 Of a man's footing, which this wet night would

Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.

Jol. 'Tis he, and I am within hearing; heaven for-
give this feigning,
I being forc'd to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter.

Sever. I begin to stagger, and my love if it knew how,
Her piety heretofore, and fame remember'd,
Would plead in her excuse.

Jol. You blessed guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoc'd, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless sufferings.

Sever. At her devotions? affliction makes her repent.

Jol. Look down upon a wretched woman; and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fasten'd firm, (though in loose wishes
I yield I have offended) to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms
To their late strength and beauty.

Sever. Does she hope to be cur'd by a miracle?

Jol. This minute I
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted:
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural means have done
This work of heavenly charity, be ever canoniz'd for't;

Sever. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me.
If I have no belief in their assurance,
I must turn sceptick. Hah! this is the hand:
And this the fatal instrument: these drops
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,
Still fresh upon the floor: This is something more
Than wonder or amazement, I profess I am astonish'd.

Jol.

Jol. Be incredulous still,
 And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
 By your false guide, suspicion, have no faith
 In my so long-try'd loyalty, nor believe
 That which you see; and for your satisfaction,
 My doubted innocence cleared by miracle,
 Proceed, these veins have now new blood, if you
 Resolve to let it out.

Sever. I would not be fool'd
 With easiness of belief, and faintly give
 Credit to this strange wonder. 'Tis thought on. [*Aside.*]
 In a fitter place and time, I'll sound this farther.

[*Unties her.*]

How can I expiate my sin? or hope,
 Tho' now I write myself thy slave, the service
 Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
 Despair'd of pardon? Shall I kneel? that's poor,
 Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,
 Than I can fancy. Will't thou have revenge?
 My heart lies open to thee.

Jol. This is needless to me, who in the duty of a
 wife,
 Know I must suffer.

Sever. Thou art made up of goodness,
 And from my confidence that I am alone
 The object of thy pleasures, until death
 Divorce us, we will know no separation.
 Without enquiring why (as sure thou wilt not,
 Such is thy meek obedience) thy jewels
 And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt
 Along with me; and as a queen be honour'd
 By such as stile me sovereign. Already
 My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present:
 The Neapolitan court a place of exile
 When thou art absent; my stay here is mortal,
 Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it.
 Come, dearest Jolantre, with this breath
 All jealousy is blown away.

Jol. Be constant.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

A noise within, as the fall of a horse, — then enter Durazzo, Caldoro, Caliste, Servant.

Dur. **H**ELL take the stumbling jade.

Cald. Heaven help the lady.

Serv. The horse hath broke his neck.

Dur. Would thine were crack'd too,
So the lady had no harm. Give her fresh air,
'Tis but a swoon.

Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead.

Dur. Examine

Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,
You ferrit, this is no coneyborough for you.

How do you find her?

Cald. No breath of comfort, fir, too cruel fate!

Had I still pin'd away, and linger'd under

The modesty of just and honest hopes

After a long consumption, sleep and death

To me had been the same; but now as 'twere

Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment

To have 'em ravish'd from me? suffer shipwreck

In view of the port? and like a half starv'd begger,

No sooner in compassion cloath'd, but coffin'd?

Malevolent destinies, too cunning in

Wretched Caldoro's tortures. O Caliste,

If thy immortal part hath not already

Left this fair palace, let a beam of light

Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,

To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor

Of hope in thy recovery.

Caliste. Oh!

Dur. She lives, disturb her not, she is no right-bred woman

If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance

Have took a thousand merrily, and are still

Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.

Cald.

Cald. Good fir.

Dur. Pr'ythee be not angry, I should speak thus if
My mother were in her place.

Cald. But had you heard
The musick of the language which she us'd
To me, believ'd Adorio, as she rode
Behind me ; little thinking that she did
Embrace Caldoro.

Calist. Ah Adorio !

Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it.

Calist. Are you safe?

Cald. And rais'd like you from death to life to hear you.

Calist. Hear my defence then, e'er I take my vail off,
A simple maid's defence, which looking on you,
I faintly could deliver. Willingly
I am become your prize, and therefore use
Your victory nobly ; heaven's bright eye, the sun,
Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope
I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken
The splendor of your merits. I could urge
With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declin'd
The shadows of insinuating pleasures
Tender'd by all men else, you only being
The object of my hopes : That cruel prince
To whom the olive branch of peace is offer'd,
Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,
If he refuse it ; nor should wish a triumph,
Because Caliste's humble. I have said,
And now expect your sentence.

Dur. What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of love,
Were there many such she-advocates ! Art thou dumb ?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?

Cald. Dear lady, open your eyes, and look upon the
man,
The man you have elected for your judge,
Kneeling to you for mercy.

Calist. I should know this voice, and something more
than fear I am

Deceiv'd,

Deceiv'd; but now I look upon his face,
I am assur'd I am wretched.

Duraz. Why, good lady?
(Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else)
The youth's a well-timber'd youth, look on his making;
His hair curl'd naturally, he's whole chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go thro' stitch with't,
As any Adorio in the world; my 'state on't,
A chicken of the right kind; and if he prove not
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a capon of him.

Calist. I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not. Would I had died
In my late trance, and never liv'd to know
I am betray'd.

Duraz. To a young and active husband,
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i'th' city, would vow a pilgrimage
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.
'To her again, you milk-sop, violent storms
Are soon blown over.

Calist. How could'st thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes
So far, as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee
Howe'er I pity'd thy misplac'd affection,
I could not answer it? and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions,
Not to be reconcil'd?

Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd
A friend in his creation to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can atchieve 'em
The right and noble way: I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursu'd
With a becoming modesty, heaven at length
Being pleas'd, and not my arts to further it.

Duraz. Now he comes to her son, boy.

Cald. I have serv'd you
With a religious zeal, and borne the burthen
Of your neglect (if I may call it so)
Beyond the patience of a man. To prove this,
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine
Gilding a crystal river, and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his,
While I bit mine with envy : Yet these favours
(Howe'er my passions rag'd) could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience.

Calist. My blushes confess this for a truth.

Duraz. A flag of truce is
Hung out in this acknowledgment.

Cald. I could add,
(But that you may interpret what I speak
The malice of a rival, rather than
My due respect to your deserts) how faintly
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty
Of your affection, ascribing it
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you
An act of mercy : Could he else, invited
(As by your words I understood) to take you
To his protection, grossly neglect
So gracious an offer ? or give power
To fate itself to cross him ? O dear madam,
We are all the balls of time, tofs'd to and fro,
From the plough unto the throne, and back again,
Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers ;
And it appears, by an unchang'd decree,
You were appointed mine ; wise nature always
Aiming at due proportion : and if so,
I may believe with confidence, heaven in pity
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,
Directed you by a most blessed error
To your vow'd servant's bosom.

Duraz. By my holidame, tickling philosophy.

Calist.

Calist. I am, sir, too weak
To argue with you ; but my stars have better
(I hope) provided for me.

Cald. If there be
Disparity between us, 'tis in your
Compassion to level it.

Durax. Give fire to the mine, and blow her up.

Calist. I am sensible
Of what you have endured, but on the sudden,
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,
I am exceeding weary ; in yon grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard.
My spirits with some little rest reviv'd,
We will consider farther : For my part
You shall receive modest and gentle answer
To your demands, tho' short perhaps to make you
Full satisfaction.

Cald. I am exalted in the employment: sleep secure,
I'll be
Your vigilant sentinel.

Calist. But I command you,
And as you hope for future grace obey me,
Presume not with one stol'n kiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers ; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch over me.

Cald. My desires
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve 'em.

Durax. Frozen ! think not of frost, fool ; in the dog-
Remember the old adage, and make use of't ; [days.
Occasion's bald behind.

Calist. Is this your uncle ?

Cald. And guardian, madam ; at your better leisure,
When I have deserv'd it, you may give him thanks
For his many favours to me.

Calist. He appears a pleasant gentleman.

[*Ex. Caldoro and Caliste.*

Durax. You should find me so,
But that I do hate incest.---I grow heavy ;
Sirrah, provide fresh horses : I'll seek out

Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.

Serv. With all care, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cario and Countrymen, for the dance and song.

Car. Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and miss
A hair's breadth of my footing; our dance has [not
A most melodious note, and I command you,
To have ears like hares this night for my lord's honour,
And something for my worship: your reward is,
To be drunk blind like moles in the wine-cellar;
And tho' you ne'er see after, 'tis the better,
You were born for this night's service: and do you hear,
Wire-string and cats-guts-men, and strong-breath'd
hautbois,

For the credit of your calling, have not your instruments
To tune, when you should strike up; but twang it perfectly,

As you would read your neck-verse; and you warbler,
Keep your wind-pipe moist, that you may not spit and
When you should make division. How I sweat! [hem
Authority is troublesome—They are come,
I know by the cornet that I plac'd

On the hill to give me notice: marshal yourselves
I'th' rear; the van is yours, Now chant it spritely.

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato.

Ador. A well-penn'd ditty. [Sings.

Cam. Not ill sung.

Ador. Use your eyes; if ever, now your master-piece. [Dance.

Ador. 'Tis well perform'd; take that, but not from
'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for't, [me.
All that I have is her's.

Car. I must have three shares
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be
Divided equally. [*Ex. Cario & Rustics.*

Mirt. My real fears
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish
In my discovery.

Ador. Welcome to your own:
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept

Three

Three long hours silence ; and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms, a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you. Nay, unmask,
And let mine eye and ears together feast,
Too long by you kept empty : Oh you want
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you. [*Pulls off*
Mirtilla ! *her mask*]

Cam. It is she, and wears the habit
In which Caliste three days since appeared
As she came from the temple.

Lent. All this trouble for a poor waiting-maid ?

Don. We are grossly gull'd.

Ador. Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,
Or tho' the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.

Mirt. Innocence is free and open-breasted ; of what
Stand I accus'd, my lord ?

Ador. What crime ! no language
Can speak it to the height ; I shall become
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this
Contriv'd ? who help'd thee in the plot ? Discover—
Were not Caliste's aids in't ?

Mirt. No ; on my life ; nor am I faulty.

Ador. No : what may-game's this ?

Did'st thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,
To make sale of thine own ?

Mirt. With her and you
I have dealt faithfully ; you had her letter
With the jewel I presented ; she receiv'd
Your courteous answer, and prepar'd herself
To be remov'd by you : and howsoever
You take delight to hear what you have done,
From my simplicity, and make my weakness
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well
With my condition, I know you have her
In your possession.

Ador. How ! has she left her mother's house ?

Mirt. You drive this nail too far ;
Indeed she deeply vow'd at her departure
To send some of your lordship's servants for me,

(Tho' you were pleas'd to take the pains yourself)
That I might still be near her, as a shadow
To follow her the substance.

Ador. She is gone then?

Mirt. This is too much; but, good my lord, forgive
I come a virgin hither to attend [me,
My noble mistress, tho' I must confess
I look with fore eyes upon her good fortune,
And wish it were mine own.

Ador. Then, as it seems, you do yourself affect me?

Mirt. Should she hear me,
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,
But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound
To be enamour'd of you.

Ador. O my fate! how justly am I punish'd? in thee
punish'd

For my defended wantonness? I that scorn'd
The mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my knees receive her, am become
A prey unto her bondswoman,
My honour too neglected for this purchase!
Art thou one of those
Ambitious serving-women, who contemning
The embraces of their equals, aim to be
The wrong way ladyfied by a lord? Was there
No forward page or foot-man in the city
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen
To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?

Mirt. Great lords sometimes
For change leave calvert salmon, and eat sprats;
In modesty I dare speak no more.

Cam. If 'twere a fish-day, tho' you like it not, I could
I have a stomach, and would content myself [say
With this pretty whiting-mop.

Ador. Discover yet how thou cam'st to my hands.

Mirt. My lady gone,
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,

Mov'd

Mov'd me to fly ; and quitting of the house,
 You were pleas'd unask'd to comfort me, I us'd
 No forceries to bewitch you ; then vouchsaf'd
 (Thanks ever to the darkness of the night)
 To hug me in your arms, and I had wrong'd
 My preeding near the court, had I refus'd it.

Ador. This is still more bitter ; can'st thou guess to
 Thy lady did commit herself ? [whom

Mirt. They were horsemen, as you are.

Ador. In the name of wonder,
 How could they pass the port, where you expected
 My coming ?

Cam. Now I think upon't, there came
 Three mounted by, and behind one a woman,
 Embracing fast the man that rode before her.

Lent. I knew the men, but she was veil'd.

Ador. What were they ?

Lent. The first the lord Durazzo, and the second
 Your rival, young Caldore ; it was he
 That carried the wench behind him.

Donat. The last a servant, that spurr'd fast after 'em.

Ador. Worse and worse ! 'twas she !
 Too much assurance of her love undid me :
 Why did you not stay 'em ?

Donat. We had no such commission.

Camil. Or, say you had, who durst lay fingers on
 The angry old ruffian ?

Lent. For my part I had rather
 Take a baited bull by the horns.

Ador. You are sure friends for a man to build on.

Camil. They are not far off.
 Their horses appeared spent too ; let's take fresh ones
 And coast the country, ten to one we find 'em.

Ador. I will not eat nor sleep until I have 'em.
 Moppet, you shall along too.

Mirt. So you please, I may keep my place behind
 you ;

I'll sit fast, and ride with you all the world over.

Camil. A good girl.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Montecarlo and Calypso.

Mont. Her husband, Severino?

Calyp. You may see

His handy-work by my flat face; no bridge

Left to support my organ. If I had one,

The comfort is I am now secure from the grincomes,

I can lose nothing that way.

Mont. Dost thou not know what became of the lady?

Calyp. A nose was enough to part with,

I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer,

But I am full assur'd the house is empty,

Neither poor lady, daughter, nor servant left there.

I only guess he hath forc'd 'em to go with him

To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king

Among the Banditti, and how there he hath us'd them,

Is more than to be fear'd.

Mont. I have play'd the fool,

And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans question

With the danger of her life. Leave me

The king!

Enter Alphonso and Captain.

Calyp. The surgeon must be paid.

Mont. Take that.

Calyp. I thank you,

I have got enough by my trade, and I will build

An hospital, only for noseless bawds;

'Twill speak my charity; and be myself

The governess of the sisterhood.

[Exit.]

Alph. I may forget this in your vigilance hereafter.

But as I am a king, if you provoke me

The second time with negligence of this kind,

You shall deeply smart for't.

Mont. The king's mov'd.

Alph. To suffer a murderer by us proscrib'd, at his
pleasure

To pass and repass thro' our guards!

Capt. Your pardon

For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be

More circumspect hereafter.

Alph.

Alph. Look you be so.
Monsieur Laval, you were a suiter to me
 For *Severino's* pardon.

Mont. I was so, my good lord.

Alph. You might have met him here, to have thank'd
 You for't, as now I understand.

Mont. So it is rumour'd;
 And hearing in the city of his boldness,
 (I would not say contempt of your decrees)
 As then I pleaded mercy, (under pardon)
 I now as much admire the slowness of
 Your justice, tho' it force you to some trouble
 In fetching him in.

Alph. I have consider'd it.

Mont. He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
 An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
 To his own daughter, in whom, sir, I have
 Some nearer interest than I stand bound to
 In my humanity, which I gladly would
 Make known unto your highness.

Alph. Go along, you shall have opportunity as we
 walk.

See you what I committed to your charge,
 In readiness, and without noise.

Capt. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Claudio, and all the Banditti making a guard: Severino and Jolantre with oaken leav'd garlands, and Singers.

Sever. **H**ere, as a queen, share in my sovereignty:
 The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take
 The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,
 And secure in the guards of these few subjects,

Smile at Alphensius' fury, though I grieve for
The fatal cause in your good brother's loss,
That does compel me to this course.

Jol. Revive not
A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full fruition of those joys, which now
I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with
A masculine spirit.

Sev. 'Tis well said.

Jol. In you, sir, I live; and when, or by the course
of nature,
Or violence you must fall, the end of my
Devotions is, that one and the same hour
May make us fit for heaven.

Sev. I join with you
In my votes that way: but how, *Jolantre*,
You that have spent your past days, slumb'ring in
The down of quiet, can endure the hardness
And rough condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.

Jol. These woods, *Severino*,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present; here are no allurements
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation
Of such, whose choice behaviour or discourse
May nourish jealous thoughts.

Sev. True, *Jolantre*,
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here
To be clear'd by miracle.

Jol. Still on that firing? it yields harsh discord.

Sev. I had forgot myself;
And wish I might no more remember it.—
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in
As tribute to your queen. *Claudio*, divide
Our Squadron in small parties, let 'em watch
All passages, that none escape without
The payment of our customs.

Claud. Shall we bring in the persons with the pillage?

Sev.

Sev. By all means, [Exit Claudio and the rest]
Without reply, about it: we'll retire
Into my cave, and there at large discourse
Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since she well dispos'd of,
Our happiness were perfect.

Jol. We must wait with patience heaven's pleasure.

Sev. 'Tis my purpose. [Exit.]

Enter Lentulo and Camillo.

Lent. Let the horses graze, they are spent.

Cam. I am sure I am sleepy,
And nodded as I rode: here was a jaunt
I th'dark through thick and thin, and all to no purpose.
What a dulness grows upon me!

Lent. I can hardly [They sit down.
Hold ope' mine eyes to say so. How did we lose Ado-
rio?

Cam. He, Donato, and the wench
That cleaves to him like bird-lime, took the right-hand;
But this place is our rendezvous.

Lent. No matter, we'll talk of that anon—heigh ho.

Cam. He's fast already: Lentulo, I'll take a nap too. [Sleeps.]

Enter Adorio, Mirtilla, Donato.

Ador. Was ever man so cross'd?

Mirt. So bless'd: This is the finest wild-goose chase.

Ador. What's that you mutter?

Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find
Your wish'd-for love, though I am lost for ever.

Don. Pretty fool, who have we here?

Ador. This is Camillo.

Mirt. This Signior Lentulo.

Ador. Wake 'em.

Don. They'll not stir,
Their eye-lids are glu'd, and mine too; by your favour,
I'll follow their example. [Lies down.]

Ador. Are you not weary?

Mirt. I know not what the word means; while I travel

To do you service.

Ador. You expect to reap
The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes
Will be blasted, I assure you.

Mirt. So you give leave
To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,
Tho' you deny your beams of gracious favour
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.

Ador. No more; my resolution to find
Caliste, by what accident lost, I know not,
Binds me not to deny myself what nature
Exacteth from me. To walk alone a foot
(For my horse is tir'd) were madness; I must sleep.
You could lie down too.

Mirt. Willingly; so you please to use me.

Ador. Use thee?

Mirt. As your pillow, fir,
I dare presume no farther, noble fir.
Do not too much condemn me; generous feet,
Spurn not a fawning spaniel.

Ador. Well, sit down.

Mirt. I am ready, fir.

Ador. So nimble?

Mirt. Love is active;

Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, fir,
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.

Ador. For once, so far I'll trust you.

[Lies down on her lap.]

Mirt. All the joys of rest
Dwell on your eye-lids; let no dream disturb
Your soft and gentle slumbers.—I cannot sing,
But I'll talk you asleep: and I beseech you
Be not offended, tho' I glory in
My being thus employ'd; a happiness
That stands for more than ample satisfaction
For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,
And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling
Were bound up too: I should—I am all fire.

Such

Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey,
Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer
Forbear. I'll gently touch his lips, and leave

[*Kisses him.*]

No print of mine. Ah! I have heard of nectar;
But till now never tasted it: these rubies
Are not clouded by my breath. If once again
I steal, from such a full exchequer, trifles [*Kisses again*],
Will not be mis'd: I am entranc'd: our fancy,
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove
How far my—

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter Duraxno.

Dur. My bones ake, I am exceeding cold too, I must
seek out

A more convenient truckle-bed.—Ha! do I dream?
No, no, I wake, Camillo, Lentulo,
Donato this; and as I live, Adorio
In a handsome wench's lap, a whoreson; you are
The best accommodated, I will call
My nephew and his mistress to this pageant.
The object may perhaps do more upon her,
Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what
Security they sleep! sure Mercury
Hath travel'd this way with his charming-rod.
Nephew! Caliste! Madam!

Enter Caldoro and Caliste.

Cald. Here, fir: is your man return'd with horses?

Dur. No boy, no; but here are some you thought
not of.

Calist. Adorio!

Dur. The idol that you worshipp'd.

Calist. This Mirtilla? I am made a stake.

Dur. I knew 'twould take.

Calist. False man,

But much more treacherous woman, 'tis apparent;
They jointly did conspire against my weakness,
And credulous simplicity, and have
Prevail'd against it.

Cald. I'll not kill 'em sleeping;

But

But if you please, I'll wake 'em first, - and after
Offer them as a fatal sacrifice to your just anger.

Dur. You are a fool, reserve your blood for better
uses.

Calist. My fond love is chang'd to an extremity of
hate,

His very sight is odious.

Dur. I have thought of

A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,
Then leave him to his harlotry : if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses
Are not far off, I'll cut the girths and bridles,
Then turn 'em into the wood ; if they can run,
Let 'em follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already ?

Calist. In his hat

He wears a jewel, which this faithless strumpet,
As a salary of her lust, deceiv'd me of ;
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.

Dur. I am not good at nimming ;
And yet that shall not hinder us, by your leave, sir,
'Tis restitution. Pray you all bear witness
I do not steal it ; here 'tis.

Calist. Take it not
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife.

Cald. O heaven !

Dur. Pray i' th' church.

Let us away. Nephew, a word : have you not
Been billing in the brakes ? hah ! and so deserv'd
This unexpected favour ?

Cald. You are pleasant. [*Ex. Dur. Cald. Calist.*]

Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not safely,
[*Starts up ; the rest awake.*]

Give me leave to draw my sword.

Camil. Ha ! what's the matter ?

Lent. He talk'd of's sword.

Donat. I see no enemy near us,
That threatens danger.

Mist.

Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream.

Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword
Was at my throat, Caliste frowning by,
Commanding him, as he desir'd her favour,
To strike my head off.

Camil. Meer imagination of a disturbed fancy.

Mirt. Here's your hat, sir.

Ador. But where my jewel?

Camil. By all likelihood lost, this troublesome night.

Denat. I saw it when we came unto this place.

Mirt. I look'd upon't myself, when you repos'd.

Ador. What is become of it?

Restore it, for thou hast it; do not put me
To the trouble to search you.

Mirt. Search me?

Ador. You have been,

Before your lady gave you entertainment,
A night-walker in the streets.

Mirt. How, my good lord?

Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame gulls,
Charm'd with your prostituted flatteries,
Deign'd to embrace you.

Mirt. Love, give place to anger.

Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness?
Were you a judge, nay more, the king; thus urg'd,
To your teeth I would say, 'Tis false.

Ador. This will not do.

Camil. Deliver it in private.

Mirt. You shall be

In publick hang'd first, and the whole gang of you.
I steal what I presented?

Lent. Do not strive.

Ador. Tho' thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip thy entrails,
But I'll recover it.

Mirt. Help, help.

Ador. A new plot.

Enter Claudio, and two Banditti, presenting their pistols.

Claud. Forbear, libidinous monsters; if you offer
The least resistance, you are dead: if one
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

Ador.

Ador. Let us fight for what we have, and if you can win it, enjoy it.

Claud. We come not to try
Your valour, but for your money: throw down your sword,

Or I'll begin with you: so if you will
Walk quietly without bonds, you may; if not,
We'll force you; thou shalt have no wrong,
But justice against these.

1. *Bandit.* We'll teach you, sir,
To meddle with wenches in our walks.

2. *Bandit.* It being against our canons.

Camil. Whither will you lead us?

Claud. You shall know that hereafter: guard 'em sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonso, Montecarlo, Captain.

Alph. Are all the passages stopp'd?

Cap. And strongly mann'd;
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.

Mont. But why, great sir, you should expose your person

To such apparent danger, when you may
Have 'em brought bound before you, is beyond
My apprehension.

Alph. I am better arm'd
Than you suppose: besides, it is confirm'd
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino
Commanded these Banditti; though it be
Unusual in Italy, imitating

The courteous English thieves, for so they call 'em,
They have not done one murder: I must add too,
That from a strange relation I have heard
Of Severino's justice, in disposing

The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness
Of what I take up now but on report:

And, therefore, 'tis my pleasure that we should,
As soon as they encounter us, without
A shew of opposition, yield.

Mont. Your will is not to be disputed.

Alph. You have plac'd
Your ambush so, that if there be occasion
They suddenly may break in.

Cap. My life upon't.

Alph. We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
With some of these good fellows; and be sure
You do as I command you.

Mont. Without fear, sir.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Severino and Yolante.

Sev. 'Tis true, I did command Caliste should not
Without my knowledge and consent, assisted
By your advice, be married: but your
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
A grown-up maid the modest conversation
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd
Of too much rigour, which no doubt hath driven her
To take some desperate course.

Yol. What then I did, was, in my care, thought best.

Sev. I so conceive it;

But where was your discretion to forbid
Access and fit approaches, when you knew
Her suitors noble, either of which I would
Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,
However wild, a young man of good parts,
But better fortunes: his competitor
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,
Staidness and temperance, holding the first place
Among the gallants most observ'd in Naples;
His own revenues of a large extent,
But in the expectation of his uncle's
And guardian's estates, which by the course
Of nature do descend on him, a match
For the best subject's blood, I except none,
Of eminence in Italy:

Yol. Your wishes,

Howe'er a while delay'd, are not, I hope,
Impossibilities.

Sev. Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune
When she comes smiling to us.—

Hark!

Hark ! this cornet [Cornet within.]

Assures us of a prize ; there sit in state,

'Tis thy first tribute.

Jol. Would we might enjoy our own as subjects.

Sev. What's got by the sword,

Is better than inheritance. All those kingdoms

Subdu'd by Alexander, were by force extorted,

Though gilded o'er with glorious files of conquest ;

His victories but royal robberies,

And his true definition as much a thief,

Tho' circled with huge navies to the terror

Of such as plow'd the ocean, as the pirate,

Who from a narrow creek puts off for prey

In a small pinnacle——From a second place

New spoil brought in?——from a third party, brave !

This shall be register'd a day of triumph,

Design'd by fate to honour thee.——

——Welcome, Claudio ;

Good booty, ha ?

Enter Claudio, Banditti, Alerio, Leontale, Donato, Camillo,

Mirtilla, at one door : Banditti, Durazo, Caldoro,

Caliste at another. Alphonso, Montecarlo, Captain
and Banditti.

Clau. Their outsidcs promise so,

But yet they have not made discovery

Of what they stand possess of.

Sev. Welcome all,

Good boys ; you have done bravely, if no blood

Be shed in the service,

i Band. On our lives no drop, sir.

Sev. 'Tis to my wish.

Jol. My lord !

Sev. No more, I know 'em.

Jol. My daughter and her woman too !

Sev. Conceal your joys.

Dur. Fall'n in the devil's mouth.

Cal. My father,

And mother ! To what fate am I reserv'd ?

Cald. Continue mask'd ; or grant that you be known,
From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,

If

If you despair a father's?

Ador. Now I perceive which way I lost my jewel.

Mirt. I rejoyce

I am clear'd from theft; you have done me wrong,
But I unask'd forgive you.

Dur. 'Tis some comfort yet;
The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are
Together in one toil.

Sev. You all look pale,
And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs
Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;
For understand, you are not fall'n into
The hands of a Buziris or a Cacus,
Delighted more in blood than spoil; but given up
To the power of an unfortunate gentleman,
Not born to these low courses, howsoe'er
My fate, and just displeasure of the king
Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt
A sad captivity here, and much less fear
For profit to be sold for slaves, then ship'd
Into another country; in a word,
You know the proscrib'd Severino, he
Not unacquainted, but familiar with
The most of you. Want in myself I know not,
But for the pay of these my 'squires, who eat
Their bread with danger purchas'd, and must be
With others fleeces cloath'd, or live expos'd
To the summer's scorching heat, and winter's cold;
To these, before you be compell'd, (a word
I speak with much unwillingness) deliver
Such coin as you are furnish'd with.

Dur. A fine method!
This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery,
Yet it hath a twang of all of them. But one word, sir.

Sever. Your pleasure.

Dur. When we have thrown down our muck, what
follows?

Sever. Liberty, with a safe convoy to any place you
chuse.

Dur. By this hand you are

A fair

A fair fraternity; for once I'll be
 The first example to relieve your convent.
 There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits
 Arising from my herds, bound in one bag,
 Share it among you.

Sev. You are still the jovial and good Durazzo.

Dur. To the offering, nay,
 No hanging an arse, this is their wedding-day.
 What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely
 For your own sakes.

Camil. There's mine. [*They all throw down*

Lent. Mine. *their purses.*

Donat. All that I have.

Cald. This to preserve my jewel.

Ador. Which I challenge;

Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.

Mont. I will not weep for mine.

Capt. Would it were more.

Sev. Nay, you are privileg'd; but why, old father,
 Art thou so slow? thou hast one foot in the grave,
 And if desire of gold do not increase
 With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst
 Be forwardest.

Alph. In what concerns myself,
 I do acknowledge it, and I should lye,
 (A vice I have detested from my youth)
 If I deny'd my present store, since what
 I have about me now weighs down in value
 Almost a hundred-fold, whatever these
 Have laid before you: see, I do groan *[Throws down*
 under *three bags.*

The burden of my treasure; nay, 'tis gold,
 And if your hunger of it be not sat'd
 With what already I have shewn unto you,
 Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are
 Inestimable jewels, diamonds
 Of such a piercing lustre, as struck blind
 Th' amaz'd lapidary, while he labour'd
 To honour his own art in setting 'em. *[Opens the casket.*
 Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain

Might

Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day she was crown'd.

Sev. The spoils, I think, of both the Indies.

Dur. The great sultan's poor,
If parallel'd with this Cræsus.

Sev. Why dost thou weep?

Alph. From a most fit consideration of
My poverty; this, though restor'd, will not
Serve my occasions.

Sev. Impossible.

Dur. May be he would buy his passport up to heaven,
And then this is too little, though in the journey.
It were a good viaticum.

Alph. I would make it
A means to help me thither. Not to wrong you
With tedious expectation, I'll discover
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for 'em:
I have two sons, twins, the true images
Of what I was at their years; never father
Had fairer, or more promising hopes in his
Posterity: but alas! these sons, ambitious
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,
Atchiev'd by glorious, and yet pious actions,
(For such were their intentions) put to sea:
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully mann'd,
An old experienc'd-master, lusty sailors,
Stout landmen, and what's something more than rare,
They did agree, had one design, and that was
In charity to redeem the christian slaves
Chain'd to the Turkish servitude.

Sev. A brave aim.

Dur. A most heroick enterprize; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.

Alph. Prosperously
At first, and to their wishes: divers gallies
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surpriz'd; a thousand captives,
Redeem'd from th' oar, paid their glad vows and prayers
For their deliverance; their ends acquir'd,
And making homeward in triumphant manner;

(For

(For sure the cause deserv'd it ——)

Dur. Pray you end here,
The best I fear is told, and that which follows
Must conclude ill.

Alph. Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it : Prodigal fame
In every place with her loud trump proclaiming
The greatness of the action, the pirates
Of Tunis and Algiers laid wait for 'em
At their return, —— To tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would but
Increase my sorrow, and perhaps grieve you
To hear it passionately describ'd unto you.
In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity, wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!
To me for ever lost, lost, lost for ever!

Sever. Will not these heaps of gold, added to thine,
Suffice for ransom?

Alph. For my sons it would;
But they refuse their liberty, if all
That were engaged with them, have not their irons
With theirs struck off, and set at liberty with them,
Which these heaps cannot purchase.

Sever. Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts! be comforted, old father,
I have some hidden treasure, and if all
I and my 'squires these three years have laid up,
Can make the sum up, freely take it.

Dur. I'll sell myself to my shirt, lands, moveables,
and thou
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than
Such brave men shall live slaves.

2. *Bandit.* We will not yield to't.

3. *Bandit.* Nor lose our parts.

Sever. How's this?

2. *Bandit.* You are fitter far

To

To be a churchman than to have command over good fellows.

Sever. Thus I ever use [Strikes 'em down.]
Such saucy rascals: second me, Claudio.
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave
One rogue of 'em alive.

Alph. Hold, give the sign. [He discovers himself.]

All. The king!

Sever. Then I am lost.

Claud. The woods are full of armed men.

Alph. No hope of your escape
Can flatter you.

Sever. Mercy, dread fir.

Alph. Thy carriage in this unlawful course appears so
Especially in this last trial, which [noble;
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy
You kneel in vain for, might fall gently on you.
But when the holy oyl was pour'd upon
My head, and I anointed king, I swore
Never to pardon murder: I could wink at
Your robberies, tho' our laws call 'em death;
But to dispense with Montecarlo's blood
Would ill become a king; in him I lost
A worthy subject, and must take from you
A strict account of't: 'tis in vain to move,
Thy doom's irrevocable.

Mont. Not, dread fir, if Montecarlo lives.

Alph. If! good Laval.

Mont. He lives in him, fir, that you thought Laval.
Three years have not so alter'd me, but you may
Remember Montecarlo.

Dur. How!

Jol. My brother!

Calist. Uncle!

Mont. Give me leave: I was
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier
(Now general at Millain) taken up,
And with much care recovered.

Alph. Why liv'd you so long conceal'd?

Mont.

Mont. Confounded with the wrong
I did my brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the time in France, that I
Was absent from the court, making my exile
The punishment impos'd upon myself
For my offence.

Jos. Now, sir, I dare confess all,
This was the guest invited to the banquet,
That drew on your suspicion.

Sever. Your intent,
Tho' it was ill in you, I do forgive,
The rest I'll hear at leisure,—— Sir, your sentence.

Alph. It is a general pardon unto all,
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.

Sever. Claud. &c. Long live great Alphonso.

Dur. Your mercy shewn in this, now, if you please,
Decide these lovers difference.

Alph. That is easy.
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men
Consenting to it.

Calist. Here I fix then, never to be remov'd.

Cald. 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir.

Mirt. O that I had the happiness to say
So much to you! I dare maintain my love
Is equal to my lady's.

Ador. But my mind
A pitch above yours. Marry with a servant
Of no descent or fortune!

Sever. You are deceiv'd:
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian Gulf,
Perish'd by shipwreck; one I dearly lov'd.
He to my care intrusted her, having taken
My word, if he return'd not like himself,
I never should discover what she was;
But it being for her good, I will dispense with it.
So much, sir, for her blood, now for her portion.

So

So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's.

Ador. This made good,
I will not be perverse.

Dur. With a kiss confirm it.

Ador. I sign all concord here; but must to you, fir,
For reparation of my wounded honour,
The justice of the king consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful war.

Alph. This in our presence?

Ador. The cause, dread fir, commands it, tho' your
Call private combats, murders, rather than [edicts
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from
A blow; the bonds of my obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.

Cald. I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts.

Ador. I desire no more.

Alph. All then are pleas'd. It is the glory of
A king to make and keep his subjects happy;
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,
To save one citizen is a greater prize,
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies.

{*Exeunt.*



SONG I.

Between JUNO and HYMEN.

JUNO to the BRIDE.

ENter a maid, but made a bride :
 Be bold, and freely taste
 The marriage banquet, ne'er deny'd
 To such as sit down chaste.
 Though he unloose thy virgin zone,
 Presum'd against thy will :
 Those joys reserv'd to him alone,
 Thou art a virgin still.

HYMEN to the BRIDEGROOM.

Hail, bridegroom, hail, thy choice thus made.
 As thou would'st have her true,
 Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,
 And bid loose fires adieu :
 That husband who would have his wife
 To him continue chaste,
 In her embraces spends his life,
 And makes abroad no waste.

HYMEN and JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth
 Such pledges as may be
 Assurance of the father's worth,
 And mother's purity.
 Juno doth bless the nuptial bed,
 Thus Hymen's torches burn.
 Live long, and may, when both are dead,
 Your ashes fill one urn.

SONG

SONG II.

Entertainment of the Forest's QUEEN.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
 Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,
 The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
 In winter chang'd by her into the spring.

We know no night,

Perpetual light

Dawns from your eye.

You being near,

We cannot fear,

Though death stood by.

For you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold.

From you in fee, their lives your liege-men hold.

These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;

Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.

Bless them the hour

That gives the power

In which you may,

At bed and board

Embrace your lord

Both night and day.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,

Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen.





EPILOGUE

*I Am left to enquire, then to relate
 To the still doubtful Author, at what rate
 His merchandise are valued. If they prove
 Staple commodities in your grace and love,
 To this last birth of his Minerva, he
 Vows, and we do believe him seriously,
 Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declin'd,
 He'll search with his best care, until he find
 New ways, and make good in some labour'd song:
 Though he grow old, Apollo still is young,
 Cherish his good intentions, and declare
 By any sign of favour, that you are
 Well pleas'd, and with a general consents
 And he desires no more encouragement.*

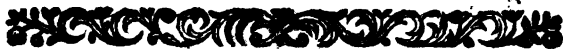




THE
Unnatural Combat :
A
TRAGEDY.

Written

By *PHILIP MASSINGER*.





Dramatis Personæ.

Beaufort senior, governor of *Marseilles*.

Beaufort junior, his son.

Malefort senior, admiral of *Marseilles*.

Malefort junior, his son.

Chamont,

Montaigne, } assistants to the governor.

Lanour,

Montreville, a pretended friend to *Malefort senior*.

Belgard, a poor captain,

Three sea Captains of the navy of *Malefort junior*.

Servants.

Soldiers.

Theocrine, daughter to *Malefort senior*.

Two Waiting-women.

Usher.

Band.

Page.

Two Wenches.

The Scene *MARSEILLES*.



THE



THE Unnatural Combat.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Montrevile, Theocrino, Usher, Page, Waiting-women.

Mont.



O W to be modest, madam, when
you are

A suitor for your father, would ap-
pear

Coarser than boldness: You awhile
must part

With soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin.
Though I must grant, did not this cause command it,
They are rich jewels you have ever worn
To all men's admiration, in this age.
If by your own forc'd importunity,
Or others purchas'd intercession, or
Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches

L 4

To

To justice, guarded from us by stern power,
We bless the means and industry.

Usher. Here's musick
In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk opium,
Or eaten mandrakes. Let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,
Th' iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance
When they, (let them do what they can) with all
Their mines, their culverins, and basilisco's,
Shall cool their feet without, this being the pick-lock
That never fails.

Mont. 'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more. Were I the governor,
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,
With some short active conference in private,
Should sign his general pardon.

Theoc. These light words, fir,
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;
And I much wonder, you that do profess
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.

Mont. You mistake me;
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare petitioner; and if
You'll follow the directions I prescribe
With my best judgment, I'll mark out the way
For his enlargement.

Theoc. With all real joy,
I shall put what you counsel into act,
Provided it be honest.

Mont. Honesty
In a fair she-client (trust to my experience)
Seldom or never prospers; the world's wicked.
We are men, not saints, sweet lady; you must practise
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it. Do not deceive yourself

By

By building too much on the false foundations
Of chastity and virtue: bid your waiters
Stand farther off, and I'll come nearer to you.

1. *Wom.* Some wicked counsel, on my life!

2. *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it,

If it proceed from him.

Page. I wonder that

My lord so much affects him.

Usher. Thou art a child, and do'st not understand on
what strong basis this friendship's rais'd, between this
Montrevile and our lord monsieur Malefort, but I'll
teach thee; from thy years they have been joint-purcha-
sers in furs and water-works, and truckt together.

Page. In fire and water-works!

Usher. Commodities, boy,
Which you may know hereafter.

Page. And deal in 'em
When the trade has given you over, as appears (by the
increase of your high fore-head.

Usher. Here's a crack!

I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.

Page. I had had an ignorant nurse else; I have ty'd,
sir,

My lady's garter, and can guess.

Usher. Peace, infant: [*Theocrine falls off.*

Tales out of school! take heed, you will be breech'd else.

1. *Wom.* My lady's colour changes!

2. *Wom.* She falls off too.

Theoc. You are a naughty man, indeed you are,
And I will sooner perish with my father,
Than at this price redeem him.

Mont. Take your own way,
Your modest legal way; 'tis not your veil,
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper;
Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt,
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe,
Will do it, when there's something he likes better.
These courses, in an old crone of threescore,
That had seven years together tir'd the court

With tedious petitions and clamors,
 For the recovery of a strangling husband,
 To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her ;
 But for a lady of your tempting beauties,
 Your youth and ravishing features, to hope only,
 In such a suit as this is, to gain favour
 Without exchange of courtesy, you conceive me,
 Were madness at the height. Here's brave young Beau-
 fort,

Enter Beaufort and Belgard.

The meteor of Marseilles ; one that holds
 The governor, his father's will and power
 In more awe than his own. Come, come, advance,
 Present your bag cramm'd with crowns of the sun ;
 Do you think he cares for money ? he loves pleasure ;
 Burn your petition ; burn it ; he doats on you,
 Upon my knowledge : to his cabinet, do,
 And he will point you out a certain course,
 Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father
 Releas'd with much facility. [Exit Montrevile.

Theoc. Do you hear ?

Take a pander with you.

Beauf. jun. I tell thee there is neither
 Employment yet, nor money.

Bel. I have commanded

And spent my own means in my country's service,
 In hopes to raise a fortune.

Beauf. jun. Many have hop'd so,
 But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

Bel. If no preferment, let me but receive
 My pay that is behind, to set me up
 A tavern, or a vaulting house ; while men love,
 Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me :
 Shall I have that ?

Beauf. jun. As our prizes are brought in,
 Till then you must be patient.

Belg. In the mean time,
 How shall I do for cloaths ?

Beauf. jun. As most captains do,
 Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.

Bel.

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Bel. But how shall I do to satisfy Calon Monsieur,
There lies the doubt.

Beauf. jun. That's easily decided ;
My father's table's free for any man
That hath borne arms.

Bel. And there's good store of meat ?

Beauf. jun. Never fear that.

Bel. I'll seek no other ordinary then ;
But be his daily guest without invitement,
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,
As he shall pay me suddenly to be quit of me.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis she !

Bel. And farther.—

Beauf. jun. Away, you are troublesome ;
Designs of more weight.

Bel. Ha, fair Theocrine !

Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,
Buff jerkins must to the rear : I know my manners.
This is, indeed, great business ; mine a gewgaw.
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatch'd,
And suddenly, or all will go to wreck.
Charge her home in the flank, my lord: nay, I am gone.
fir. [Exit Belgard.]

Beauf. jun. Nay pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel
with you.

Page. I would bring you on your knees, were I a
woman.

Beauf. jun. What is it can deserve so poor a name,
As a suit to me ? this more than mortal form
Was fashioned to command and not entreat.
Your will but known, is serv'd.

Theoc. Great sir, my father,
My brave deserving father ; but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech.

Beauf. jun. I understand you,
Without the aids of those interpreters
That fall from your fair eyes ; I know you labour
The liberty of your father, at the least
An equal hearing to acquit himself :
And 'tis not to endear my service to you,

Tho' I must add, and pray you with patience hear it,
 'Tis hard to be effected, in respect
 The state's incens'd against him; all presuming
 The world of outrages his impious son,
 Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties
 Express'd to this poor country, could not be
 With such ease put in execution, if
 Your father (of late our great admiral)
 Held not or correspondence, or conniv'd
 At his proceedings.

Theoc. And must he then suffer,
 His cause unheard?

Beauf. jun. As yet it is resolv'd so
 In their determination. But suppose,
 For I would nourish hope, not kill it in you,
 I should divert the torrent of their purpose,
 And render them that are implacable,
 Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen:
 Will you, I dare not say in recompence,
 For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
 But in your liberal bounty, in my suit
 To you, be gracious?

Theoc. You entreat of me, sir,
 What I should offer to you, with confession
 That you much undervalue your own worth,
 Should you receive me. Since there come with you
 Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames.
 But I must be excus'd, 'tis now no time
 For me to think of hymeneal joys.
 Can he (and pray you, sir, consider it)
 That gave me life, and faculties to love,
 Be, as he is now ready to be devour'd
 By ravenous wolves, and at that instant I
 But entertain a thought of those delights,
 In which perhaps my ardour meets with yours?
 Duty and piety forbid it, sir.

Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your father free,
 What is your answer?

Theoc. Every minute to me

Will be a tedious age till our embraces
Are warrantable to the world.

Beauf. jun. I urge no more, confirm it with a kiss.

Theoc. I doubly seal it.

Usher. This would do better a-bed, the business ended.
They are the lovingest couple—

*Enter Beaufort senior, the governor Montaigne, Chantant,
Lanour.*

Beauf. jun. Here comes my father
With the council of war, deliver your petition,
And leave the rest to me.

Beauf. sen. I am sorry, lady,
Your father's guilt compels your innocence
To ask what I in justice must deny.

Beauf. jun. For my sake, sir, pray you receive, and
read it.

Beauf. sen. Thou foolish boy, I can deny thee nothing.

Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happy. Madam, quit the
You shall hear how we succeed. [place,

Theoc. Goodness reward you. [Ex. *Theocrine, Usher.*

Mont. It is apparent, and we stay too long. *Page, Wo-*
To censure Malefort as he deserves. *men.*

Cham. There is no colour of reason that makes for him:
Had he discharg'd the trust committed to him,
With that experience and fidelity
He practis'd heretofore, it could not be
Our navy should be block'd up, and in our sight
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,
By his prodigious issue.

Lan. I much grieve,
After so many brave and high achievements,
He should in one ill forfeit all the good
He ever did his country.

Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted.

Beauf. jun. I humbly thank you, sir.

Beauf. sen. He shall have hearing,
His irons too struck off; bring him before us,
But seek no farther favour.

Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not.

[Exit *Beauf. jun.*
Beauf.

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Beauf. sen. Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne, Lanour,
assistants.

By a commission from the most christian king
In punishing or freeing Malefort,
Our late great admiral: tho' I know you need not
Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Yourselfes in this man's trial (that exacts
Your clearest judgments) give me leave, with favour,
To offer my opinion. We are to hear him,
A little looking back on his fair actions,
Loyal and true demeanour; not as now
By the general voice, already he's condemn'd.
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed son,
Fal'n off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth; all compassion
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,
We sit engag'd to censure him with all
Extremity and rigour.

Cham. Your lordship shews us
A path which we will tread in.

Lan. He that leaves
To follow as you lead, will lose himself.

Mont. I'll not be singular.

*Enter Beaufort jun. Montreville, Malefort sen. Belgard,
and Officers.*

Beauf. sen. He comes, but with
A strange distracted look.

Mal. sen. Live I once more
To see these hands and arms free? these, that often
In the most dreadful horror of a fight
Have been as sea-marks; to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory? When my sword,
Advanc'd thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin
To such as durst behold it. These the legs,

That when our ship were grappl'd, carried me
With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cry'd,
He does not run, but flies.

Montre. He still retains
The greatness of his spirit.

Mal. sen. Now cramp'd with irons,
Hunger and cold, they hardly do support me.
But I forget myself. O my good lords,
That sit there as my judges to determine
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those chearful looks, those loud applauses
With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? All's forgotten,
And I stand here to give account for that
Of which I am as free and innocent
As he that never saw the eye of him
For whom I stand suspected.

Beauf. sen. Monsieur Malefort,
Let not your passion so far transport you,
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envy to your person, you are question'd;
Nor do the suppositions want weight,
That do invite us to a strong assurance,
Your son——

Mal. sen. My shame!

Beauf. sen. Pray you hear with patience:—never
Without assistance or sure aids from you,
Could, with the pirates of Algiers and Tunis,
E'en those that you had almost twice defeated,
Acquire such credit, as with them to be
Made absolute commander (pray you observe me)
If there had not some contract pass'd between you,
That when occasion serv'd you would join with 'em
To the ruin of Marfeilles.

Mont. More, what urg'd
Your son to turn apostate?

Cham. Had he from
The state or governor the least neglect,
Which envy could interpret for a wrong?

Lan.

Lan. Or, if you slept not in your charge, how could
So many ships as do infect our coast,
And have in our own harbour shut our navy,
Come in unfought with?

Beauf. jun. They put him hardly to it.

Mal. sen. My lords, with as much brevity as I can,
I'll answer each particular objection
With which you charge me. The main ground on which
You raise the building of your accusation
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish in th' agonies of my troubled soul,
Light'ning had found him in his mother's womb,
You'll say is from the purpose, and I therefore
Betake him to the devil, and so leave him.
Did never loyal father but myself
Beget a treacherous issue? Was't in me
With as much ease to fashion up his mind,
As in his generation to form
The organs of his body? must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the Straights,
But Malefort? who rescu'd the French merchants,
When they were boarded, and stowed under hatchways
By the pirates of Algiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted admiral? Then you fill'd
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads,
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
They ow'd the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he that never
Became the master of a pirate's ship,
But at the main-yard hung the captain up,
And caus'd the rest to be thrown over board;
Should after all these proofs of deadly hate,
So oft express'd against 'em, entertain
A thought of quarter with 'em, but much less

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(To the perpetual ruin of my glories),
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother country, this Marseilles,
Which with my prodigal expence of blood
I have oft protected?

Beauf. sen. What you have done
Is granted and applauded; but yet know,
This glorious relation of your actions
Must not so blind our judgments, as to suffer
This most unnatural crime you stand accus'd of,
To pass unquestion'd.

Cham. No, you must produce
Reasons of more validity and weight
To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
Conclude you innocent.

Mont. The large volume of
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience
Both what and when to do, but makes against you.

Lan. For had your care and courage been the same
As heretofore, the dangers we are plung'd in
Had been with ease prevented.

Mal. sen. What have I
Omitted in the power of flesh and blood,
Even in the birth to strangle the designs
Of this hell-bred wolf my son? Alas, my lords,
I am no God, nor like him could foresee
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes;
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light,
Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance
Beset our harbour. Make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.
But if that, nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliver'd can prevail with you
To make good my integrity and truth,
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal.

Beauf.

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Beauf. sen. How! a trumpet? [*A trumpet within.*
Enquire the cause. [*Montrevile*

Mal. sen. Thou searcher of mens hearts, goes off,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying fins a while not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,
Or by some unexpected means confirm
I am accus'd unjustly.

Enter Montrevile and a sea Captain.

Beauf. sen. Speak the motives
That brings thee hither.

Capt. From our admiral thus:
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no publick hate
Hath brought him to Marseilles; nor seeks he
The ruin of his country, but aims only
To wreak a private wrong; and if from you
He may have leave; and liberty to decide it
In a single combat, he'll give up good pledges.
If he fall in the trial of his right,
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest
This town with hostile arms.

Beauf. sen. Speak to the man
(If in this presence he appears to you)
To whom you bring this challenge.

Cap. 'Tis to you.

Beauf. sen. His father!

Mont. Can it be?

Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious.

Mal. sen. Thou seest I stand unmov'd; were thy
voice thunder,

It should not shake me: say, what would the viper?

Cap. The reverence a father's name may challenge,
And duty of a son, no more remember'd,
He does defy thee to the death.

Mal. sen. Go on:

Cap. And with his sword will prove it on thy head:
Thou art a murderer, an atheist,
And that all attributes of men, turn'd furies,

Ca mot

Cannot express thee: this he will make good,
If thou dar'st give him meeting.

Mal. sen. Dare I live?

Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,
At my last gasp ask for mercy? How I bless
Thy coming, Captain! never man to me
Arriv'd so opportunely; and thy message,
However it may seem to threaten death,
Does yield to me a second life, in curing
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemy,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature
He marks out for destruction? You are just,
Immortal powers, and in this merciful,
And it takes from my sorrow and my shame
For being the father to so bad a son,
In that you are pleas'd to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush and repent,
As you are bound, my honourable lords,
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus,
The father of the Roman liberty,
With more assured constancy beheld
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home
The banish'd Tarquins, scourg'd with rods to death,
Than I will show, when I take back the life
This prodigy of mankind receiv'd from me.

(Blauf. sen.) We are sorry, monsieur Malefort, for our
error,

And are much taken with your resolution;
But the disparity of years, and strength,
Between you and your son, duly consider'd,
We would not so expose you.

Mal. sen. Then you kill me,
Under pretence to save me. O! my lords,
As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's fame,
Deny me not this fair and noble means
To make me right again to all the world.
Should any other but myself be chosen
To punish this apostate son with death,
You rob his wretched father of a justice

That

That to all after-times will be recorded.
 I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal
 To my experience, that in his fall
 He may not shame my victory. I feel
 The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.
 Were he with wild-fire circled, I undaunted
 Would make way to him. As you do affect, sir,
 My daughter *Theacrine*, as you are
 My true and ancient friend, as thou art valiant,
 And as all love a soldier, second me [*They all sue to the*
governor.
 In this my just petition. In your looks
 I see a grant, my lord.

Beauf. sen. You shall o'erbear me;
 And since you are so confident in your cause,
 Prepare you for the combat.

Mal. sen. With more joy
 Than yet I ever tasted; by the next sun
 The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,
 And so return in safety, my good sons;
 To all my service. I will die, or purchase
 Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt,
 But his impiety is a potent charm
 To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.
 [*Exeunt.*



Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter three Sea-Captains.

2. Cap. **H**E did accept the challenge then?

1. Cap. Nay more,
 Was overjoy'd in't; and as it had been
 A fair invitement to a solemn feast,
 And not a combat to conclude with death,
 He cheerfully embrac'd it.

3. Cap.

3. *Cap.* Are the articles
Sign'd too on both parts?

1. *Cap.* At the father's suit,
With much unwillingness the governor
Consented to 'em.

2. *Cap.* You are inward with
Our Admiral; could you never learn
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders
The son, more than incens'd, implacable
Against the father?

1. *Cap.* Never; yet I have,
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousness of care observ'd him.
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchang'd between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief,
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up,
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,
' We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall,
' When I'll exact for every womanish drop
' Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict account
' Of much more from thy heart.'

2. *Cap.* 'Tis wond'rous strange.

3. *Cap.* And past my apprehension.

1. *Cap.* Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the main-top
A sail's descry'd, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion pinch'd with hunger
Rouzes himself more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck; and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we to admiration
Have been eye-witnesses; yet he never minds
The booty when 'tis made our's, but as if

The

The danger, in the purchase of the prey,
 Delighted him much more than the reward,
 His will made known, he does retire himself
 To his private contemplation, no joy
 Express'd by him for victory. [*Enter Malefort junior*]

2. *Cap.* Here he comes,
 But with more cheerful looks than ever yet
 I saw him wear.

Mal. jun. It was long since resolv'd on
 Nor must I stagger now. May the cause
 That forces me to this unnatural act,
 Be buried in everlasting silence,
 And I find rest in death, or my revenge :
 To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,
 Be charitable in your censures of me,
 And do not entertain a false belief
 That I am mad, for undertaking that
 Which must be, when effected, still repented.
 It adds to my calamity that I have
 Discourse and reason, and but too well know
 I can not live, nor end a wretched life,
 But both ways I am impious. Do not therefore
 Ascribe the perturbation of my soul
 To a servile fear of death : I oft have view'd
 All kinds of his inevitable darts,
 Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap
 From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock
 Into the deep ; or, Curtius-like, to fill up,
 For my country's safety and an after-name,
 A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
 It could not so much shake me, as th' encounter
 Of this day's single enemy.

1. *Cap.* If you please, sir,
 You may shun it, or defer it.

Mal. jun. Not for the world :
 Yet two things I entreat you ; the first is,
 You'll not enquire the difference between
 Myself and him, which as a father once
 I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy.
 The last is, if I fall, to bear my body

Far from this place, and where you please interr it;
I should say more, but by his sudden coming
I am cut off.

*Enter Beaufort junior, and Montrevile leading in Mal-
fort senior; Belgard following with others.*

Beauf. jun. Let me, sir, have the honour
To be your second.

Montr. With your pardon, sir,
I must put in for that, since our try'd friendship
Hath lasted from our infancy.

Belg. I have serv'd
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it; and if now
At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull down the side.

Mal. sen. I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall find your pardon, tho' I now refuse 'em,
For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am suppos'd the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my second's sword,
Might write me down in the black list of those,
That have nor fire, nor spirit of their own;
But dare, and do, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly do depend. Let this suffice
In my excuse for that. Now, if you please,
On both parts to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman theatre,
May see the bloody difference determin'd,
Your favour meet my wishes.

Mal. jun. 'Tis approv'd of
By me, and I command you lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.

Beauf. jun. I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am deny'd
To be an actor) of each blow, and thrust,
And punctually observe 'em.

Mal.

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Mal. jun. You shall have
All you desire ; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertain the time,
If he give suffrage to it.

Mal. sen. Yes, I will,
I'll hear thee, and then kill thee ; nay, farewell.

Mal. jun. Embrace with love on both sides, and
with us
Leave deadly hate and fury.

Mal. sen. From this place
You ne'er shall see both living.

Belg. What's past help is *[They embrace on both sides,
and take leave severally.]*
Beyond prevention.

Mal. sen. Now we are alone, fir, *of father and son.*
And thou hast liberty to unload the burden
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.

Mal. jun. I shall, fir,
But in a perplex'd form and method, which
You only can interpret ; would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing. As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and uncompell'd profess
My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift ;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety.
But this confess on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak ?
And in the action chang'd the humble shape
Of my obedience to rebellious rage
And insolent pride ? and with shut eyes constrain'd me
To run my bark of honour on a shelf,
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it ?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,
And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance

This

This sword, as I must do, against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars, which you built up in me,
In a moment raz'd and ruin'd. That you could
(From my griev'd soul I wish it) but produce
To qualify, not excuse your deed of horror,
One seeming reason that I might fix here,
And move no farther.

Mal. sen. Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? Mountains sooner fall
Beneath their vallies, and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, e'er my tongue
In one short syllable yields satisfaction
To any doubt of thine, nay, tho' it were
A certainty, disdaining argument.
Since tho' my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

Mal. jun. This sword divides that slavish knot.

Mal. sen. It cannot,
It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember
From whom thou had'st this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in arms, but I? who taught thee
Men were men only, when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plum'd victory
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.

And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
 Presuming to contend with him, to whom
 Submission is due, I will take from thee.
 Look therefore for extremities, and expect not
 I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
 As a serpent swol'n with poison; who surviving
 A little longer, with infectious breath,
 Would render all things near him, like itself,
 Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
 Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,
 And with one general cry howling for mercy,
 Shall not redeem thee.

Mal. jun. Thou incensed power,
 A while forbear thy thunder: let me have
 No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
 My mother——

Mal. sen. Thou shalt never name her more.

[*Above Beauf. jun. Montr. Belg. the three Sea-cap.*
Beauf. They are at it.

2. *Cap.* That thrust was put strongly home.

Mont. But with more strength avoided.

Belg. Well come in;

He has drawn blood of him yet; well done, old cock.

1. *Cap.* That was a strange miss.

Beauf. jun. That a certain hit.

Belg. He's fall'n, the day is ours. [*Young Mal. slain.*

2. *Cap.* The admiral's slain.

Mont. The father is victorious!

Belg. Let us haste

To gratulate his conquest.

1. *Cap.* We to mourn

The fortune of the son.

Beauf. jun. With utmost speed

Acquaint the governor with the good success,

That he may entertain to his full merit,

The father of his country's peace and safety. [*They descend.*

Mal. sen. Were a new life hid in each mangled limb,
 I would search, and find it. And howe'er to some
 I may seem cruel, thus to tyrannize
 Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.

That

That I have power to be unnatural,
Is my security ; die all my fears,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors, there's now no suspicion ;
A fact, which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this duel on ; I being above
All perturbations, nor is it in
The power of fate again to make me wretched.

*Enter Beaufort jun. Montrevile, Belgard, the
three Sea-Captains.*

Beauf. jun. All honour to the conqueror. Who
dares tax

My friend of treachery now ?

Belg. I am very glad, sir,
You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,
To put you in mind that a low ebb must follow
Your high-swol'n tide of happiness, you have purchas'd
this honour at a high price.

Mal. sen. 'Tis, Belgard,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot favour
Of arrogance: that to this arm and sword
Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears ;
Or that my loyalty, not long since eclips'd,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented. Tho' indeed they may
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories
Being made up again, and cemented
With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son
While he was worthy, but when he shook off
His duty to me (which my fond indulgence
Upon submission might perhaps have pardon'd)
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor
Justly proscrib'd, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censur'd rugged and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear
Upon his slaughter'd body. But I rest

Well satisfied in myself, being assur'd
 That extraordinary virtues, when they soar
 Too high a pitch for common fights to judge of,
 Losing their proper splendor, are condemn'd
 For most remarkable vices.

Beauf. 'Tis too true, sir,
 In the opinion of the multitude:
 But for myself that would be held your friend,
 And hope to know you by a nearer name,
 They are as they deserve, receiv'd.

Mal. My daughter
 Shall thank you for the favour.

Beauf. jun. I can wish
 No happiness beyond it.

1. *Cap.* Shall we have leave
 To bear the corps of our dead admiral,
 As he enjoin'd us, from this coast?

Mal. Provided
 The articles agreed on be observ'd,
 And you depart hence with it, making oath
 Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch
 Upon this shore.

1. *Cap.* We'll faithfully perform it:

Mal. Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an
 object

That I could wish remov'd. His sins die with him;
 So far he has my charity.

1. *Cap.* He shall have [*The Sea-captains bear the*
 A soldier's funeral. *body off with sad music.*

Mal. Farewell.

Beauf. jun. These rites
 Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives
 Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.
 Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
 And with all circumstance and ceremony
 Wait on the patron of our liberty,
 Which he at all parts merits.

Mal. I am honour'd
 Beyond my hopes.

Beauf.

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Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: Oh, sir! you must: you are too modest.
[*Exeunt with loud music.*]

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Theocrine, Page, Woman.

Theoc. **T**ALK not of comfort, I am both ways
wretched,
And so distracted with my doubts and fears,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss
Is certain in a father, or a brother,
Or both; such is the cruelty of my fate,
And not to be avoided.

1. *Wom.* You must bear it
With patience, madam.

2. *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow,
Which cannot help it.

Page. Fear not my brave lord,
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our modern duelists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old Caranza.

1. *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his son,
Whose death in reason should at no part move you,
He being but half your brother, and the nearness,
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom
He receiv'd life. [A shout within.]

2. *Wom.* A general shout.

1. *Wom.* Of joy.

Page. Look up, dear lady, sad news never came
Usher'd with loud applause. [Enter Usher.]

M 3

Thec.

Theo. I stand prepar'd
To endure the shock of it.

Uß. I am out of breath
With running to deliver first.

Theo. What?

Uß. We are all made;
My lord has won the day, your brother's slain,
The pirates gone, and by the governor,
And states, and all the men of war he is
Brought home in triumph---Nay, no musing, pay me
For my good news hereafter.

Theo. Heaven is just!

Uß. Give thanks at leisure; make all haste to meet
him.

I could wish I were a horse that I might bear you
To him upon my back.

Page. Thou art an ass,
And this is a sweet burden.

Uß. Peace, you crackrope.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus III. Scena 2.

*Loud musick, Montreville, Belgarde, Beaufort junior,
Beaufort senior, Malefort, followed by Montaigne,
Chamont, and Lanour.*

Beauf. sen. **A**LL honours we can give you, and re-
wards,

Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles
Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight
With your deservings: let me glory in
Your action as if it were mine own,
And have the honour with the arms of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed,
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.

Mont. Imagine, noble sir, in what we may
Express our thankfulness, and rest assur'd
It shall be freely granted.

Cham.

Gham. He's an enemy
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think
There's any other thing within our power to give,
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

Lan. And as your own, for we will ever be
At your devotion.

Mal. Much honour'd sir,
And you, my noble lords, I can say only,
The greatness of your favours overwhelm me,
And like too large a sail, for the small bark
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your opinions, is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to :
And to expect a recompence were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor ;
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over-bold.

Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it find from me ..
Denial or delay.

Mal. Thus then, my lord,
Since you encourage me : You are happy in
A worthy son, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me is one daughter ; now,
If it may not appear too much presumption,
To seek to match my lowness with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *Nil ultra* to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy
To be receiv'd into your family,
And married to your son : their years are equal,
And their desires I think too ; she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,
And if you think me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.

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Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.
O! fir, why are you slow to meet so fair
And noble an offer? can France shew a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? is she not
The phoenix of the time? the fairest star
In the bright sphere of women?

Beauf. sen. Be not wrap'd so:
Tho' I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgment.

Enter Usher, Theocrine, Page, Women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes,
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then,
Let envy, if it can, name one grac'd feature
In which she is defective.

Mal. Welcome, girl:
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victory
In such a sable habit? this shew'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyalty are admir'd,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to express the joy you feel within;
Nor should you with more curiousness and care
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,
Than now, when all mens eyes are fix'd upon you;
You should appear to entertain the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equal share.

Theo. Heaven has my thanks,
With all humility paid for your fair fortune,
And so far duty binds me: yet a little
To mourn a brother's loss, (however wicked)
The tenderness familiar to our sex
May, if you please, excuse.

Mal. Thou art deceiv'd.
He living was a blemish to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament and lustre

To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
The least addition. Ha ! here's yet a print
Of a sad tear on thy cheek : how it takes from
Our present happiness ! with a father's lips,
A loving father's lips, I'll kiss it off,
The cause no more remember'd.

Theo. You forget, sir,
The presence we are in.

Mal. 'Tis well considered ;
And yet who is the owner of a treasure
Above all value, but without offence
May glory in the glad possession of it ?
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,
Or any here, that looking on the daughter,
I feast myself in the imagination
Of those sweet pleasures, and allow'd delights,
I tasted from the mother (who still lives
In this her perfect model :) for she had
Such smooth and high arch'd brows, such sparkling eyes,
Whose every glance stor'd Cupid's empty quiver ;
Such ruby lips, and such a lovely brown,
Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,
As death himself lamented, being forc'd
To blast it with his paleness ; and if now,
Her brightness dim'd with sorrow, take and please you,
Think, think, young lord, when she appears herself,
(This vail remov'd) in her own natural pureness
How far she will transport you.

Beauf. jun. Did she need it,
The praise which you (and well deserv'd) give to her
Must of necessity raise new desires
In one indebted more to years ; to me
Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire,
That flames already at the height.

Mal. No more ;
I do believe you, and let me from you
Find so much credit. When I make her your's,
I do possess you of a gift, which I

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With much unwillingness part from. My good lords,
 Forbear your further purpose; give me leave (for on the
 sudden

I am indispos'd) to retire to my own house, and rest. To-
 morrow

As you command me I will be your guest,
 And having deck'd my daughter like herself,
 You shall have farther conference.

Beauf. sen. You are master
 Of your own will; but fail not, I'll expect you:

[To young Beaufort and the rest.]

Mal. Nay, I will be excus'd: I must part with you;
 My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,
 I will support thee.

Theoc. You gripe it too hard, fir.

Mal. Indeed I do; but have no farther end in it
 But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge,
 And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one, yes,
 And to be cherished.

Theoc. May I still deserve it.

[They go off separate ways.]



ACTUS III. Scena 3.

- Enter Beaufort senior, and Servants.

Beauf. sen. HAVE you been careful?

Serv. With my best endeavours:
 Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat, fir.
 Portly and curious viands are prepar'd,
 To please all kind of appetites.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis well.

I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,
 And store of friends to eat it, but with this caution,
 I would not have my house a common inn
 For some men, that come rather to devour me,
 Than to present their service. At this time too

It being a serious and solemn meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadows,
That under other mens protection break in
Without invitement.

Serv. With your favour then,
You must double your guard, my lord, for on my know-
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out [ledge
By a file of musketeers. And 'tis less danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemy in a breach, that undermin'd too,
And the cannon playing on it, than to stop
One Harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders come on,
The service will be lost else.

Beauf. sen. What is he?

Serv. As tall a trencher-man, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd pie-fortification
As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly
Were not made up of a much tougher stuff
Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence
Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,
He's eminent for his eating.

Beauf. sen. O, Belgard!

Serv. The same, one of the admiral's cast captains,
Who swears, there being no war, nor hope of any,
The only drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking, (that's allow'd of)
But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.

Beauf. sen. The more their misery; yet if you can
For this day put him off —

Serv. It is beyond th' invention of man.

Beauf. sen. No: — say this only, [*Whispers to him.*]
And as from me; you apprehend me?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Beauf. sen. But it must be done gravely.

Serv. Never doubt me, sir.

Beauf. sen. We'll dine in the great room; but let the
musick

And banquet be prepar'd here.

[*Exit Beauf. sen.*

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Serv. This will make him
Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.
As for the sweet-meats, when they are trod under foot,
Let him take his share with the pages and lacquies,
Or scramble in the rushes.

Enter Belgard.

Belg. 'Tis near twelve ;
I keep a watch within me never misses,
Save thee, mr. steward.

Serv. You are most welcome, sir.

Belg. Has thy lord slept well to-night ? I come to en-
quire.

I had a foolish dream, that against my will
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only
How he's dispos'd.

Serv. He's in most perfect health, sir.

Bel. Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll believe so too, for from that ever
I make a certain judgment.

Serv. It holds surely
In your own constitution.

Belg. And in all mens
'Tis the best symptom : let us lose no time,
Delay is dangerous.

Serv. Troth, sir, if I might,
Without offence, deliver what my lord has
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it
As a special favour.

Belg. We'll see't, and discourse,
As the proverb says, for health sake after dinner,
Or rather after supper, willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee.

Serv. Nay, good sir,
I will be brief and pithy.

Belg. Pr'ythee be so.

Serv. He bid me say, of all his guests, that he
Stands most affected to you, for the freedom
And plainness of your manners. He ne'er observ'd you
To twirl a dish about you did not like of,
All being pleasing to you ; or to make

Assay

Affay of venison or stale fowl by your nose,
(Which is a solecism at another's table)
But by strong eating of 'em did confirm
They never were delicious to your palate,
But when they were mortify'd, as the Hugonot says,
And so your part grows greater; nor do you
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the best,
Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with you;
Nor will you with impertinent relations,
Which is a master-piece, when meat's before you
Forget your teeth to use your nimble tongue,
But do the feat you come for.

Belg. Be advis'd
And end your jeering; for if you proceed,
You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,
And beating may ensue.

Serv. I'll take your counsel,
And roundly come to the point; my lord much wonders
That you, that are a courtier as a soldier,
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suit.

Belg. To one! 'tis well I have one
Unpaw'd in these days; every cast commander is not
blest with the fortune, I assure you. But why this ques-
tion? does this offend him?

Serv. Not much: but he believes it is the reason
You ne'er presume to sit above the salt,
And therefore this day (our great admiral
With other states being invited guests)
He does intreat you to appear among 'em
In some fresh habit.

Belg. This staff shall not serve
To beat the dog off, these are soldier's garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

Serv. It has stung him.

Belg. I would I were acquainted with the players,
In charity they might furnish me; but there is
No faith in brokers; and for believing taylors,
They are only to be read of, but not seen,

And

And sure they are confin'd to their own hells,
 And there they live invisible. Well, I must not
 Be fobb'd off thus. Pray you report my service
 To the lord governor. I will obey him,
 And tho' my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose
 His company at this feast, I will put on
 The richest suit I have, and fill the chair
 That makes me worthy of. — [Exit Belgard.

Serv. We are shut of him, he will be seen no more
 here. How my fellows

Will bless me for his absence! he had starv'd 'em
 Had he staid a little longer; would he could,
 For his own sake shift a shirt, and that's the utmost
 Of his ambition: adieu, good captain — [Exit.

Enter Beaufort sen. and Beaufort jun.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis a strange fondness.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis beyond example,

His resolution to part with his estate,
 To make her dower the weightier is nothing,
 But to observe how curious he is
 In his own person to add ornament
 To his daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.
 I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship
 This morning to her to present my service,
 From whom I understand all: there he found him
 Sollicitous in what shape she should appear:
 This gown was rich, but the fashion stale; the other
 Was quaint and neat, but the stuff not rich enough;
 Then does he curse the taylor, and in rage
 Falls on her shoemaker, for wanting art
 To express in every circumstance the form
 Of her most delicate foot; then sits in council
 With much deliberation to find out
 What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,
 Varying in his opinion, he tears off
 And stamps it under foot, then tries a second,
 A third and fourth; and satisfy'd at length
 With much ado in that, he grows again
 Perplex'd and troubl'd where to place her jewels
 To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear

This

This diamond on her forehead, or between
Her milk-white paps, disputing on it both ways;
Then taking in this hand a rope of pearl,
(The best of France) he seriously considers
Whether she should dispose it on her arm
Or on her neck; with twenty other trifles, too tedious to
deliver.

Beauf. sen. I have known him from his first youth, but
never yet observ'd
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world speaks
him,
But with that bloody; liberal in his gifts too;
But to maintain his prodigal expence,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flash; but his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly. The truth is, I am not
Ambitious of this match: nor will I cross you in your
affections.

Beauf. jun. I have ever found you,
(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father, [*Loud musick.*
And careful of my good:—by the loud musick,
As you gave order for his entertainment,
He's come into the house two long hours since;
The colonels, commissioners, and captains,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to wait on him hither.

*Enter Malefort, Montaign, Chamont, Lanour, Montre-
vile, Theocrine, Usher, Page, Women.*

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you does from my heart
Disperse itself to all.

Mal. You meet, my lord, your trouble.

Beauf. sen. Rather, sir, increase of honour,
When you are pleas'd to grace my house.

Beauf. jun. The favour is doubl'd on my part, most
worthy sir,
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,
Deigns us her presence.

Mal.

Mal. View her well, brave Beaufort,
But yet at distance; you hereafter may
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest
Hath made it lawful; and were not she mine
I durst aloud proclaim it. Hymen never
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe to change
A barren virgin name with more good omens
Than at her nuptials: look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same
That she was yesterday.

Beauf. sen. Being herself
She cannot but be excellent, these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might
Cover deformities, from her take lustre,
Nor can add to her.

Mal. You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetness,
You only can deserve her. Blush not girl,
Thou art above his praise, or mine; nor can
Obsequious flattery, tho' she should use
Her thousand oyl'd tongues to advance thy worth,
Give aught (for that's impossible,) but take from
Thy more than human graces; and even then
When she hath spent herself with her best strength,
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,
That losing her own servile shape and name,
She will be thought detraction. But I
Forget myself, and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.

Mont. I know not what to think on't,
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear
Will be too soon discover'd.

Mal. I much wrong
Your patience, noble sir, by too much hugging
My proper issue, and like the foolish crew
Believe my black brood swans.

Beauf. sen. There needs not, sir,
The least excuse for this; nay, I must have
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistress,

Theoc.

Theor. I am any thing
That you shall please to make me.

Beauf. jun. Nay, 'tis yours,
Without more compliment. [*Loud music.*
Exeunt Beaufort sen. Malefort, Theocrine, Beaufort jun.
Montaign, Chamont, Lanour, Montreville.

Mont. Your will's a law, fir.

Usher. Would I had been born a lord.

1. *Woman.* Or I a lady.

Page. It may be you were both begot in court,
Tho' bred up in the city; for your mothers,
As I have heard, lov'd the lobby, and there nightly
Are seen strange apparitions, and who knows
But that some noble fawn, heated with wine,
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of longing
To trade in sprats? This needs no exposition;
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?

Usher. Why, had I been born a lord, I had been no
servant.

1. *Woman.* And whereas now necessity makes us
waiters,

We had been attended on.

2. *Woman.* And might have slept then
As long as we pleas'd, and fed when we had stomachs,
And worn new cloaths, nor liv'd as now in hope
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

Page. You are fools,
And ignorant of your happiness. E'er I was
Sworn to the pantoffle, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logick, that a servant's life
Was better than his master's, and by that
I learn from him, if that my memory fail not,
I'll make it good.

Usher. Proceed, my little wit,
In decimo sexto.

Page. Thus then: from the king
To the begger, by gradation, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one than many.

Usher. True,

Page.

Page. Well then, and first to you, sir; you complain
 You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand,
 Besides his passions (that are his worst masters:)
 You must humour him, and he is bound to foot-
 Every trim sir above him; if he frown
 For the least neglect, you fear to lose your place;
 But if, and with all slavish observation,
 From the minion's self to the groom of his close-stool,
 He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure
 To be eas'd of his office, tho' perhaps he bought it.
 Nay, more; that high disposer of all such
 That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
 The fury of the many-headed monster,
 The giddy multitude. And as a horse
 Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings;
 So your men of purchas'd titles, at their best are
 But serving-men in rich liveries.

Usher. Most rare, infant:
 Where learned'st thou this morality?

Page. Why thou dull pate,
 As I told thee, of my tutor.

2. *Woman.* Now for us, boy.

Page. I am cut off — the governor.

*Enter Beaufort sen. Beaufort jun. Servants setting forth
 a banquet.*

Beauf. sen. Quick, quick, sir.
 See all things perfect.

Serv. Let the blame be ours else.

Beauf. sen. And as I said, when we are at the banquet,
 And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it,
 Especially among soldiers; Theocrine
 Being retir'd, as that's no place for her,
 Take you occasion to rise from the table,
 And lose no opportunity.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis my purpose,
 And if I can win her to give her heart,
 I have a holy man in readiness
 To join our hands; for the admiral, her father, repents
 him of his grant to me, and
 So far transported with a strange opinion

Of her fair features, that should we deferr it,
I think e'er long he will believe, and strongly,
The Dauphine is not worthy of her. I
Am much amaz'd with't.

Beauf. jun. Nay, dispatch there, fellows.

[Exeunt Beaufort sen. and Beaufort jun.]

Serv. We are ready when you please. — Sweet forms,
your pardon,

It has been such a busy time I could not
Tender that ceremonious respect
Which you deserve; but now, the great work ended,
I will attend the less, and with all care
Observe and serve you.

Page. This is a pen'd speech,
And serves as a perpetual preface to
A dinner made of fragments.

Usher. We wait on you.

[Loud music.]



ACTUS III. Scena I.

*Enter Beaufort senior, Malefort, Montaign, Chamont,
Lanour, Beaufort junior, Montrevile, and Servants.*

Beauf. sen. **Y**OU are not merry, fir.

Mal. Yes, my good lord,
You have given us ample means to drown all cares;
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy. *[Aside.]*

Beauf. sen. Pray you take your place.

Beauf. jun. And drink a health, and let it be, if you
please,
To the worthiest of women. — Now observe him.

Mal. Give me the bowl; since you do me the honour,
I will begin it.

Cham. May we know her name, fir?

Mal. You shall; I will not chuse a foreign queen's,
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of

Tame

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Tame flattery ; nor do their height of title,
Or absolute power, confirm their worth and goodness,
These being heaven's gifts, and frequently conferr'd
On such as are beneath 'em ; nor will I
Name the king's mistress, howsoever she
In his esteem may carry it ; but if I,
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom ;
Nor sway'd this way or that with confidence,
(And I will make it good on any equal)
If it must be to her, whose outward form
Is better'd by the beauty of her mind,
She lives not that with justice can pretend
An interest to this so sacred health,
But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it,
I do pronounce a villain : this to her then. [*Drinks.*

Mont. What may we think of this ? [*Loud musick.*

Beauf. sen. It matters not.

Lan. For my part I will sooth him rather than
Draw on a quarrel, Chamont.

Mont. 'Tis the safest course, and one I mean to follow.

Beauf. jun. It has gone round, sir, [*Exit Beauf. jun.*

Mal. Now you have done her right : if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,
I am your pledge.

Beauf. jun. Let's pause here, if you please,
And entertain the time with something else.
Musick there in some lofty strain; the song too
That I gave order for ; the new one call'd
The soldier's delight ?

*The song ended ; enter Belgard in armour, a case of
carbines by his side.*

Belg. Who stops me now ?

Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man compleat ? what court so set off
With state and ceremonious pomp, but thus
Accounted I may enter ? or what feast,
Tho' all the elements at once were ransack'd
To store it with variety, transcending

The

The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birth-day,
Where princes only, and confederate kings
Did sit as guests, serv'd and attended on
By the senators of Rome, sat with a soldier.
In this his natural and proper shape,
Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by
His presence make the great solemnity
More honour'd and remarkable?

Beauf. sen. 'Tis acknowledg'd,
And this a grace done to me unexpected.

Mau. But why in armour?

Mal. What's the mystery?

Pray you reveal that.

Belg. Soldiers out of action,
That very rare, but like unbidden guests
Bring their stools with 'em, for their own defence,
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have
Their fingers cut else: there your carpet knights,
That never charg'd beyond a mistress' lips,
Are still most keen and valiant. But to you,
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will
Address my speech, and with a soldier's freedom
In my reproof, return the bitter-scoff
You throw upon my poverty: you condemn'd
My coarser out-side, and from that concluded
(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tissues and embroideries,
Unless I chang'd my habit. I have done it,
And show myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight:
And then it was in fashion, not as now
Ridiculous and despis'd: this hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury:
With this, as still you see it fresh and new,
I have charg'd through fire that would have sing'd your
fables,
Black fox, and ermins, and chang'd the proud colour
Of scarlet, tho' of the right Tyrian die.

But

But now, as if the trappings made the man, such only are
Admir'd that come adorn'd

With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,
But not regarded now ; and yet remember,
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets and revells, which when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reap'd and sow'd for you.
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you ;
This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight
Does make your cup boards crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then
In after-ages to your shame be spoken,
That you with no relenting eyes look on
Our wants that feed your plenty ; or consume
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives
We have made you stand engag'd for : or force us,
Against all civil government, in armour
To require that, which with all willingness
Should be tender'd e'er demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend

This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tameness, it shews lovely :
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest
Of your profession, like you, discontented
For want of means, shall in their present payment
Be bound to praise your boldness ; and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change to put your armour on,
But in the face of an enemy ; not as now
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,

To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty
I'll add five hundred crowns.

Cham. I to my power
Will follow the example.

Mont. Take this, Captain,
'Tis all my present store, but when you please,
Command me farther.

Lan. I could wish it more.

Belg. This is the luckiest jest ever came from me;
Let a foldier use no other scribe to draw
The form of his petition. This will speed
When your thrice humble supplications,
With prayers for increase of health and honours
To their grave lordships, shall as soon as read
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd,
When this dumb rhetorick. — Well, I have a life,
Which I in thankfulness for your great favours,
My noble lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy,
These golden birds flie to thee. [*Exit Belgard*]

Beauf. sen. You are dull, fir,
And seem not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.

Mal. Passage? I observ'd none,
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her rescue,
For so my genius tells me.

Mont. What chimeras
Work on your phantasy?

Mal. Phantasies? they are truths.
Where is my Theocrine? You have plotted
To rob me of my daughter: bring me to her,
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me,
You are inhospitable.

Beauf. sen. You amaze me.
Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship
With my son, her servant. Why do you hear this
With such distracted looks? since to that end
You brought her hither.

Mal.

Mal. 'Tis confess'd I did,
But now pray you, pardon me; and, if you please,
E'er she deliver up her virgin fort,
I would observe what is the art he uses
In planting his artillery against it:
She is my only care, nor must she yield
But upon noble terms.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis so determin'd.

Mal. Yet I am jealous.

Mont. Overmuch, I fear.

What passions are these?

Beauf. sen. Come, I will bring you
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see
The love-scene acted.

Montr. There is something more
Than fatherly love in this.

Monta. We wait upon you:

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Act. III. Scen. ultima.

Beauf. junior, Theocrint.

Beauf. jun. **S**ince then you meet my flames with equal
ardour,
As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress,
Nor must I call it debt; yet it is your glory,
That your excess supplies my want, and makes me
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,
But in your good opinion.

Theo. You teach me, sir,
What I should say, since from your sun of favour,
I like dim Phœbe, in herself obscure,
Borrow that light I have.

Beauf. jun. Which you return
With large increase (since that you will o'ercome,
And I dare not contend) were you but pleas'd
To make what's yet divided, one.

Theo.

Theoc. I have
Already in my wishes, modesty
Forbids me to speak more.

Beauf. jun. But what assurance
(But still without offence) may I demand
That may secure me, that your heart and tongue
Join to make up this harmony?

Theoc. Choose any
Suiting your love distinguished from lust,
To ask and mine to grant.

*Enter (as unseen) Beaufort senior, Malefort, Montreville,
and the rest.*

Beauf. jun. Yonder they are.

Mal. At distance too; 'tis yet well.

Beauf. sen. I may take then
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,
Swear 'tis the anchor to my hopes.

Theoc. You may, sir.

Mal. This is somewhat too much.

Beauf. jun. And this done, view myself
In these true mirrors.

Theoc. Ever true to you, sir.
And may they lose th' ability of sight
When they seek other object.

Mal. This is more
Than I can give consent to.

Beauf. jun. And a kiss,
Thus printed on your lips, will not displease you.

Mal. Her lips! [ed?

Montre. Why, where should he kiss? are you distract-

Beauf. jun. Then when this holy man hath made it
lawful— [Erings in a priest.

Mal. A priest so ready too! I must break in.

Beauf. jun. And what's spoke here is register'd above;
I must engross those favours to myself
Which are not to be nam'd.

Theoc. All I can give,
But what they are I know not.

Beauf. jun. I'll instruct you.

Mal. O how my blood boils!

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N

Montre

Mont. Pray you contain yourself,
Methinks his courtship's modest.

Beauf. jun. Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinsmen and allies; nay, to your father,
(Howe'er out of his tenderness he admires you)
Must in the ocean of your affection
To me be swallow'd up, and want a name
Compar'd with what you owe me.

Theoc. 'Tis most fit, sir.
The stronger bond that binds me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker.

Mal. I am ruin'd if
I come not fairly off.

Beauf. sen. There's nothing wanting
But your consent.

Mal. Some strange invention aid me. [Aside]
This! yes, it must be so.

Mont. Why do you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish is offer'd?
Both parties being agreed too.

Beauf. sen. I'll not court
A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,
Tho' I say my son deserves her.

Mal. 'Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him.
I cannot prize too high. For howsoever
From my own fond indulgence I have sung
Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,
That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd
All that I fancied excellent in her
Ballanc'd with what is really his own,
Holds weight in no proportion.

Mont. New turnings!

Beauf. sen. Whither tends this?

Mal. Had you observ'd, my lord,
With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Tho' she did listen with a greedy ear
To his fair modest offers: but so great

A good

A good as then flow'd to her, should have been
With more deliberation entertain'd,
And not with such haste swallow'd: she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And tho' I shall think
Short minutes years till it be perfected,
I will defer that which I most desire,
And so must she, till longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know
Her happiness, and with what out-stretch'd arms
She must embrace it.

Beauf. jun. This is curiousness
Beyond example.

Mal. Let it then begin
From me; in what's mine own I'll use my will,
And yield no farther reason. I lay claim to
The liberty of a subject. Fall not off,
But be obedient; or by the hair
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my own way. O the inward fires
That, wanting vent, consume me! [*Exit with Theocrinus*]

Montr. 'Tis most certain
He's mad, or worse.

Beauf. sen. How, worse?

Montr. Nay, there I leave you,
My thoughts are free.

Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.

Beauf. sen. Take comfort,
He shall walk in clouds; but I'll discover him:
And he shall find, and feel, if he excuse not,
And with strong reasons this gross injury,
I can make use of my authority.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

ACT. IV. Scen. 1.

Malefort solus.

WHAT flames are these my wild desires fan in me?
 The torch that feeds them was not lighted at
 Thy altars, Cupid. Vindicate thyself,
 And do not own it: and confirm it rather,
 That this infernal brand that turns me cinders,
 Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into
 My guilty bosom. O that I was ever
 Accurs'd in having issue! my son's blood,
 (That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules
 Grows to each part about me) which my hate
 Forc'd from him with much willingness, may admit
 Some weak defence; but my most impious love
 To my fair daughter Theocrine, none.
 Since my affection (rather wicked lust)
 That does pursue her, is a greater crime
 Than any detestation, with which
 I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning
 I have betray'd myself, and did not feel
 The scorching heat that now with fury rages.
 Why was I tender of her? cover'd with
 That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.
 I thought it no offence to kiss her often,
 Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,
 And by false shadows of a father's kindness
 I long deceiv'd myself: but now the effect
 Is too apparent. How I strove to be
 In her opinion held the worthiest man
 In courtship, form, feature! envying him
 That was preferr'd before me, and yet then
 My wishes to myself were not discover'd.
 But still my fires increas'd, and with delight
 I would call her mistress, wilfully forgetting
 The name of daughter, choosing rather she
 Should stile me servant, than with reverence father,
 Yet mocking. I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes,

But in my troubled slumbers often thought
She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd
At my imagination which pass'd
My eyes being open, not condemning it,
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream.
Yet spight of these temptations I have reason
That pleads against 'em, and commands me to
Extinguish these abominable fires,
And I will do it; I will send her back
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there.

Enter Theocrine.

Theoc. Sir, did you call?

Mal. I look no sooner on her
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,
And passion again usurps her empire. Does none else
wait me?

Theoc. I am wretched, sir, should any owe more duty.

Mal. This is worse than disobedience. Leave me.

Theoc. On my knees, sir;—as I have ever squar'd my
will by yours,

And lik'd and loath'd with your eyes, I beseech you
To teach me what the nature of my fault is,
That hath incens'd you, (sure 'tis one of weakness
And not malice) which your gentler temper,
On my submission I hope will pardon;
Which granted by your piety, if that I
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I sink ever
Under your dread command.

Mal. O my stars! who can but doat on this humility,
That sweetens, lovely in her tears, the fetters
That seem'd to lessen in their weight, but now
By this grow heavier on me.

Theoc. Dear sir——

Mal. Peace, I must not hear thee.

Theoc. Nor look on me?

Mal. No, thy looks and words are charms:

Theoc. May they have power then
To calm the tempest of your wrath. Alas! sir,
Did I but know in what I give offence,

In my repentance I would shew my sorrow
 For what is past, and in my care hereafter
 Kill the occasion, or cease to be ;
 Since life without your favour is to me a load I would
 cast off.

Mal. O that my heart were rent in sunder, that I
 might expire,

The cause in my death buried : yet, I know not,
 With such prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me,
 That to deny thee would convince me to
 Have suck'd the milk of tigers ; rise, and I,
 But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,
 Will make relation : that which all the world
 Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
 Are to unhappy me foul blemishes,
 And mulcts in nature. If thou had'st been born
 Deform'd and crooked, in the features of
 Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
 Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, dim-ey'd, and beetle-brow'd,
 With a dwarf's stature to a giant waist ;
 Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
 Splay-footed, gouty-leg'd, and over all
 A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,
 And made thee shun'd of human fellowships,
 I had been blest

Theoc. Why would you wish a monster,
 For such a one or worse you have describ'd,
 To call you father ?

Mal. Rather than as now,
 Tho' I had drown'd thee for it in the sea,
 Appearing as thou dost a new Pandora,
 With Juno's fair cow eyes, Minerva's brow,
 Aurora's blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,
 Venus' soft paps, with Thetis' silver feet.

Theoc. Sir, you have lik'd and lov'd them, and often
 forc'd

(With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them)
 My modesty to a defensive red,
 Strow'd o'er that paleness, which you then were pleas'd
 To stile the purest white.

Mal.

Mal. And in that cup I drank the poison. I now feel
dispers'd

Through every vein and artery; wherefore art thou
So cruel to me? This thy outward shape
Brought a fierce war against me, not to be
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me
No hope of freedom from the magazine
Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou drew'st up
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that
Which was already in itself too potent.
Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty,
Seconded with thy care and watchful studies
To please, and serve my will in all that might
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through
All opposition, and my ranks of reason
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell
To bloody execution, and compell'd me
With willing hands to tie on my own chains,
And with a kind of flattering joy to glory in my cap-
tivity.

Theoc. I in this you speak, sir, am ignorance itself.

Mal. And so continue; for knowledge of the arms
thou bear'st against me

Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids
For thee to help me; and 'twere a cruelty
In me to wound that spotless innocence,
Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,
The pleurisy of goodness is thy ill;
Thy virtue's vices, and thy humble lowness
Far worse than stubborn fullness and pride;
Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,
As killing as the basilisk's: thy tears
Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,
A glorious insultation, and no sign
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak
In thy defence, tho' but in silent action,
Would make the hart already deeply fester'd,
Incurable; and therefore as thou would'st not
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me,
I do conjure thee by a father's power,

(And 'tis my curse, I dare not think it lawful
To sue unto thee in a nearer name)
Without reply to leave me.

Theoc. My obedience never learn'd yet to question your
commands,

But willingly to serve 'em; yet I must,
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune. [Exit.]

Mal. O that I have reason to discern the better way
And yet pursue the worst! When I look on her
I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze
With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another
Should e'er taste those delights that are deny'd me;
And which of their afflictions bring less torture,
I hardly can distinguish: is there then
No mean? No, so my understanding tells me,
And that by my cross fates it is determin'd
That I am both ways wretched.

Enter Usher and Montrevile.

Usher. Yonder he walks, sir,
In much vexation: he hath sent my lady,
His daughter, weeping in; but what the cause is
Rests yet in supposition.

Montr. I guess at it, but must be farther satisfy'd. I
will sift him
In private, therefore quit the room.

Usher. I am gone, sir. [Exit.]

Mal. Ha! who disturbs me? Montrevile! your pardon.

Montr. Would you could grant one to yourself. (I
speak it
With the assurance of a friend) and yet
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offered
To the governor and his son, nay, to yourself;
For there begins my sorrow.

Mal. Would I had not greater cause to mourn
Than their displeasure, for I dare justify.

Montr. We must not do all that we dare.
We're private, friend.

I ob-

I observ'd your alterations with a stricter eye—
Perhaps than others, and to lose no time
In repetition, your strange demeanour
To your sweet daughter.

Mal. Would you could find out some other theme to
treat of.

Montr. None but this; and this I'll dwell on. How
ridiculous

And subject to construction——

Mal. No more!

Montr. You made yourself, amazes me: and if
The frequent trials interchang'd between us
Of love and friendship, be to their desert
Esteem'd by you, as they hold weight with me,
No inward trouble should be of shape
So horrid to yourself, but that to me
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
Your secret't thoughts, tho' the most innocent were
Loud crying sins.

Mal. And so perhaps they are.
And therefore be not curious to learn that
Which known must make you hate me.

Montr. Think not so; I am yours in right and wrong,
nor shall you find

A verbal friendship in me, but an active;
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know
What the disease is, but if you give me leave
I will apply a remedy. Is it madness?
I am familiarly acquainted with a deep read man,
That can with charms and herbs
Restore you to your reason; or suppose
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent spells
And magick rites shall cure you. Is't heaven's anger?
With penitence and sacrifice appease it:
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can
Imagine dreadful. In your fame and fortunes
You are secure; your impious son remov'd too,
That render'd you suspected to the state;
And your fair daughter——

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Mal. Oh! press me no farther.

Montr. Are you wrong there? why, what of her? hath she

Made shipwreck of her honour, or conspir'd
Against your life? or seal'd a contract with
The devil of hell, for the recovery of her young in-
amorato?

Mal. None of these;

And yet what must increase the wonder in you,
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me,
But where enquire not. Yet, I know not how,
I am persuaded from my confidence
Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with
My dearest secret, pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not insulting
On my calamity.

Montr. Forward.

Mal. This same daughter——

Montr. What is her fault?

Mal. She is too fair to me.

Montr. Ha! how is this?

Mal. And I have look'd upon her
More than a father should, and languish to
Enjoy her as a husband.

Montr. Heaven forbid it.

Mal. And is this all the comfort you can give me?
Where are your promis'd aids, your charms, your herbs?
Your deep read scholar, spells, and magick rites?
Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be
My own physician, and upon myself
Practise a desperate cure.

Montr. Do not condemn me,
Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard
I'll undertake it. What means have you practis'd
To quench this hellish fire?

Mal. All I could think on,
But to no purpose; and yet sometimes absence
Does yield a kind of intermission to
The fury of the fit.

Montr.

Mont. See her no more then.

Mal. 'Tis my last refuge, and 'twas my intent
And still 'tis, to desire your help.

Mont. Command it.

Mal. Thus then, you have fore of which you are
The absolute lord, whither I pray you bear her:
And that the sight of her may not again
Nourish those flames, which I feel something less'n'd,
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you,
And by a solemn oath you shall confirm it,
That tho' my now calm'd passions should rage higher
Than ever heretofore, and so stampel me
Once more to wish to see her; tho' I use
Persuasions mix'd with threatnings; nay add to it,
That I this failing should wish hands held up thus
Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with my tears,
Prayers or curses, vows or imprecations;
Only to look upon her tho' at a distance,
You still must be obdurate.

Mont. If it be
Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmov'd, I will endeavour.

Mal. You must swear to be
Inexorable, as you would prevent
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.

Mont. Well, I will obey you.
But how the governor will be answer'd, yet,
And 'tis material, is not considered.

Mal. Leave that to me. I'll presently give order
How you shall surprize her; be not frighted with
Her exclamations.

Mont. Be you constant to
Your resolution, I will not fail
In what concerns my part.

Mal. Be ever blessed for't.

{*Exeunt.*

Act. IV. Scen. II.

Enter Beaufort jun. Chamont, Lansur.

Cham. NOT to be spoke with, say you?
Beauf. jun. No.

Lan. Nor you.
 Admitted to have conference with her?

Beauf. jun. Neither.
 His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude
 Dwells round about 'em, no access allow'd
 To friend or enemy, but——

Cham. Nay be not mov'd, fir,
 Let his passion work, and like a hot-rein'd hor.
 'Twill quickly tire itself.

Beauf. jun. Or in his death,
 Which for her sake till now I have forborn,
 I will revenge the injury he hath done
 To my true and lawful love.

Lan. How does your father
 The governor relish it?

Beauf. jun. Troth he never had
 Affection to the match: yet in his pity
 To me, he's gone in person to his house;
 Nor will he be denied, and if he find not
 Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from him.
 In a kind he does not look for

Cham. In the mean time,
 Pray you, put on cheerful looks. *[Enter Montaigne.]*

Beauf. jun. Mine suit my fortune.

Lan. O! here's Montaigne.

Mont. I never could have met you
 More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest
 By my relation: but if you will look on
 The malcontent Belgard, newly rigg'd up,
 With the train that follows him, 'twill be an object
 Worthy of your noting.

Beauf.

Beauf. jun. Look you the comedy
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell
Upon yourself.

Mont. I'll hazard that; observe now.

Wences. Nay, captain, glorious captain!

*Enter Belgard in a gallant habit; stays at the door
with his sword drawn; several voices within.*

Belg. Fall back, rascals,
Do you make an owl of me? this day I will
Receive no more petitions,
Here are bills of all occasions, and all fizes!
If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would I were
Again in my buff-jerkin, or my armour,
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors noses,
And not a dog mark'd me, every officer shun'd me,
And not one lousy prison would receive me;
But now, as the ballad says, I am turn'd gallant,
There does not live that thing I owe a fouse to,
But does torment me. A faithful cobbler told me
With his awl in his hand, I was behind hand with him
For setting me upright, and bid me look to myself.
A sempstress too that traded but in socks,
Swore she would set a serjeant on my back
For a borrowed shirt: my pay, and the benevolence
The governor and the states bestowed upon me,
The city-cormorants, my money-mongers,
Have swallow'd down already; they were fums,
I grant, but that I should be such a fool
Against my oath, being a cashier'd captain,
To pay debts, tho' grown up to one and twenty,
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgment,
Than a shop-keeper or a lawyer that lends money
In a long dead vacation.

Mont. How do you like
His meditation?

Cham. Peace, let him proceed.

Belg. I cannot go on the score for shame;
And where shall I begin to pawn? Ay marry,
That is consider'd timely. I paid for
This train of your's, dame Estridge, fourteen crowns,
And

And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass
 For a tavern reckoning, unless it be
 To save the charge of painting, nail'd on a post
 For the sign of the feathers. Pox upon the fashion,
 That a captain cannot think himself a captain,
 If he wear not this like a fore-horse, yet it is not
 Staple commodity, these are perfunctory
 Of the Roman wash, and yet a stale red hairing
 Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head less :
 And this is Venice gold, would I had it again
 In French crowns in my pocket. O you commanders,
 That, like me, have no dead pay, nor cast-crown
 The commissary at a muster, let me stand
 For an example to you, as you would :
 Enjoy your privileges : *videlicet*,
 To pay your debts, and take your livery grain ;
 To have your issue warm'd by others' fires ;
 To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no forfeit
 To the poor, but when you share with one another,
 With all your other choice immunities :
 Only of this I seriously advise you,
 Let courtiers trip like courtiers,
 And your lords of dirt and dang-hills note
 Their woods and acres, in velvets, fustians, tiffures,
 But keep you constant to cloth and shamois.

Mont. Have you heard of such a penitent homily ?

Belg. I am studying now

Where I shall hide myself till the rumor of
 My wealth and bravery vanish: let me see,
 There's a kind of vaulting house not far off,
 Where I us'd to spend my afternoons, among
 Suburb she-gamesters ; and yet, now I think on't,
 I have crack'd a ring or two there, which they made
 Others to solder, no. —

Enter a Bawd and two Wenches, with two children.

1. *Wench.* O, have we spy'd you ?

Bawd. Upon him without ceremony, now's the time
 While he is in the paying vein.

2. *Wench.* Save you, brave captain.

Beauf.

Beauf. jun. 'Slight; how he stares! they are worse than she-wolves to him.

Belg. Shame me not in the streets, I was coming to you.

1. *Wench.* O fir, you may in publick pay for the selling You had in private.

2. *Wench.* We hear you are full of crowns, fir.

1. *Wench.* And therefore knowing you are open-handed,

Before all be destroyed, I'll put you in mind, fir,
Of your young heir here.

2. *Wench.* Here's a second, fir,
That looks for a child's portion.

Bawd. There are reckonings
For muscadine and eggs too, must be thought on.

1. *Wench.* We have not been hasty, fir.

Bawd. But staid your leisure;
But now you are ripe and loaden with fruit.

2. *Wench.* 'Tis fit you should be pull'd; here's a boy, fir,

Pray you kiss him, 'tis your own, fir.

1. *Wench.* Nay, buss this first,
It hath just your eyes, and such a promising nose,
That if the sign deceive me not, in time
'Twill prove a notable striker, like his father.

Belg. And yet you laid it to another.

1. *Wench.* True,
While you were poor, and it was policy;
But she that has variety of fathers,
And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,
Ne'er studied Aristotle's problems.

Lan. A smart quean.

Belg. Why, brachs, will you worry me?

2. *Wench.* No, but ease you
Of your golden burden, the heavy carriage may
Bring you to a sweating sickness.

Belg. Very likely,
I foam all o'er already.

1. *Wench.* Will you come off, fir?

Belg!

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Belg. Would I had ne'er come on: hear me with
 patience,
 Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me,
 And do not vex me farther: by my sins,
 And your diseases, which are certain truths,
 Whate'er you think, I am not master at
 This instant of a livre.

2. *Wench.* What! and in
 Such a glorious suit?

Belg. The liker, wretched things,
 To have no money.

Bawd. You may pawn your clothes, fir.

1. *Wench.* Will you see your issue starve?

2. *Wench.* Or the mothers beg?

Belg. Why, you unconscionable strumpets, would you
 have me

Transform my hat to double clouts and biggins?

My corselet to a cradle? or my belt

To swaddle-bands? or turn my cloak to blankets?

Or to sell my sword and spurs for soap and candles?

Have you no mercy? what a chargeable devil

We carry in our breeches?

Beauf. jun. Now 'tis time
 To fetch him off.

Enter Beaufort senior.

Mont. Your father does it for us.

Bawd. The governor!

Beauf. sen. What are these?

1. *Wench.* And it like your lordship,
 Very poor spinsters.

Bawd. I am his nurse and laundress.

Belg. You have nurs'd and launder'd me! hell take
 you for it.

Vanish.

Chor. Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.

1. *Wench.* 'Tis our best course.

2. *Wench.* We'll find a time to fit him.

[*Exit Bawd and Whores.*]

Beauf. sen. Why in this heat, Belgard?

Belg. You are the cause of't.

Beauf.

Beauf. sen. Who, I?

Belg. Yes, your pied livery, and your gold
Draw these vexations on me; pray you strip me,
And let me be as I was: I will not lose
The pleasures and the freedom which I had
In my certain poverty, for all the wealth
Fair France is proud of.

Beauf. sen. We at better leisure
Will learn the cause of this.

Beauf. jun. What answer, sir,
From the admiral?

Beauf. sen. None; his daughter is remov'd
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself
In person fled, but where, is not discover'd:
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me
Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice,
The power of our great master is condemn'd,
The sacred laws of God and man profan'd,
And if I sit down with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgment: draw up all the troops,
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare
From fear, or from connivance, others ill,
Though not in act, assist them in their will. [*Exeunt.*]



Act. V. Scen, 1.

Montreville, Theocrine, Servants.

Mont. **B**ind them, and gag their mouths sure, I alone
Will be your convoy.

1. *Wom.* Madam.

2. *Wom.* Dearest lady.

Pag. Let me fight for my mistress,

Serv.

Serv. 'Tis in vain,
Little cockerell of the kind.

Mont. Away with them,
And do as I command you.

[*Exeunt Servants;*

Theo. Montrevile,

Page, Woman.

You are my father's friend, nay, more a soldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawful war you had surpriz'd
A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure,
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate,
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to,
Is such an insolence.

Mont. How her heart beats!
Much like a partridge in a spar-hawk's foot,
That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot flee from!—Sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you
But love and service.

Theo. They came never cloath'd
In force and outrage: Upon what assurance
(Rememb'ring only that my father lives,
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace)
Have you presum'd to hurry me from this house,
And as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty and attendance
Of my poor servants?

Mont. Let not that afflict you,
You shall not want observance, I will be
Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection.

Theo. In what kind?

Mont. As you have a dear young Beaufoit's.

Theo. How?

Mont. So, lady;
Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke
Too heavy for your tender neck, so:

Enjoy.

Enjoy you as a private friend, or mistress,
'Twill be sufficient.

Theo. Blessed angels guard me!
What frontless impudence is this? What devil
Hath to thy certain ruin tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joys, submission nor repentance
Shall expiate this foul intent.

Mont. Intent?
'Tis more, I'll make it act.

Theoc. Ribald, thou darest not,
And if (with a fever to thy soul)
Thou but consider that I have a father,
And such a father, as when this arrives at
His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the hour in which lust taught thee
To nourish these base hopes: and 'tis my wonder
Thou darest forget how tender he is of me,
And that each shadow of wrong done to me
Will raise in him a tempest not to be
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this when I see him;

Mont. As thou shalt never.

Theoc. Wilt thou murder me?

Mont. No, no, 'tis otherwise determin'd, fool.
The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be useful to him, does himself
The injury: Know, thou most wretched creature,
That father thou presum'st upon, that father,
That when I sought thee in a noble way,
Deny'd thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match from his excess of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious most unnatural lust,
That now he fears his furious desires
May force him to do that he shakes to think on.

Theoc. O me most wretched!

Mont. Never hope again
To blast him with those eyes; their golden beams
Are unto him arrows of death and hell,

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But unto me divine artillery.
And therefore since what I so long in vain
Pursu'd, is offer'd to me, and by him
Given up to my possession : do not flatter
Thyself with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,
And make use of my fortune ; as we walk
I'll tell thee more.

Theoc. I will not stir.

Montr. I'll force thee.

Theoc. Help ! help !

Montr. In vain.

Theoc. In me my brother's blood
Is punish'd at the height.

Montr. The coach there.

Theoc. Dear sir.

Montr. Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me ;
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,
And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure. [*Exit.*]



Act. V. Scen. 2.

Enter Malefort, solus.

Malef. **I** Have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret
Mine own could not contain ; and my industry
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,
Out of false hopes of freedom to myself,
Is in the little help it yields me, punish'd.
She's absent, but I have her figure here,
And every grace, and rarity about her,
Are, by the pencil of my memory,
In living colours painted on my heart.
My fires too, a short-interim clos'd up,
Break out with greater fury. Why was I,

Since

Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declin'd,
 In this so tender-conscienc'd? say I had
 Injoy'd what I desir'd, what had it been
 But incest? and there's something here that tells me,
 I stand accountable for greater sins,
 I never check'd at: neither had the crime
 Wanted a president. I have read in story,
 Those first great hero's that for their brave deeds
 Were in the world's first infancy stil'd gods,
 Freely enjoy'd what I deny'd myself.
 Old Saturn, in the golden age, embraced
 His sister Ops, and in the same degree
 The Thunderer Juno, Neptune Thetis, and
 By their example, after the first deluge,
 Deucalion Pirrha. Universal nature,
 As every day 'tis evident, allows it
 To creatures of all kinds. The gallant horse
 Covers the mare to which he was the fire:
 The bird, with fertile seed gives new encrease
 To her that hatch'd him. Why should envious man then
 Brand that close act, which adds proximity
 To what's most near him, with the abhorred title
 Of incest? or our later laws forbid
 What by the first was granted? Let old men
 That are not capable of these delights,
 And solemn superstitious fools prescribe
 Rules to themselves, I will not curb my freedom,
 But constantly go on, with this assurance,
 I but walk in a path which greater men
 Have trod before me.—Ha, this is the fort.

Open the gate. Within there. [*Enter two soldiers with*

1. *Sold.* With your pardon, *muskets.*

We must forbid you entrance.

Mal. Do you know me?

2. *Sold.* Perfectly, my lord.

Mal. I am this captain's friend.

1. *Sold.* It may be so; but 'till we know his pleasure
 You must excuse us.

2. *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with
 Your waiting here.

Mont.

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Mont. Waiting! slave, he was ever
By me commanded.

1. *Sold.* As we are by him.

Mont. So punctual! pray you then in my name intreat
His presence.

2. *Sold.* That we shall do.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Mal. I must use

Some strange persuasions to work him to
Deliver her, and to forget the vows,
And horrid oaths I in my madness made him.
Talk to the contrary, and may I get her
Once more in my possession, I will bear her
Into some close cave, or desert, where we'll end
Our lusts and lives together.

Enter Montrevile and soldiers.

Mont. Fail not, on
The forfeit of your lives, to execute
What I commanded.

Mal. Montrevile, how is't friend?

Mont. I am glad to see you wear such cheerful looks;
The world's well alter'd.

Mal. Yes, I thank my stars;
But methinks thou art troubled.

Mont. Some light cross,
But of no moment.

Mal. So I hope: beware
Of sad and impious thoughts, you know how far
They wrought on me.

Mont. No such come near me, sir.
I have like you no daughter, and much wish
You never had been curs'd with one.

Ma. Who, I?
Thou art deceiv'd, I am most happy in her.

Mont. I am glad to hear it.

Mal. My incestuous fires
Towards her are quite burnt out, I love her now
As a father, and no farther.

Mont. Fix there then
Your constant peace, and do not try a second
Temptation from her.

Mal.

Mal. Yes, friend, though she were
By millions of degrees more excellent
In her perfections; nay, tho' she could borrow
A form angelical to take my frailty,
It would not do: and therefore, Montrevile
(My chief delight next her) I come to tell thee,
The governor and I are reconcil'd,
And I confirm'd, and with all possible speed,
To make large satisfaction to young Beaufort,
And her whom I have so much wrong'd; and for
Thy trouble in her custody, of which
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be
At thy devotion.

Montr. You promise fairly,
Nor doubt I the performance; yet I would not
Hereafter be reported, to have been
The principal occasion of your falling
Into a relapse: or but suppose out of
The easiness of my nature, and assurance
You are firm, and can hold out, I could consent;
You needs must know there are so many lets
That make against it, that it is my wonder
You offer me the motion, having bound me
With oaths and imprecations, on no terms,
Reasons, or arguments, you could propose,
I ever should admit you to her sight,
Much less restore her to you.

Male. Are we soldiers, and stand on oaths?

Montr. 'Tis beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping
Our words, much more our vows.

Malef. Heaven pardon all.

How many thousands in our heat of wine,
Quarrels and play, and in our younger days
(In private, I may say) between ourselves
In points of love, have we to answer for,
Should we be scrupulous that way!

Montr. You say well,
And very aptly call to memory

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Two oaths against all ties and rights of friendship
Broken by you to me.

Malef. No more of that.

Montr. Yes, 'tis material, and to the purpose :
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought you
As a visitant to my mistress, then the mother
Of this same daughter, whom, with dreadful words,
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply,
For my sake, never to attempt; yet then,
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own,
I know not with what arts, philtres, and charms,
(Unless in wealth and fame you were above me)
You won her from me, and her grant obtain'd,
A marriage with the second waited on
The burial of the first, (that to the world
Brought your dead son) this I fate tamely down by,
Wanting, indeed, occasion and power
To be at the height revenged..

Malef. Yet this you seem'd
Freely to pardon.

Montr. As perhaps I did.
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceas'd) and fit for marriage,
I was a suitor for her, had your word
Upon your honour, and our friendship made
Authentic, and ratified with an oath,
She should be mine; but vows with you being like
To your religion, a nose of wax,
To be turn'd every way, that very day
The governor's son but making his approaches
Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition
For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand
In which you wrote your full consent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd since,
You bear a register in your own bosom
That can at large inform you.

Malef. Montrevile,
I do confess all that you charge me with
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge,

That

That though your goodness made me mine own judge,
I should not shew the least compassion,
Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet
My foulness taint your pureness, or my fallhood
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith.
My ills, if not return'd by you, will add
Lustre to your much good, and to o'ercome
With noble sufferance, will express your strength,
And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too,
My black deeds being only known to you,
And in surrend'ring up my daughter, buried:
You not alone make me your slave (for I,
At no part, do deserve the name of friend)
But in your own breast raise a monument
Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice
You may express all cruelty.

Mont. You much move me.

Mal. O that I could but hope it! to revenge
An injury is proper to the wishes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,
Peculiar to Princesses. See these knees,
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,
To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this
That may speak my submission? Or can pride,
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)
Desire a feast of more humility
To kill her growing appetite?

Mont. I requir'd not

To be fought to this poor way, yet 'tis so far
A kind of satisfaction, that I will
Dispense a little with those serious oaths:
You made me take: your daughter shall come to you,
I will not say as you deliver'd her,
But as she is, you may dispose of her
As you shall think most requisite. [*Exit Montrevile.*]

Mal. His last words are riddles to me.
Here the lion's force
Would have prov'd useless, and against my nature
Compell'd me, from the crocodile, to borrow

Her counterfeit tears ; there's now no turning backward,
 May I but quench these fires that rage within me,
 And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it.

2. *Sold.* You must be packing.

[The soldiers thrust forth Theocrine, her garments loose, her hair dishevel'd.]

Theo. Hath he robb'd me of
 Mine honour, and denies me now a room
 To hide my shame ?

2. *Sold.* My lord the admiral
 Attends your ladyship.

1. *Sold.* Close the port, and leave 'em. *[Exit soldiers.]*

Mal. Ha ! who is this ? how alter'd ! how deform'd !
 It cannot be. And yet this creature has
 A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,
 My Theocrine ! but as different
 From that she was, as bodies dead are in
 Their best perfections, from what they were
 When they had life and motion.

Theo. 'Tis most true, fir,
 I am dead, indeed, to all but misery.
 O come not near me, fir, I am infectious,
 To look on me at a distance is as dangerous,
 As from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire,
 With giddy eyes to view the steep descent ;
 But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin.
 O, fir.

Mal. Speak, Theocrine, force me not
 To farther question, my fears already
 Have choak'd my vital spirits.

Theo. Pray you turn away
 Your face and hear me, and with my last breath
 Give me leave to accuse you. What offence
 From my first infancy did I commit,
 That for a punishment you should give up
 My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard
 Of goatish Montrevile ?

Mal. What hath he done ?

Theo. Abus'd me, fir, by violence, and this told,
 I cannot live to speak more : may the cause

In you find pardon; but the speeding curse
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on him :
Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever. [*She dies.*

Malef. Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate spirit,
'Tis fled already, how the innocent
As in a gentle slumber pass away !
But to cut off the knotty thread of life
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
To use her sharp knife often. I would help
The edge of her's with the sharp point of mine,
But that I dare not die, 'till I have rent
This dog's heart piecemeal. O that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were cannons
To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring
The villain in the reach of my good sword,
The Turkish empire, offer'd for his ransom,
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,
And through them reach his soul ! Libidinous monster,
Foul ravisher, as thou durst do a deed
Which forc'd the sun to hide his glorious face
Behind a sable masque of clouds, appear,
And as a man defend it, or like me
Shew some compunction for it.

[*Montrevile above, the curtain suddenly drawn.*

Montr. Ha, ha, ha.

Malef. Is this an object to raise mirth ?

Montr. Yes, yes.

Malef. My daughter's dead.

Montr. Thou hadst best follow her,

Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou shouldst have led the way. Do, tear thy hair
Like a village nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thy self,
And in an equal balance poise the nothing,
Or little mischief I have done, compar'd
With the ponderous weight of thine, and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me ? Mine was a rape,
And she being in a kind contracted to me,

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The fact may challenge some qualification :
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,
And done, had caus'd an earthquake.

1. *Sold.* Captain, [*A soldier above.*]

Montr. Ha.

2. *Sold.* Our out-works are surpriz'd, the centinel slain,
The corps-du-guard defeated too.

Montr. By-whom ?

1. *Sold.* The sudden storm and darkness of the night
Forbids the knowledge ; make up speedily,
Or all is lost.

Montr. In the devil's name, whence comes this !

Mal. Do, do, rage on ; rend open, Æolus, [*They descend.*
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once [*A storm.*]

Thy stormy issue. Blust'ring Boreas,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest.
Through the vast region of the air, like that
I feel within me : for I am possess'd

With whirl-winds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadful hurricane ; although this center
Labour to bring forth earthquake, and hell open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head. Ha ; is't fancy ?

*Enter the ghost of young Malefort, naked from the waist,
full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a lady, her
face leprous.*

Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I
Dare stand the trial ? yes, I do, and now
I view these apparitions ; I feel
I once did know the substances. For what come you ?
Are you aerial forms depriv'd of language,
And so deny'd to tell me, that by signs
You bid me ask here of myself ? 'tis so,

[*The ghosts use several gestures.*]

And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to launce my fear'd-up conscience ? yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,

That

That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forg'd
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you. I do confess it ;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee, and that
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)
That forc'd thee to shake off thy filial duty
To me thy father, had its spring and source
From thy impatience to know thy mother,
That with all duty, and obedience serv'd me
(For now with horror I acknowledge it.)

[Answer'd still by signs.]

Remov'd unjustly: yet thou being my son,
Were't not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd. 'Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt?
Or can repentance save me? They are vanish'd. *[Exeunt*
What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate *ghosts.]*
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
Or if those stars, cross to me in my birth,
Had not deny'd their prosperous influence to it
With peace of conscience like to innocent men,
I might have ceas'd to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being.

[He's kill'd with a flash of lightning.]

Enter Belgard with soldiers.

Belg. Here is a night

To season my silks! Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee,
Thou hast endur'd many foul nights, but never
One like to this. How fine my feather looks now!
Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen
And hid in the sink; and yet't had been dishonour
To have charg'd me without it.--Wilt thou never cease?
Is the petarde, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis?

Another Sold. It hath been attempted
By divers, but in vain.

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Belg. These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poor I
Hardly allow'd to follow. Marry, in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence : I much thank
Their manners, or their fear. Second me, soldiers,
They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, 'tis but blowing up, and fetching,
A caper or two in the air ; and I will do it,
Rather than blow my nails here.

Sold. O brave captain ! [*Exeunt*]

An alarm, noise and cries within, a flourish.

*Enter Beaufort sen. Beaufort jun. Montaigne, Chamont,
Lanour, Belgard, Montrevile, Soldiers.*

Montr. Racks cannot force more from me than I have
Already told you. I expect no favour,
I have cast up my accompt.

Beauf. sen. Take you the charge
Of the fort, Belgard, your dangers have deserv'd it.

Belg. I thank your excellence, this will keep me safe yet
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.

Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weep,
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.

Montr. Her father too lies breathless here, I think,
Struck dead with thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparent : how
His carcase smells !

Lan. His face is alter'd to
Another colour.

Beauf. jun. But here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd down heaven's anger.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vain to mourn
For what's past help. We will refer, bad man,
Your sentence to the king : may we make use of
This great example, and learn from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above
To punish murder, and unlawful love, [*Exeunt omnes*]

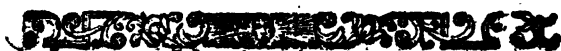
T H E



THE
P I C T U R E.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written

By *PHILIP MASSINGER*.





Dramatis Personæ:

With the Actors Names which originally play'd it.

L <i>Adislaus</i> , king of Hungary,	<i>Robert Benfield.</i>
<i>Eubulus</i> , an old counsellor,	<i>John Lewin.</i>
<i>Ferdinand</i> , general of the army,	<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
<i>Matthias</i> , a knight of Bohemia,	<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>
<i>Ubaldo</i> , } two wild courtiers, {	<i>Thomas Pollard.</i>
<i>Ricardo</i> , }	<i>Eylardt Swanstone.</i>
<i>Hilario</i> , servant to <i>Sophia</i> ,	<i>John Shanucks.</i>
<i>Julio Baptista</i> , a great scholar,	<i>William Pen.</i>
<i>Honoria</i> , the queen,	<i>John Tomson.</i>
<i>Acanthe</i> , a maid of honour,	<i>Alexander Goffe.</i>
<i>Sophia</i> , wife to <i>Matthias</i> ,	<i>John Hunnicman.</i>
<i>Corisca</i> , <i>Sophia</i> 's woman,	<i>William Trigge.</i>

Six Masquers.

Six Servants to the queen:

Attendants.



- T H E



THE PICTURE.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

*Enter Mathias in armour, Sophia in a riding suit, Corisca,
Hilario, with other servants.*

Mat.  SINCE we must part, Sophia, to pass
farther
Is not alone impertinent, but dan-
gerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish
camp

Above five leagues, and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,
May fall upon us? Be now, as thy name
Truly interpreted hath ever spoke thee,
Wife, and discreet, and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

Q 5

Soph.

Soph. You put me, fir,
To the utmost trial of it.

Mat. Nay, no melting,
Since the necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you in birth were far above me,
And great men, my superiors, rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal :
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the publick voice
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour;
Such airy tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our demesns are, and what's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, fir,
I have all abundance.

Mat. For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you ;
You have been an obedient wife, a right one ;
And to my power, tho' short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoyed the sweets of love, and tho'
Not to satisfy, or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed, want breeds dissension
Even in good women.

Soph. Have you found in me, fir,
Any distaste, or sign of discontent
For want of what's superfluous ?

Mat. No, Sophia ;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action as a factor,

To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and show 'em in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing musick, the same age
Not to be nam'd with thee, should so outshine thee.
In jewels and variety of wardrobes;
While you (to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compar'd are of no value) wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am so rich, or
In your opinion so, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Mari. Why? I should be censur'd
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments. Therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family,
And our poor fortunes, and from these command
Obedience to you as to myself:
To the utmost of what's mine live plentifully;
And e'er the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword, I hope, I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless.
Go when you please, sir: eyes, I charge you waste not:
One drop of sorrow, look you hoard all up
Till in my widowed bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t'invoke you at our parting; 'twere
To personate devotion. My soul
Shall go along with you, and when you are
Circl'd with death and horror, seek and find you;
And then I will not leave a saint unsu'd to.

For your protection. To tell you what
 I will do in your absence, would shew poorly;
 My actions shall speak me; 'twere to doubt you,
 To beg I may hear from you where you are;
 You cannot live obscure, nor shall one pass
 By night, or day, pass unexamined by me.
 If I dwell long upon your lips, consider
 After this feast the griping fast that follows,
 And it will be excusable; pray turn from me,
 All that I can is spoken. [Exit Sophia.

Mat. Follow your mistress.

Forbear your wishes for me, let me find 'em
 At my return in your prompt will to serve her.

Hil. For my part, sir, I will grow lean with study
 To make her merry.

Cor. Tho' you are my lord,
 Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
 I may take my leave; your hand, or if you please
 To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy;
 But stand a tiptoe for't.

Mat. O! farewell, girl.

Hil. A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

Cor. 'Twas my fee;

Love, how he melts! I cannot blame my lady's
 Unwillingness to part with such marmalade lips.
 There will be scrambling for 'em in the camp;
 And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now
 I were his leager laundress, I would find
 Sope of mine own, enough to wash his linen,
 Or I would strain hard for't.

Hil. How the mammet twitters!
 Come, come, my lady stays for us.

Cor. Would I had been
 Her ladyship the last night.

Hil. No more of that, wench. [Exit Hilarie.

Mat. I am strangely troubled: yet why should I
 nourish

A fury here, and with imagin'd food,
 Having no real grounds on which to raise
 A building of suspicion, she was ever

Or can be false hereafter! I in this
But foolishly enquire the knowledge of
A future sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase
Tho' with my loss of being. I have already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,
One deeply read in nature's hidden secrets,
And tho' with much unwillingness, have won him
To do as much as art can, to resolve me
My fate that follows—to my wish, he's come. [*Enter*
Julio Baptista, now I may affirm *Baptista*,
Your promise and performance walk together;
And therefore, without circumstance, to the point:
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made trial of my love some other way.

Math. Nay, this is from the purpose.

Bapt. If you can
Proportion your desire to any mean,
I do pronounce you happy: I have found
By certain rules of art your matchless wife
Is to this present hour from all pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason therefore
You should fix here, and make no farther search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O Baptista!

'Tis not in me to master so my passions;
I must know farther, or you have made good
But half your promise. While my love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my presence was
A watch upon her, her desires being met too
With equal ardor from me, what one proof
Could she give of her constancy being untempted?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women
Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she
The absolute disposer of herself,
Without controul or curb; nay more, invited

By

By opportunity and all strong temptations,
If then she hold out —

Bapt. As no doubt she will.

Matb. Those doubts must be made certainties, *Baptista*,

By your assurance, or your boasted art
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle.
And play with my affliction ! I am on.
The rack till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, Mathias,
I am no God, nor can I dive into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are ;
That is deny'd to art, and kept conceal'd
Even from the devils themselves : they can but guess,
Out of long observation, what is likely,
But positively to foretell that this should be,
You may conclude impossible ; all I can
I will do for you when you are distant from her :
A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her ;
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on,

Matb. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little model of Sophia,
With more than human skill limb'd to the life ;
Each line and lineament of it in the drawing,
So punctually observ'd, that, had it motion,
In so much 'twere herself.

Mat. It is indeed
An admirable piece ; but if it have not
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me ?

Bapt. I'll instruct you.
Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious eyes peruse it : while it keeps,
The figure it now has intire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in fact
But unattempted ; but if once it vary
From the true form, and what's now white and red
Incline to yellow, rest most confident

She's

She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd.
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
The fort, by composition or surprize,
Is forc'd, or with her free consent surrender'd.

Mat. How much you have engag'd me for this favour,
The service of my whole life shall made good.

Bapt. We will not part so; I'll along with you,
And it is needful with the rising sun
The armies meet, yet e'er the fight begin,
In spite of opposition I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,
And near his person.

Mat. As my better angel
You shall direct and guide me.

Bapt. As we ride
I'll tell you more.

Mat. In all things I'll obey you.

[*Exeunt*]

Act. I. Scen. 2.

Enter Ubaldo and Ricardo.

Ric. **W**HEN came the post?

Ubal. The last night.

Ric. From the camp?

Ubal. Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and sign'd
By the general Ferdinand.

Ric. Nay, then sans question
It is of moment.

Ubal. It concerns the lives
Of two great armies.

Ric. Was it chearfully
Receiv'd by the king?

Ubal. Yes, for being assur'd
The armies were in view of one another,
Having proclaim'd a publick fast and prayer
For the good success, he dispatch'd a gentleman

of

Of his privy chamber to the general,
 With absolute authority from him
 To try the fortune of a day.

Ric. No doubt then
 The general will come on and fight it bravely.
 Heaven prosper him ; this military art
 I grant to be the noblest of professions,
 And yet (I thank my stars for't) I was never
 Inclined to learn it, since this bubble honour,
 (Which is indeed the nothing soldiers fight for,
 With the loss of limbs or life) is in my judgment
 Too dear a purchase.

Ubal. Give me our court-warfare ;
 The danger is not great in the encounter
 Of a fair mistress.

Ric. Fair and found together
 Do very well, *Ubaldo*. But such are
 With difficulty to be found out, and when you know
 Their value, priz'd too high. By thy own report
 Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and since that
 Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader
 I th' street, with certain danger to thy pocket,
 To the great lady in her cabinet,
 That spent upon thee more in cullisea,
 To strengthen thy weak back, than would maintain
 Twelve Flander's mares, and as many running horses ;
 Besides apothecaries and chirurgeon's bills,
 Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.

Ubal. You talk, *Ricardo*, as if yet you were
 A novice in those mysteries.

Ric. By no means ;
 My doctor can assure the contrary,
 I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,
 As he that is a gamester, and plays often,
 Must sometimes be a loser.

Ubal. Wherefore then
 Do you envy me ?

Ric. It grows not from my want,
 Nor thy abundance, but being as I am

The likelier man, and of much more experience,
My good parts are my curies : there's no beauty
But yields e'er it be summon'd ; and as nature
Hath sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I have made my market :
Society elys me : as I live, I would part with
Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,
To find that only phoenix in my search
That could hold out against me.

Ubal. Be not wrapp'd so :
You may spare that labour, as she is a woman,
What think you of the queen ?

Ric. I dare not aim at
The petticoat royal ; that is still excepted :
Yet were she not my king's, being the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my neck to a halter. But we talk of
Impossibilities ; as she hath a beauty
Would make old Nestor young, such majesty
Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it,
As would fright Paris, tho' the queen of love
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

Ubal. Have you observ'd
The gravity of her language mix'd with sweetness ?

Ric. Then, at what distance she reserves herself
When the king himself makes his approaches to her ?

Ubal. As she were still a virgin, and his life
But one continued wooing.

Ric. She well knows
Her worth, and values it.

Ubal. And so far the king is
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.

Ric. All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her ; the loud noise of war
Cannot awake him.

Ubal. At this very instant,
When both his life and crown are at the stake,
He only studies her content, and when

She's

Forgetting his own greatness, he attends
For her employments. She prepares to speak,
What oracles shall we hear now?

Hen. That you please, sir,
With such assurances of love and favour
To grace your handmaid, bat in being your's, sir,
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,
Binds me in retribution to deserve
The grace conferr'd upon me.

Lad. You transcend
In all things excellent, and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself
From absolute command, 'surrend'ring up
My will and faculties to your dispose:
And here I vow, not for a day or year,
But my whole life, which I wish long, to serve you:
That whatsoever I in justice may
Exact from these my subjects, you from me
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,
In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,
Thus I will pay my homage.

Hen. O forbear, sir,
Let not my lips envy my robe: on them
Print your allegiance often. I desire
No other fealty.

Lad. Gracious sovereign,
Boundless in bounty!

Eub. Is not here fine fooling?
He's questionless bewitch'd. Would I were gelt,
So that would disenchant him. Tho' I forfeit
My life for it, I must speak.—By your good leave, sir,
I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,
Having no power. You are like me, a subject,
Her more than serene majesty being present.
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Having depos'd yourself, to keep your hat on,
And not stand bare as we do, being no king,
But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen-ashers,
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd,

He

He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge
The privilege of his bonnet.

Lad. Do not tempt me.

Eub. Tempt you, in what? in following your example?

If you are angry, question me hereafter,
As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,
On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign;
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her dignity, and desire a boon
From her more than magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.

Nay, be not mov'd, for our mirth sake let us hear him.

Eub. 'Tis but to ask a question: Have you ne'er read
The story of Semiramis and Ninus?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eub. I will then instruct you,
And 'tis to the purpose. This Ninus was a king,
And such an impotent loving king as this was,
But now he's none. This Ninus (pray you observe me)
Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife,
(I must confess, there the comparison holds not,
You are a king's daughter, yet, under your correction,
Like her, a woman) this Assyrian monarch
(Of whom this is a pattern) to express
His love and service, seated her, as you are,
In his regal throne, and bound by oath his nobles,
Forgetting all allegiance to himself,
One day to be her subjects, and to put
In execution whatever she
Pleas'd to impose upon 'em. Pray you command him
To minister the like to us, and then
You shall hear what follow'd.

Lad. Well, sir, to your story.

Eub. You have no warrant, stand by; let me know
Your pleasure, goddesses.

Hon. Let this nod assure you.

Eub. Goddesses like, indeed; as I live, a pretty idol!
She knowing her power, wisely made use of it;
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance

Of what he had granted (as in reason, madam;
 You may do his) that he might never have
 Power to recall his grant, or question her
 For her short government, instantly gave order
 To have his head struck off.

Lad. Is't possible?

Eub. The story says so, and commends her wisdom
 For making use of her authority:
 And it is worth your imitation, madam,
 He loves subjection, and you are no queen,
 Unless you make him feel the weight of it.
 You are more than all the world to him, and that
 He may be foe to you, and not seek change,
 When his delights are fated, mew him up
 In some close prison, if you let him live,
 (Which is no policy) and there diet him
 As you think fit to feed your appetite,
 Since there ends his ambition.

Ubald. Devillish counsel.

Ric. The king's amaz'd.

Ubald. The queen appears too full
 Of deep imaginations, Eubulus
 Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now she seems resolved:
 I long to know the issue.

[*Honorïa descends.*]

Hon. Give me leave,
 Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing
 Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy
 Of your unequal'd graces show'r'd upon me,
 Hath in his fabulous story sawcily
 Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish
 One doubt, Honorïa dares abuse the power
 With which she is invest'd by your favour,
 Or that she ever can make use of it
 To the injury of you the great bestower,
 Takes from your judgment. It was your delight
 To seek to me with more obsequiousness,
 Than I desir'd; and stood it with my duty
 Not to receive what you were pleas'd to offer?
 I do but act the part you put upon me,

And

And though you make me personate a queen,
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royal sovereign.

Ricardo. Admirable!

Honoria. I have heard of captains taken more with
dangers

Than the rewards, and if in your approaches
To those delights which are your own, and freely
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me
Beyond my just proportion?

Ubaldo. Above wonder!

Lad. Heaven make me thankful for such goodness.

Hon. Now, sir,

The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,
I change to this humility; and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel.
And seat you in your own.

Lad. I am transported
Beyond myself.

Hon. And now to your wife lordship,
Am I prov'd a Semiramis? or hath
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent th' excess of favour to me,
Which you call dotage?

Lad. Answer, wretch.

Eub. I dare, sir,

And say, however the event may plead
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;
Nor was it wisdom in you (I repeat it)
To teach a lady, humble in herself,
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,
To be ambitious.

Hon. Eubulus, I am so,

'Tis rooted in me, you mistake my temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold

Command over my lord, such a proud torrent
Would sink me in my wishes; not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
And may with justice challenge.

Eub. This I look'd for;
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew
A gushing tide would follow.

Hon. By my birth,
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,
From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to majesty, in which I am
A sharer with your sovereign.

Eub. Good again!

Hon. And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appear so.

Lad. You need not fear a rival.

Hon. I hope not;
And till I find one, I disdain to know
What envy is.

Lad. You are above it, madam.

Hon. For beauty without art, discourse, and free
From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a king
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself.

Eub. As I
Blush for you, lady, trumpet not your own praise:
This spoken by the people had been heard
With honour to you; does the court afford
No oil-tongu'd parasite, that you are forc'd
To be your own gross flatterer?

Lad. Be dumb,
Thou spirit of contradiction.

Hon. The wolf
But barks against the moon, and I contemn it.
The masque you promis'd.

A horn. Enter a Post.

Lad. Let 'em enter, How!

Eub. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.

Lad. From the camp?

Post.

Post. The general, victorious in your fortune,
Kisses your hand in this, sir.

Lad. That great power,
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,
Be ever prais'd for't. Read, sweet, and partake it:
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss
Upon our part, in which our joy is doubl'd.

Eub. But let it not exalt you; bear it, sir,
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

Lad. I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now
Enquire particulars. Our delights deferr'd,
With reverence to the temples, there we'll tender
Our souls devotions to his dread might,
Who edg'd our swords, and taught us how to fight.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter Hilario and Corisca.

Hil. **Y**OU like my speech?

Cor. Yes, if you give it action
In the delivery.

Hil. If! I pity you.
I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first time,
Nor shall be I hope the last.

Cor. Nay, I think so too.

Hil. And if I put her not out of her dumps with
laughter,
I'll make her howl for anger.

Cor. Not too much
Of that, good fellow Hilario. Our sad lady
Hath drank too often of that bitter cup,
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience
Would she endure to hear of the death of my lord,
That meerly out of doubt he may miscarry
Afflicts herself thus?

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Hil.

Hil. Um; 'tis a question
 A widow only can resolve. There be some
 That in their husband's sickness have wept
 Their pottle of tears a day; but being once certain
 At midnight he was dead, have in the morning
 Dry'd up their handkerchiefs and thought no more on't.

Cor. Tush, she is none of that race; if her sorrow
 Be not true and perfect, I against my sex
 Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.
 She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,
 Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam
 Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;
 Eats little, and her nightly musick is
 Of sighs and groans, tun'd to such harmony
 Of feeling grief, that I against my nature
 Am made one of the comfort. This hour only
 She takes the air, a custom every day
 She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes
 From some that pass by to receive assurance
 Of our success, and safety of her lord.
 Now, if your device will take——

Hil. Ne'er fear it:
 I am provided cap-a-pie, and have
 My properties in readiness.

Sophia within. Bring my veil, there.

Cor. Be gone, I hear her coming.

Hil. If I do not
 Appear, and what's more, appear perfect, hiss me. [*Exit*
Enter Sophia. [*Hil.*

Sophia. I was flatter'd once I was a star, but now
 Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and like one
 Hang in the air between my hopes and fears,
 And every hour the little stuff burnt out,
 That yields a waning light to dying comfort,
 I do expect my fall and certain ruin.
 In wretched things more wretched is delay,
 And hope, a parasite to ræ, being unmask'd,
 Appears more horrid than despair, and my
 Distraction worse than madness. E'en my prayers
 When with most zeal sent upwards, are pull'd down,
 With

With strong imaginary doubts and fears,
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.
Dreams and fantastick visions walk the round
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber
Broken with loud alarms: can these be then
But sad presages, girls?

Cor. You make 'em so,
And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you.
Such pure affection, such mutual love,
A bed, and undefil'd on either part,
A house without contention, in two bodies
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,
Kissing each other, cannot be short-liv'd
Or end in barrenness: If all these, dear madam;
(Sweet in your sadness) should produce no fruit,
Or leave the age no models of yourselves,
To witness to posterity what you were,
Succeeding times, frighted with the example,
But hearing of your story, would instruct
Their fairest issue to meet sensually;
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise
True love, or Hymen altars.

Sophia. O Corisca!
I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes,
And they are built upon a weak foundation,
To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,
Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord
Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,
In his dear care of me. And if his life
Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,
His tenderness of me (knowing how much
I languish for his absence) had provided
Some trusty friend from whom I might receive
Assurance of his safety.

Cor. Ill news, madam,
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on crutches:
With patience expect it, and e'er long,
No doubt, you shall hear from him.

A sallow-gelder's horn blown: A post.

Sophia. Ha! what's that?

Cor. The fool has got a few-gelder's horn,
As I take it, madam.

Sophia. It makes this way still,
Nearer and nearer.

Cor. From the camp, I hope.

*Enter Hilario, with long white hair and beard, in an
antick armour, one with a horn before him.*

Sophia. The messenger appears, and in strange armour,
Heaven, if it be thy will!

Hil. It is no boot

To strive, our horses tir'd let's walk on foot,
And that the castle which is very near us,
To give us entertainment may soon hear us.
Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-a,
Ask for a lady which is cleap'd Sophia.

Cor. He names you, madam.

Hil. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,
By name Mathias.

Sophia. From my lord? O fir!
I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.
So may Mars favour you in all your battles,
As you with speed unload me of the burden
I labour under, till I am confirm'd
Both where and how you left him.

Hil. If thou art,
As I believe, the pigs-ney of his heart,
Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee,
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Sophia. Have you no letters from him?

Hil. No more words,
In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords.
Yet as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth
I will proclaim his deeds from north to south.
But tremble not while I relate the wonder,
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voice
thunder.

Sophia. This is some counterfeit bragart.

Cor. Hear him, madam.

Hil. The rear march'd first, which follow'd by the
van,

And wing'd with the battalia, no man
Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself;
Yet e'er the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,
Thy dear, my dainty duckling, bold Mathias,
Advanc'd, and star'd like Hercules or Goliath.
A hundred thousand Turks (is is no vaunt)
Assail'd him; every one a termagaunt:
But what did he then? with his keen-edge spear
He cut and carbonado'd 'em: here and there
Lay legs and arms, and as 'tis said truly
Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

Sophia. This is ridiculous.

Hil. I must take breath,
Then, like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.

Sophia. His death!

Hil. I am out.

Cor. Recover, dunder-head.

Hil. How he escap'd I should have sung, not dy'd;
For, tho' a knight, when I said so I ly'd.
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,
And looking round for some courageous knight
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,
He call'd to me, help! help, Hilario!
My valiant servant, help.

Cor. He has spoil'd all.

Sophia. Are you the man of arms then? I'll make
bold

To take off your martial beard; you had fool's hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,
In such an antick fashion? Am I grown
Contemptible to those I feed? you, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears,
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.

Cor. We did it for your mirth.

Hil. For myself, I hope,
I have spoke like a soldier.

Sophia. Hence, you rascal.

I never but with reverence name my lord,
And can I hear it by thy tongue profan'd
And not correct thy folly? But you are
Transform'd, and turn'd knight errant; take your course
And wander where you please, for here I vow
By my lord's life (an oath I will not break)
Till his return, or certainty of his safety,
My doors are shut against thee. [Exit Sophia.]

Cor. You have made

A fine piece of work on't: how do you like the quality?
You had a foolish itch to be an actor,
And may stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my share?

Cor. No, certainly, I fear I have already
Too much of mine own: I'll only as a damsel
(As the books say) thus far help to disarm you,
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,
I leave you to your fortune. [Exit Corisca.]

Hil. Have I sweat

My brains out for this quaint and rare invention;
And am I thus rewarded? I could turn
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no meat
To pacify Colon. What will become of me?

I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not:

My end must be to stand in a corn-field.

And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese,

Or find some hollow-tree in the highway,

And there until my lord return sell switches.

No more Hilario, but Dolorio now.

I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose

To move compassion; and so I vanish.

[Exit Hilario.]

Act.

ACT. II. SCEN. 2.

Enter Eubulus, Ubaldo, Ricardo, and others.

Eub. ARE the gentlemen sent before, as it was order'd

By the king's direction, to entertain
The general?

Ric. Long since; they by this have met him,
And giv'n him the bienvenue.

Eub. I hope I need not
Instruct you in your parts.

Ubal. How! us, my lord?
Fear not; we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch, where we are to salute him.

Ric. The state were miserable if the court had none
Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs.
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain or France,
With form and punctuality to receive
Stranger ambassadors. For the general,
He's a mere native, and it matters not
Which way we do accost him.

Ubal. 'Tis great pity
That such as fit at the helm provide no better
For the training up of the gentry. In my judgment
An academy erected, with large pensions
To such as in a table could set down
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to every nation——

Ric. O, it were
An admirable piece of work.

Ubal. And yet rich fools
Throw away their charity on hospitals
For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study
The due regard to compliment and courtship,
Matters of more import, and are indeed
The glories of a monarchy.

Eub. These, no doubt,
 Are state-points, gallants, I confess; but sure,
 Our court needs no aids this way, ~~since~~ it is
 A school of nothing else. There are some of you,
 Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads
 Are the mint of all new fashions, that have done
 More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery,
 Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,
 Or a famine; all the treasure by
 This foul excess is got into the merchants,
 Embroiderers, silkmens, jewellers, ~~taylor's~~ hands,
 And the third part of the land too; the nobility
 Ingrossing titles only.

Ric. My lord, you are bitter.

Enter a servant. [A trumpet.

Serv. The general is alighted, and now enter'd.

Ric. Were he ten generals, I am prepar'd,
 And know what I will do.

Eub. Pray you what, Ricard?

Ric. I'll fight at compliment with him.

Ubal. I'll charge home too. [well.

Eub. And that's a desperate service if you come off

Enter Ferdinand, Matthias, Baptista, two captains.

Ferd. Captain, command the officers to keep
 The soldier as he march'd in rank and file,
 Till they hear farther from me.

Eub. Here's one speaks
 In another key: this is no canting language
 Taught in your academy.

Ferd. Nay, I will present you
 To the king myself.

Matb. A grace beyond my merit.

Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set
 Too high a price on.

Eub. With a friend's true heart
 I gratulate your return.

Ferd. Next to the favour
 Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.

Ubal. By courtship, course on both sides.

Ferd. Pray you receive

This

This stranger to your knowledge, on my credit
At all parts he deserves it.

Eub. Your report
Is a strong assurance to me:—Sir, most welcome.

Matb. This said by you, the reverence of your age
Commands me to believe it.

Ric. This was pretty.
But second me now.—I cannot stoop too low
To do your excellence that due observance
Your fortune claims.

Eub. He ne'er thinks on his virtue.

Ric. For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,
And bulwark of Bellona.

Ubal. The protection
Both of the court and king.

Ric. And the sole minion
Of mighty Mars.

Ubal. One that with justice may
Increase the number of the worthies.

Eub. Hoyday!

Ric. It being impossible in my arms to circle
Such giant worth.

Ubal. At distance we presume
To kiss your honoured gauntlet.

Eub. What reply now
Can he make to this foppery?

Ferd. You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take time to thank you.

Eub. As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!

Ric. This was harsh and scurvy.

Ubal. We will be reveng'd
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.

Eub. Nay, do your offices, gentlemen, and conduct
The general to the presence.

Ric. Keep your order.

Ubal. Make way for the general.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Eubulum.*

Eub. What wise man,
 That with judicious eyes looks on a soldier,
 But must confess that fortune's swing is more
 O'er that profession, than all kinds else
 Of life pursu'd by man? they in a state
 Are but as chirurgeons to wounded men
 Even desperate in their hopes, while pain and anguish
 Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death:
 Their wives and children kiss the chirurgeon's knees;
 Promise him mountains, if his saving hand
 Restore the tortur'd wretch to former strength.
 But when grim death by Esculapius' art
 Is frighted from the house, and health appears
 In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,
 All is forgot, and asking his reward,
 He's pay'd with curses, often receives wounds
 From him whose wounds he cur'd; so soldiers,
 Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,
 As it is too apparent. I have observ'd
 In one hue,
 When horrid Mars, the touch of whose rough hand
 With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on
 His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills
 The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,
 Resolves to revel; how the lords of her, like
 The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,
 (And such-like scarabs bred i'th' dung of peace)
 In hope of their protection, humbly offer
 Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their service,
 And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their scars:
 But when those clouds of war that menac'd
 A bloody deluge to th' affrighted state,
 Are by their breath dispers'd and over blown,
 And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
 Whip'd from the quiet continent to Thrace,
 Soldiers, that like the foolish hedge-sparrow,
 To their own ruin hatch this cuckow peace,
 Are straight thought burdensome, since want of means,
 Growing from want of action, breeds contempt,

And

And that the worst of ills falls to their lot,
Their service with the danger soon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The queen, my lord, hath made choice of this
room,
To see the masque.

Eub. I'll be looker on,
My dancing days are past.

Loud musick as they pass; a song in the praise of war;
Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladislaus, Ferdinando, Honoria,
Mathias, Silva, Acante, Baptista, and others.

Lad. This courtesy
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank
With all your rarities. After your travel
Look on our court delights; but first from your
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear
The musick of your war, which must be sweet,
Ending in victory.

Ferd. Not to trouble
Your majesties with description of a battle,
Too full of horror for the place, and to
Avoid particulars which I should deliver,
I must trench longer on your patience than
My manner will give way to; in a word, sir,
It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whose tents plum'd victory would take
Her glorious stand; impatient of delay,
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charg'd
Their main battalia, and with their assistance
Broke in; but when I was almost assur'd
That they were routed, by a stratagem
Of the subtil Turk, who opening his gross body,
And rallying up his troops on either side,
I found myself so far engag'd (for I
Must not conceal my errors) that I knew not
Which way with honour to come off.

Eub. I like
A general that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to ingross unto himself

All honour, as some have, in which with justice
They could not claim a share.

Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,
Their scymitars rag'd among us, and my horse
Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me: circl'd thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven
This man of men, with some choice horse that follow'd
His brave example, did pursue the tract
His sword cut for 'em, and but that I see him,
Already blush to hear what he being present
I know would with unspoken, I should say, sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of Hector.

Mat. General,
Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

Eub. Do not blush
To hear a truth; here are a pair of monsieurs,
Had they been in your place, would have run away
And ne'er chang'd countenance.

Ubal. We have your good word still.

Eub. And shall while you deserve it.

Lad. Silence, on.

Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful lightning thrown
From Jupiter's shield, dispers'd the armed gyre
With which I was environ'd, horse and man
Shrunk under his strong arm: more with his looks
Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encourag'd,
My soldiers (like young eaglets preying under
The wings of their fierce dam) as if from him
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspir'd
With treble courage; and such as fled before,
Boldly made head again: and to confirm 'em,
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours. Each soldier and commander
Perform'd his part; but this was the great wheel
By which the lesser mov'd, and all rewards
And signs of honour, as the civic garland,

The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,
With the general's sword and armour (the old honours
With which the Romans crown their several leaders)
To him alone are proper:

Lad. And they shall.

Deservedly fall on him. Sit, 'tis our pleasure.

Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.

Hon. You are a stranger,

But in your service for the king, a native.

And though a free queen, I am bound in duty

To cherish virtue wherefoe'er I find it :

This place is your's.

Mat. It were presumption in me
To sit so near you.

Hon. Not having our warrant.

Lad. Let the masquers enter : by the preparation;

'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation.

Of what you really perform in battle ;

And Pallas bound up in a little volume,

Apollo with his lute attending on her, [Song and dance.
Serve for the induction.

Enter two Boys, one with his lute, the other like Pallas.

A song in the praise of soldiers, especially being victorious ; the song ended, the king goes on.

S O N G by Pallas.

Though we contemplate to express

The glory of your happiness,

That by your powerful arm have been

So true a victor, that no sin

Could ever taint you with a blame

To lessen your deserved fame.

Or though we contend to set.

Your worth in the full height, or get

Celestial fingers (crown'd with bays

With flourishes to dress your praise :)

You know your conquest, but your story

Lives in your triumphant glory.

Lad.

For your life hazarded in the late action ;
 And that you may follow her great example
 In cherishing valour without limit, ask
 What you from us can wish.

Mat. If it be true,
 Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,
 Where he is well, is to a valiant man
 His natural country ; reason may assure me
 I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,
 From you, the spring, like rivers flow unto me.
 If wealth were my ambition, by the queen
 I am made rich already, to the amazement
 Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
 The story of her bounty ; if to spend
 The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,
 No region is more fertile of good knights,
 From whom my knowledge that way may be better'd,
 Than this your warlike Hungary ; if favour,
 Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,
 Far, far beyond my merit, I may make
 In your's a free election : but alas ! sir,
 I am not mine own, but by my destiny
 (Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer
 My country's smoak before the glorious fire
 With which your bounties warm me. All I ask, sir,
 Tho' I cannot be ignorant it must relish
 Of foul ingratitude, is, your gracious licence
 For my departure.

Lad. Whither ?

Mat. To my own home, sir,
 My own poor home : which will at my return
 Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here
 But a body without a soul, and till I find it
 In the embraces of my constant wife, and to set off that
 constancy
 In her beauty and matchless excellencies, without a rival,
 I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then
 So chaste and fair as you infer ?

Mat.

Mat. O, Madam,
 Tho' it must argue weakness in a rich man
 To show his gold before an armed thief,
 And I in praising of my wife, but feed
 The fire of lust in others to attempt her;
 Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,
 Tho' in my absence she were now besieg'd
 By a strong army of lascivious wooers,
 And every one more expert in his art,
 Than those that tempted chaste Penelope;
 Tho' they rais'd batteries by prodigal gifts,
 By amorous letters, vows made for her service,
 With all the engines wanton appetite
 Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,
 Here, here is my assurance she holds out, *[Kisses the picture.]*
 And is impregnable.

Hon. What's that?

Mat. Her fair figure.

Lad. And as I live an excellent face!

Hon. You have seen a better.

Lad. I ever except your's; nay frown not, sweetest;
 The Cyprian queen compar'd to you, in my
 Opinion, is a negroe: as you order'd,
 I'll see the soldiers paid, and in my absence
 Pray you use your powerful arguments to stay
 This gentleman in our service.

Hon. I will do
 My part.

Lad. On to the camp.

*[Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista,
 Captains.]*

Hon. I am full of thoughts.
 And something there is here I must give form to,
 Tho' yet an embryo.—You, signiors,
 Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,
 You are for other warfare; quit the place,
 But be within call.

Ric. Employment on my life, boy.

Ub. If it lie in our road, we are made for ever.

[Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo.]
Hon.

Hon. You may perceive the king is no way tainted
With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me
Thus private with you.

Mat. It were in him, madam,
A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,
Tho' I were an Adonis.

Hon. I presume
He neither does, nor dares : and yet the story
Delivered of you by the general,
With your heroick courage (which sinks deeply
Into a knowing woman's heart) besides
Your promising presence, might beget some scruple
In a meaner man : but more of this hereafter ;
I'll take another theme now, and conjure you
By the honours you have won, and by the love
Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.

Mat. You need not use
Charms to this purpose, madam.

Hon. Tell me then,
Being yourself assur'd 'tis not in man
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness
Of your wife's honour, if you have not since
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,
Play'd false with her.

Mat. By the hopes of mercy, never.

Hon. It may be, not frequenting the converse
Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your faith's untried yet.

Mat. Surely, madam,
I am no woman-hater, I have been
Received to the society of the best
And fairest of our climate, and have met with
No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The least heat that way.

Hon. Strange ! and do you think still
The earth can show no beauty that can drench
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour
You now bear to your own ?

Mat.

Mat. Nature must find out
Some other mould to fashion a new creature
Fairer than her Pandora, e'er I prove
Guilty or in my wishes, or my thoughts,
To my Sophia.

Hon. Sir, consider better ;
Not one in our whole sex ?

Mat. I am constant to
My resolution.

Hon. But dare you stand
The opposition, and bind yourself
By oath for the performance ?

Mat. My faith else
Had but a weak foundation.

Hon. I take hold
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay
For one month here——

Mat. I am caught.

Hon. And if I do not
Produce a lady in that time that shall
Make you confess your error, I submit
Myself to any penalty you shall please
To impose upon me : in the mean space write
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your fortune ;
The jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation, I'll provide you
Of trusty messengers: but how far distant is she ?

Mat. A day's hard riding.

Hon. There's no retiring,
I'll bind you to your word.

Mat. Well, since there is
No way to shun it, I'll stand the hazard,
And instantly make ready my dispatch :
Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [Exit Matthias.

Hon. How I burst
With envy, that there lives besides myself
One fair and loyal woman ! 'twas the end
Of my ambition, to be recorded
The only wonder of the age, and shall I
Give way to a competitor ? nay more,

To add to my affliction, the assurances
 That I plac'd in my beauty have deceiv'd me.
 I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
 All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger,
 Unmov'd as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
 Sit down so with my honour, I will gain
 A double victory, by working him
 To my desire, and taint her in her honour,
 Or lose myself. I have read, that sometime poison
 Is useful: to supplant her, I'll employ
 With any cost, *Ubaldo* and *Ricardo*,
 Two noted courtiers, of approved cunning
 In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;
 And in corrupting him I will outgo
 Nero's Poppæa: if he shut his ears
 Against my Siren notes, I'll boldly swear
 Ulysses lives again, or that I have found
 A frozen Cynic, cold in spite of all
 Allurements, one, whom beauty cannot move,
 Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [*Exit. Bell.*
The end of the second Act.



Act. III. Scen. 3.

Enter Hilaria.

Hil. **T**Hin, thin provision! I am dieted
 Like one set to watch hawks; and to keep
 me waking,
 My croaking guts make a perpetual 'larm.
 Here I stand centinel, and tho' I fright
 Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have
 A greater share, I and my commons mend not.
 I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,
 And there appear'd a fish call'd a Poor John,
 Cut with a lenten face in my own likeness,

And

And it seem'd to speak, and say, goodmorrow cousin.
No man comes this way but has a sling at me.
A chirurgeon passing by ask'd, at what rate
would sell myself? I answered, for what use?
To make, said he, a living anatomy,
And set thee up in our hall, for thou art transparent
Without dissection: and indeed he had reason;
For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.
They say that hunger dwells in the camp, but till
My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,
He will not part with me—but sorrow's dry,
And I must drink howsoever.

Guide. That is her castle,

[*Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo, and Guide.*

Upon my certain knowledge.

Ubaldo. Our horses held out

To my desire: I am a fire to be at it.

Ric. Take the jades for thy reward; before I part
hence,

I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet.

So, leave us now.

Guide. Good fortune to you, gallants. [*Exit Guide.*

Ubal. Being joint agents, in a design of trust too
For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,
Let us proceed with judgment:

Ric. If I take not

This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch,
So I may have precedence.

Ubal. On no terms.

We are both to play one prize. He that works best
In the searching this mine, shall carry it
Without contention.

Ric. Make you your approaches

As I directed.

Ub. I need no instruction,

I work not on your anvil; I'll give fire
With my own limstock, if the powder be dank,
The devil take the touch-hole. Who have we here?
What skeleton's this?

Ric.

Ric. A ghost! or the image of famine!
Where dost thou dwell?

Hil. Dwell sir? my dwelling is
I'th' high-way: that goodly house was once
My habitation, but I am banished,
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive
Of the good knight Mathias.

Ric. If that will
Restore thee, thou art safe.

Ubal. We come from him
With presents to his lady.

Hil. But are you sure
He's in health?

Ric. Never so well; conduct us
To the lady.

Hil. Tho' a poor snake, I will leap
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitches, break;
And wallet, late my cup-board, I bequeath thee
To the next begger; thou red herring, swim
To the red-sea again. Methinks I am already
Knuckle deep in the flesh-pots, and tho' waking, dream
Of wine and plenty.

Ric. What's the mystery
Of this strange passion?

Hil. My belly, gentlemen,
Will not give me leave to tell you; when I have brought
you
To my lady's presence I am disenchant'd,
There you shall know. All follow, if I outstrip you,
Know I run for my belly.

Ubal. A mad fellow.

[*Exeunt*]

Act. III.

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Enter Sophia and Corisca.

Soph. **D**O not again delude me.

Cor. If I do, fend me a grafing with my fellow Hilario.

I stood as you commanded in the turret,
Observing all that pass'd by, and even now
I did discern a pair of cavaliers,
For such their outside spoke them, with their guide,
Dismounting from their horses; they said something
To our hungry centinel, that made him caper
And frisk i'th'air for joy; and to confirm this
See, madam, they are in view.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.

Hil. News from my lord!

Tidings of joy! these are no counterfeits,
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs;
I have had a long fast of it.

Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.

Hil. O comfortable words! eat, I forgive thee.

And if in this I do not soon obey you,
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again
T' the high-way. Butler and cook be ready,
For I enter like a tyrant.

[*Exit Hilario.*]

Ubal. Since mine eyes

Were never happy in so sweet an object,
Without injury, I presume you are
The lady of the house, and so salute you.

Ric. This letter, with these jewels from your lord,
Warrant my boldness, madam.

Ubal. In being a servant

To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve
This courtesy from a stranger.

Ric. You are still

Before hand with me. Pretty one, I descend

To take the height of your lip, and if I miss
In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,
I will make use of my Jacob's staff.

[Sophia having in the interim read the letter, and open'd the casket.]

Cor. These gentlemen

Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears
By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the lips
At the first sight.

Soph. Heaven, in thy mercy make me
Thy thankful handmaid, for this boundless blessing
In thy goodness shower'd upon me.

Ubal. I do not like
This simple devotion in her, it is seldom
Practis'd among my mistresses.

Ric. Or mine:

Would they kneel to I know not who, for the possession
Of such inestimable wealth, before
They thank'd the bringers of it? The poor lady
Does want instruction; but I'll be her tutor,
And read her another lesson.

Soph. If I have
Shown want of manners, gentlemen, in my slowness
To pay the thanks I owe you for your travel
To do my lord and me (however unworthy
Of such a benefit) this noble favour,
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubal. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And how'er it may
Increase th'offence to trouble you with more
Demands touching my lord, before I have
Invited you to taste, such as the coarseness
Of my poor house can offer, pray you connive
On my weak tenderness, tho' I intreat
To learn from you something he hath it may be
In his letter left unmention'd.

Ric.

Ric. I can only
Give you assurance that he is in health,
Gra'd by the king and queen.

Ubal. And in the court
With admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore
Put off these widows garments, and appear
Like to yourself.

Ubal. And entertain all pleasures
Your fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other
Particular privacies, which on occasion
I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me
To your service ever.

Ric. Good! your service, mark that.

Soph. In the mean time, by your good acceptance,
make

My rustick entertainment relish of
The curiousest of the court.

Ubal. Your looks, sweet madam,
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Soph. It shall be
Such in the freedom of my will to please you.
I'll show you the way; this is too great an honour
From such brave guests to me so mean an hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

Act. III. Scen. 3.

Enter Acante, two, four, or five with vizards.

Acan. **Y**OU know your charge, give it action, and
expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1. *Viz.* If we but eye 'em,
They are ours I warrant you.

2. May we not ask why
We are put upon this?

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Q

Acan.

Acan. Let that stop your mouth,
And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the hour
In which they use to walk here; when you have 'em
In your power, with violence carry them to the place
Where I appointed, there I will expect you;
Be bold, and careful. [*Exit Acantho.*]

Enter Marthiat and Baptista.

1. *Viz.* These are they.

2. *Viz.* Are you sure?

1. *Viz.* Am I sure I am myself?

2. *Viz.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but means
To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't.
Take all advantages.

Mat. I cannot guess
What her intents are, but her carriage was
As I but now related.

Baptista. Your assurance
In the constancy of your lady is the armour
That must defend you: where's the picture?

Mat. Here,
And no way alter'd.

Bap. If she be not perfect,
There is no truth in art.

Mat. By this I hope
She hath receiv'd my letters.

Bap. Without question:
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.

Mat. Lend me your ear,
One piece of her entertainment will require
Your dearest privacy

1. *Viz.* Now they stand fair,
Upon 'em.

Mat. Villains!

1. *Viz.* Stop their mouths; we come not
To try your valours: kill him if he offer
To open his mouth—We have you, 'tis in vain
To make resistance—mount 'em and away. [*Exeunt.*]

Act. III. Scene. 4.

Enter Servants with lights, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus.

Lad. 'TIS late, go to your rest, but do not envy
The happiness I draw near to.

Eub. If you enjoy it
The moderate way, the sport yields, I confess,
A pretty titillation, but too much of't
Will bring you on your knees. In my younger days
I was myself a gamester, and I found
By a sad experience, there is no such soker
As a young spongy wife; she keeps a thousand
Horse-leaches in her box, and the thieves will suck out
Both blood and marrow: I feel a kind of cramp
In my joints when I think on't; but it may be queens,
And such a queen as your's is, has the art.

Ferd. You take leave
To talk, my lord.

Lad. He may, since he can do nothing.

Eub. If you spend this way too much of your royal stock,
E'er long we may be puefellows.

Lad. The door shut!
Knock gently, harder. So, here comes her woman,
Take off my gown.

Enter, Acanthe.

Acan. My lord, the queen by me
This night desires your pardon.

Lad. How, Acanthe!
I come by her appointment, 'twas her grant,
The motion was her own.

Acan. It may be, sir,
But by her doctors since she is advis'd
For her health sake to forbear.

Eub. I do not like
This physical lechery, the old downright way
Is worth a thousand of't.

Lad. Prythee, Ancanthe,
Mediate for me.

Eub. O the fiends of hell !
Would any man bribe his servant to make way
To his own wife? if this be the court state,
Shame fall on such as use it.

Acan. By this jewel,
This night I dare not move her, but to-morrow
I will watch all occasion.

Lad. Take this
To be mindful of me [Exit Acanthe]

Eub. 'Slight, I thought a king
Might have took up any woman at the king's price;
And must he buy his own at a dearer rate
Than a stranger in a brothel?

Lad. What is that
You mutter, sir?

Eub. No treason to your honour.
I'll speak it out, tho' it anger you: if you pay for
Your lawful pleasure, in some kind, great sir
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket
Without a fee, or when she has a suit for you to grant?

Ferd. O hold, sir.

Lad. Off with his head.

Eub. Do when you please, you but blow out a taper
That would light your understanding, and in case of t
Is burnt down to the socket: be as you are, sir,
An absolute monarch; it did show more kinglike
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow
Unto their ravenous lusts, and did admit
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,
That slave yourself to th' imperious humour
Of a proud beauty.

Lad. Out of my sight.

Eub. I will, sir,
Give way to your furious passion; but when reason
Hath got the better of it, I much hope
The counsel that offends now, will deserve
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind

Stay

Stay with you, fir.—I do begin to doubt
There's something more in the queen's strangeness, than
Is yet disclosed, and I'll find it out,
Or lose myself in the search. [Exit Eub.]

Ferd. Sure he's honest,
And from your infancy hath truly serv'd you,
Let that plead for him, and impute this harshness
To the frowardness of his age.

Lad. I am much troubled,
And do begin to stagger: Ferdinand, goodnight;
To-morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings. [Exeunt.]

Act. III. Scen. 5.

Enter Acanthe, the Vizarded servants, Mathias, Baptista.

Acanth. **Y**OU have done bravely: lock this in that
room.

There let him ruminate, I'll anon unhood him. [They carry off Bap.]
The other must stay here; as soon as I
Have quit the place, give him the liberty
And use of his eyes; that done, disperse yourselves
As privately as you can; but, on your lives,
No word of what hath pass'd. [Exit Acanthe.]

Mat. If I do, sell
My tongue to a strumpet.—Come, unbind his arms;
You are now at your own dispose, and however
We us'd you roughly, I hope you will find here
Such entertainment, as will give you cause
To thank us for the service, and so I leave you.
[Exeunt Servants.]

Mat. If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one;
What OEdipus can resolve this riddle? Ha! I
I never gave just cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life.—But what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More than myself.

Acan. Remove that idle fear,
He's safe as you are.

Mat. Whoso'er thou art,
 For him I thank thee: I cannot imagine
 Where I should be, tho' I have read the tale,
 Of errant knight-hood, stuff'd with the relations
 Of magical enchantments, yet I am not
 So foolishly credulous to believe the devil
 Hath that way power. Ha! musick!

Musick above, a song of pleasure:

*The blushing rose and purple flower,
 Let grow too long are soonest blighted.
 Dainty fruits, tho' sweet, will sooner
 And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
 Yet here is one more sweet than these,
 The more you taste, the more she'll please.*

*Beauty tho' inclos'd with ice,
 Is a shadow chase as rare,
 Then how much these sweets cure,
 That have issue full as fair.
 Earth cannot yield from all her powers
 One equal for dame Heaut's bowers.*

A song too! certainly he it he; or she
 That owns this voice, it hath not been acquainted
 With much affliction: Whoso'er you are
 That do inhabit here, if you have bodies
 And are not mere aerial forms, appear,

Enter Heautia.
 And make me know your end with me. *Mat. sings.*
 What have I conjur'd up? Sure if this be
 A spirit, 'tis no damn'd one; what a shape's here?
 Then with what majesty it moves! If I
 Were now to keep her state among the gods,
 And Hercules to be made again her guest,
 She could not put on a more glorious habit
 Tho' her handmaid Iris lent her various colours,
 Or could Oceanus, wash'd from the deep
 All jewels shipwreck'd on it: As you have

Thus:

Thus far made known yourself, if that your face
Have not too much divinity about it.
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun with wonder, and amazement:
To my astonish'd senses. How! the queen!

[Kneels, she pulls off her masque.]

Hon. Rise, sir, and hear my reasons in defence
Of the rape, for so you may conceive, which I
By instruments made upon you. You perhaps
May think, what you have suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practice with me; but I call
Those ever-shining lamps, and their great maker
As witnesses of my innocence, I ne'er look'd on.
A man but your best self, on whom I ever
(Except the king) vouchsaf'd an eye of favour.

Mat. The king indeed, and only such a king
Deserves your rarities, madam, and but he,
"Twere giant-like ambition in any
In his wishes only to presume to taste
The nectar of your kisses, or to feed
His appetite with that ambrosia, due
And proper to a prince, and what binds more,
A lawful husband: for myself, great queen,
I am a thing obscure, disfigure'd of
All merit, that can raise me higher than,
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,
To hazard my life for you, and that way
I am most ambitious.

Hon. I desire no more
Than what you promise; if you dare expose
Your life, as you profess, to do me service,
How can it better be employ'd, than in
Preserving mine? which only you can do,
And must do with the danger of your own.
A desperate danger too, if private men
Can brook no rivals in what they affect,
But to the death pursue such as invade.
What law makes their inheritance? The king;
To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,
His health, his eyes, his after-shoes, with all

His present blessings, must fall on that man
Like dreadful light'ning, that is won by prayers,
Threats, or rewards to stain his bed, or make
His hop'd-for issue doubtful.

Mat. If you aim
At what I more than fear you do, the reasons
Which you deliver should in judgment rather
Deter me, than invite a grant with my
Assured ruin.

Hon. True, if that you were
Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear,
In the most horrid forms they could put on,
Might teach you to be ingrateful, your denial
To me, that have deserv'd so much, is more,
If it can have addition.

Mat. I know not
What your commands are.

Hon. Have you fought so well
Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists
You are to enter when you are in private
With a willing lady? one, that to enjoy
Your company, this night deny'd the king
Access to what's his own, if you will press me
To speak in plainer language.

Mat. Pray you forbear,
I would I did not understand too much
Already; by your words I am instructed
To credit that, which not confirm'd by you,
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,
Tho' an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That cloy'd with happiness (which is ever built
On virtuous chastity) in the wantonness
Of appetite, you desire to make trial
Of the false delights propos'd by vicious lust:
Among ten thousand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your subjects, why should you
Make choice of me, a stranger?

Hon. Tho' yet reason
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,

I'll yield you one answerable. As I said.
In our late private conference, you have
A pretty promising presence, but there are
Many in limbs and feature who may take
That way the right hand file of you; besides
Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent
By wounds, tho' bravely taken, render you
Disabl'd for love's service; and that valour
Set off with better fortune, which it may be
Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook
That hath caught me, good sir: I need no champion
With his sword to guard my honour, or my beauty,
In both I can defend myself, and live
My own protection.

Math. If these advocates,
The best that can plead for me, have no power,
What can you find in me else, that may tempt you
With irrecoverable loss unto yourself
To be a gainer from me?

Hon. You have, sir.
A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre,
As does disdain comparison, and darkens
All that is rare in other men, and that
I must or win, or lessen.

Math. You heap more
Amazement on me: what am I possess'd of
That you can covet? make me understand it,
If it have a name.

Hon. Yes, an imagin'd one,
But is in substance nothing, being a garment
Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er
By the court and country; 'tis your loyalty,
And constancy to your wife, 'tis that I doat on,
And does deserve my envy; and that jewel,
Or by fair play, or foul, I must win from you.

Math. These are mere contraries; if you love me,
madam,

For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it?
In my keeping, it preserves me worth your favour.
Or if it be a jewel of that value,

As you with honour'd strength could persuade me,
What can you stake against it?

Hon. A queen's fame,
And equal honour.

Math. So, whoever wins,
Both shall be losers.

Hon. That is that I aim at :
Yet on the by I lay my youth, my beauty,
'This moist palm, this soft lip, and these delights
Darkness should only judge of: do you find 'em
Infectious in the trial, that you start
As frightened with their touch?

Math. Is it in man
'To resist such strong temptations?

Hon. He begins
To waver. [Aside.]

Math. Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this short night's deliberation to me,
And with the rising sun from me you shall
Receive full satisfaction.

Hon. Tho' extremes
Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing :
This key will bring you to your friend; you are safe both,
And all things useful that could be prepar'd
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take counsel of your pillow, such a fortune
(As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you)
Will not be often tender'd. [Exit Honour.]

Math. How my blood
Rebels! I now could call her back, and yet
There's something stays me: if the king had render'd
Such favour to my wife, 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refus'd; but being a man,
I should not yield first, or prove an example.
For her defence of frailty, by this same question
She's tempted too, and here I may examine [Looks at the picture.]
How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
Pure crystal rock of chastity, Perish all
Allurements that may alter me, the snow
Of her sweet coldness hath enring'd quite.

The

The fire that has even now begun to flame.
 And I by her confirm'd, rewards, nor titles,
 Nor certain death from the refused queen
 Shall shake my faith, since I resolve to be
 Loyal to her, as she is true to me. *[Exit Mathias.]*

ACTUS III. Scena 2.

Enter Ubalde and Rewards.

Ubal. **W**HAT we spoke on this volley begins to work,

We have laid a good foundation.

Rid. Build it up,

Or else 'tis nothing; you have by lot the honour
 Of the first assault; but as it is condition'd,
 Observe the time proportion'd: I'll not part with
 My share in the achievement, when I whistle
 Or hem, fall off.

Enter Sophia.

Ubal. She comes; stand by, I'll watch
 My opportunity.

Sophia. I find myself
 Strangely distracted with the various stories,
 Now well, now ill, then doubtfully by my guests
 Deliver'd of my lord: and like poor beggars,
 That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection
 Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable
 Whether they sleep or not; yet tickl'd with
 Such a fantastick hope of happiness,
 With they may never wake: in some such measure,
 Incredulous of what I see and touch,

As 'twere a fading apparition, I
 Am still perplex'd and troubled, and when most
 Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy
 To be assur'd by what means, and from whom
 Such a mass of wealth was first deriv'd, then gotten,

Cunningly steals into me. I have practis'd
 For my certain resolution with these courtiers,
 Promising private conference to either;
 And at this hour, if in search of the truth,
 I hear or say more than becomes my virtue,
 Forgive me, my Mathias.

Ubal. Now I make in.

Madam, as you commanded, I attended
 Your pleasure.

Sophia. I must thank you for the favour.

Ubal. I am no ghostly father, yet if you have
 Some scruples, touching your lord, you would be re-
 I am prepar'd. [sol'd of,

Sophia. But will you take your oath
 To answer truly?

Ubal. On the hem of your smock, if you please,
 A vow I dare not break, it being a book
 I would gladly swear on.

Sophia. To spare, sir, that trouble,
 I'll take your word, which in a gentleman
 Should be of equal value: Is my lord then
 In such grace with the queen?

Ubal. You should best know
 By what you have found from him, whether he can
 Deserve a grace or no.

Sophia. What grace do you mean?

Ubal. That special grace (if you'll have it)
 He labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets
 On his wedding-night,
 When your ladyship lost you know what.

Sophia. Fie, be more modest,
 Or I shall leave you.

Ubal. I would tell a truth
 As cleanly as I could; and yet the subject
 Makes me run out a little.

Sophia. You would put now
 A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord
 Hath gotten a new mistress.

Ubal. One! a hundred! But under seal I speak it; I presume

Upon

Upon your silence; it being for your profit.
 They talk of Hercules' back for fifty in a night;
 'Twas well; but yet to your's he was a piddler;
 Such a foldier, and a courtier never came
 To Alba regalis, the ladies run mad for him,
 And there is such contention among 'em
 Who shall engross him wholly, that the like
 Was never heard of.

Sophia. Are they handsome women?

Ubal. Fie, no, coarse mammetts, and what's worse,
 they are old too:

Some fifty, some threecore, and they pay dear for't,
 Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches,
 Will make 'em young again, and these suck shrewdly.

Ric. Sir, I must fetch you off.

[*Whistler.*]

Ubal. I could tell you wonders

Of the cures he has done, but a business of import
 Calls me away; but that dipatch'd I will
 Be with you presently.

[*Steps aside.*]

Sophia. There is something more
 In this than bare suspicion.

Ric. Save you, lady:

Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on
 A lady more compleat, yet have seen a madam
 Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff too;
 One just of your dimensions. Sat the wind there, boy?

Sophia. What lady, sir?

Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks
 I should know this ruby: very good; 'tis the same.
 This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,
 Have been worn before; but much good may they do you;
 Strength to the gentleman's back, he toil'd hard for 'em,
 Before he got 'em.

Sophia. Why, how were they gotten? [*Ubalde hints.*]

Ric. Not in the field with his sword, upon my life.
 He may thank his close stiletto. Plague upon it;
 Run the minutes so fast? Pray excuse my manners,
 I left a letter in my chamber window,
 Which I would not have seen on any terms; see on it,

[*Exit.*]

Forgetful as I am ; but I'll strait attend you.

[Ricardo steps aside]

Sophia. This is strange ; his letters said these jewels Presented him by the queen, as a reward [were] For his good service, and the trunks of clothes That follow'd them this last night, with haste made up By his direction.

Enter Ubaldo.

Ubal. I was telling you.
Of wonders, madam.

Sophia. If you are so skillful,
Without premeditation answer me,
Know you this gown, and these rich jewels ?

Ubal. Heaven !
How things will come out ! but that I should offend you,
And wrong my more than noble friend,
Your husband, for we are sworn brothers, in the disco-
Of his nearest secrets, I could— [very]

Sophia. By the hope of favour
That you have from me, out with it.

Ubal. 'Tis a potent spell,
I cannot resist ; why I will tell you, madam,
And to how many several women you are
Beholden for your braveries—this was
The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,
Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,
And left off trading.

Sophia. O my heart !

Ubal. This chain
Of pearl was a great widow's, that invited
Your lord to the masque, and the weather proving foul,
He lodg'd in her house all night, and merry they were ;
But how he came by it I know not.

Sophia. Perjur'd man !

Ubal. This ring was Julietta's ; a fine piece,
But very good at the sport. This diamond
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song,
Prick'd in a private harbour, as she said,
When the queen ask'd for it, and she heard him sing
And danc'd to his hornpipe, or there are liars abroad.

There

There are other toys about you
The same way purchas'd, but parallel'd:
With these not worth the relation.
You are happy in a husband; never man
Made better use of his strength. Would you have him
waste.

His body away for nothing? If he holds out,
There's not an embroider'd petticoat in the court
But shall be at your service.

Sophia. I commend him:
It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myself.

Ubal. You may command,
Your servant, madam. She's flung unto the quick, lady.

Ric. I did my part; if this potion work not, hang me;
Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow
We'll mount new batteries.

Ubal. And till then leave her. [*Ex, Ubal, and Ricardo.*]

Sophia. You powers, that take into your care the guard
Of innocence, aid me; for I am a creature
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy
A ransom to redeem me. I begin
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,
Whether the saints that were canoniz'd for
Their holiness of life, shan'd not in secret,
Since my Mathias is fal'n from his virtue
In such an open fashion. Could it be else,
That such a husband, so devoted to me,
So vow'd to temperance, for luscious hire,
Should prostitute himself to common harlots,
Old and deform'd too? Was't for this he left me?
And in a feign'd pretence for want of means
To give me ornament? or to bring home
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false,
And lustful goats, if he were true and right,
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,
And that the only reason why he left me?
No, he is lost; and shall I wear the spoils
And salaries of lust? They cleave unto me.
Like Nessus' poison'd shift. No, in my rage.

I'll tear 'em off, and from my body wash
 The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen
 Nor anger of a woman? Shall he build
 Upon my ruins, and I, unreveng'd;
 Deplore his falshood? No, with the same traitor
 For which he hath dishonour'd me, I'll purchase
 A just revenge. I am not yet so much
 In debt to years, nor so mishap'd, that all
 Should fly from my embraces. Chastity,
 Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee,
 I am now a servant to voluptuousness;
 Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome;
 You shall be entertain'd, and if I stray
 Let him condemn himself, that led the way. *Exit.*

The end of the third act.



Act. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Mathias and Baptista.

Bapt. **W**E are in a desperate strait; there's no evasion,
 Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding
 To the necessity; you must fain a grant
 To her violent passion, or——

Math. What, my Baptista?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the sword now heav'd up,
 And my neck upon the block, I would not buy
 An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue
 To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar
 Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear
 To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
 The many years that by the course of nature
 We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,
 And hold it as a blessing, as it is,

When

When innocence is our guide : yet know, Baptista,
 Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,
 By the great judge. To die untainted in
 Our fame and reputation, is the greatest ;
 And to lose that, can we desire to live ?
 Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure,
 Which soon comes to a period, to all times
 Have breach of faith and perjury remember'd
 In a still living epitaph ? No, Baptista,
 Since my Sophia will go to her grave
 Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her
 With equal loyalty ; but look on this,
 Your own great work, your master-piece, and then
 She being still the same, teach me to alter.
 Ha ! sure I do not sleep ! or, if I dream, [*The picture*
 This is a terrible vision ! I will clear *alter'd.*
 My eyesight, perhaps melancholy makes me
 See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't : besides the yellow,
 That does assure she's tempted, there are lines
 Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves
 O'er every miniature of her face, and those
 Confirm.

Math. She is turn'd whore.

Bapt. I must not say so.

Yet as a friend to truth, if you will have me
 Interpret it, in her consent and wishes
 She's false, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact ! Baptista,

Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,
 In labouring to palliate what a vizard
 Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman
 In her will decline from chastity, but found means
 To give her hot lust full scope ? It is more
 Impossible in nature for gross bodies
 Descending of themselves, to hang in the air,
 Or with my single arm to underprop
 A falling tower ; nay, in its violent course
 To stop the light'ning, than to stay a woman,

Hurried

Hurried by two furies, lust and falshood,
In her full career to wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you temper
The violence of your passion.

Math. In extreams
Of this condition, can it be in man
To use a moderation? I am thrown
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph.
Of misery, and find myself past hope,
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling; and this, the figure of
My idol few hours since, while she continued
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,
Staid manners, with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present
Nothing but horns and horror.

Bapt. You may yet,
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort
On your own goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me,
For now I hold my temperance a sin
Worse than excess, and what was vice a virtue.
Have I refus'd a queen, and such a queen
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had tempted
A hermit from his beads, and chang'd his prayers
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith
Inviolat to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torture, since she could inflict
No less for my contempt, and have I met
Such a return from thee? I will not curse thee,
Nor for thy falshood rail against the sex;
'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wise men
Whisper unto myself, however they seem,
Not present, nor past times, nor the age to come
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall
Produce one constant woman.

Bapt. This is more
Than the satyrists wrote against 'em.

Math.

Mat. There's no language
That can express the poison of these aspicks,
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against 'em. But I'll mould
My thoughts into another form, and if
She can out-live the report of what I have done,
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,
Shall be her executioner.

Enter Honoria.

Bapt. The queen, sir.

Hon. Wait our command at distance : sir, you have
Free liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know my manners,
And thank you for the favour.

[Exit Baptista]

Hon. Have you taken
Good rest in your new lodgings ? I expect now
Your resolute answer ; but advise maturely
Before I hear it.

Mat. Let my actions, madam,
For no words can relate my joy, in all
You can command with cheerfulness to serve you,
Assure your highness ; and in sign of my
Submission, and contrition for my error,
My lips, that but the last night shun'd the touch
Of your's as poison, taught humility now,
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour
For such an undeserver, seals my duty.
A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see then,
What now with adoration and wonder,
With reverence I look up to : but those fogs
Dispers'd and scatter'd by the powerful beams
With which your self, the sun of all perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness, like a suppliant
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
What you were pleas'd to tender.

Hon. This is more
Than I could hope ; what find you so attractive
Upon my face in so short time to make
This sudden metamorphosis ? pray you rise,

I for

I for your late neglect thus sign your pardon.
 Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers
 Coldly salute their sisters.

Mat. I am turn'd
 All spirit and fire.

Hon. Yet to give some allay
 To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember
 The king, whose eyes and ears are every where,
 With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Mat. Danger! a bugbear, madam, let's ride once
 Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,
 And I contemn Jove's thunder: though the king
 In our embraces stood a looker on,
 His hangmen too with studied cruelty ready
 To drag me from your arms, it should not fright me
 From the injoying that, a single life is
 Too poor a price for: O, that now all vigour
 Of my youth were recollected for an hour,
 That my desire might meet with your's, and draw
 The envy of all men in the encounter
 Upon my head, I should—but we lose time,
 Be gracious, mighty queen.

Hon. Pause yet a little:
 The bounties of the king, and what weighs more,
 Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,
 Should not soon be shaken.

Mat. The whole fabrick,
 When I but look on you, is in a moment
 O'erturn'd and ruin'd; and as rivers lose
 Their names, when they are swallow'd by the ocean,
 In you alone all faculties of my soul
 Are wholly taken up, my wife, and king
 At the best as things forgotten.

Hon. Can this be?
 I have gain'd my end now.

Mat. Wherefore stay you, madam?

Hon. In my consideration what a nothing
 Man's constancy is.

Mat. Your beauties make it so
 In me, sweet lady.

Hon.

Hon. And it is my glory :
 I could be ~~coy~~ now as you were, but I
 Am of a gentler temper ; howsoever,
 And in a just return of what I have suffer'd
 In your disdain, with the same measure grant me
 Equal deliberation : I ere long
 Will visit you again, and when I next
 Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait
 On my triumphant beauty. [Exit Honoria.]

Mat. What a change
 Is here beyond my fear ! but by thy falshood,
 Sophia, not her beauty, is it deny'd me
 To sin but in my wishes. What a frown
 In scorn at her departure she threw on me ?
 I am both ways lost ; storms of contempt and scorn
 Are ready to break on me, and all hope
 Of shelter doubtful : I can neither be
 Disloyal, nor yet honest ; I stand guilty
 On either part ; at worst death will end all,
 And he must be my judge to right my wrongs,
 Since I have lov'd too much and liv'd too long.
[Exit Matthias.]

Act. IV. Scen. 2.

Enter Sophia sola, with a book and a note.

Soph. **N**OR custom nor example, nor vast numbers
 Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
 For each particular crime a strict account
 Will be exacted ; and that comfort which
 The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
 Takes nothing from their torments ; every one
 Must suffer in himself the measure of
 His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
 It being unrefutable in reason,
 However my lord offend, it is no warrant
 For me to walk in his forbidden paths :

What penance then can expiate my guilt
 For my consent (transported then with passion)
 To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame
 Cannot recover his, and though I have fed
 These courtiers with promises and hopes,
 I am yet in fact untainted; and I trust,
 My sorrow for it, with my purity
 And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,
 Though all they have alledg'd prove true or false,
 Will be such exorcisms as shall command
 This fury jealousy from me: What I have
 Determin'd touching them, I am resolv'd
 To put in execution. Within there,
 Where are my noble guests?

Enter Hilario, Corisca, with other servants.

Hilario. The elder, madam,
 Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health
 In muscadine and eggs; and for a rasher
 To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pye
 Of marrow-bones, potatoes and eringo's,
 With many such ingredients; and 'tis said
 He hath sent his man in post to the next town,
 For a pound of ambergrise, and half a peck
 Of fifties call'd Cantharides.

Cor. The younger
 Prunes up himself, as if this night he were
 To act a bridegroom's part; but to what purpose,
 I am ignorance itself.

Seph. Continue so. *[gives a paper.]*
 Let these lodgings be prepared as this directs you,
 And fail not in a circumstance, as you
 Respect my favour.

1. *Servant.* We have our instructions.

2. *Servant.* And punctually will follow 'em.

[Exeunt servants.]

Enter Ubaldo.

Hil. Here comes, madam,
 The lord Ubaldo.

Ubaldo. Pretty one, there's gold
 To buy thee a new gown, and there's for thee,

Grow

Grow fat, and fit for service. I am now
As I should be, at the height, and able to
Beget a giant. O my better angel,
In this you show your wisdom, when you pay
The letcner in his own coin: shall you sit puling,
Like a patient Grizzle, and be laught at? no,
This is a fair revenge, shall we to it?

Soph. To what, sir?

Ubold. The sport you promis'd.

Soph. Could it be done with safety.

Ubold. I warrant you, I am sound as a bell, a tough
Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find me.
In the trial on your anvil.

Soph. So; but how, sir,
Shall I satisfy your friend; to whom by promise
I am equally engag'd?

Ubold. I must confess
The more the merrier; but of all men living
Take heed of him; you may safer run upon
The mouth of a cannon when it is unloading,
And come off colder.

Soph. How! is he not wholesome?

Ubold. Wholesome? I'll tell you for your good, he is
A spital of diseases, and indeed
More lothsome and infectious: the tub is
His weekly bath: he hath not drank this seven years
Before he came to your house, but compositions
Of sassafras and gsaicum, and dry mutton
His daily portion: name what scratch soever
Can be got by women, and the surgeons will resolve you
At this time or at that Ricardo had it.

Soph. Bless me from him.

Ubold. 'Tis a good prayer, lady,
It being a degree unto the pox
Only to mention him: if my tongue burn not, hang me,
When I but name Ricardo.

Soph. Sir, this caution
Must be rewarded.

Ubold. I hope I have marr'd his market.
But when?

Soph. Why presently, follow my woman,
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve
To night for a page. Let the waistcoat I appointed,
With the cambrick shirt persun'd, and the rich cap
Be brought into his chamber.

Ubal. Excellent lady!
And a caudle too in the morning.

Corisca. I will fit you. [*Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.*
Enter Ricardo.

Soph. So hot on the scent! here comes the other beagle,
Ricard. Take purse and all.

Hil. If this company would come often,
I should make a pretty term on't.

Soph. For your sake
I have put him off; he only beg'd a-kiss,
I gave it, and so parted.

Ricard. I hope better,
He did not touch your lips?

Soph. Yes, I assure you.
There was no danger in it?

Ricard. No; eat presently
These lozenges, of forty crowns an ounce,
Or you are undone.

Soph. What is the virtue of 'em?

Ricard. They are preservatives against stinking breath,
Rising from rotten lungs.

Soph. If so, your carriage
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,
May render your's suspected.

Ricard. Fy, no, I use 'em
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.
But I'll be free with you. He was once a creature
It may be of God's making, but long since
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and fall
Hold all the year with him; that he lives, he owes
To art not nature, she has given him o'er.
He moves like the fairy king, on screws and wheels
Made by his doctors recipes, and yet still
They are out of joint, and every day repairing:
He has a regiment of whores he keeps

At

At his own charge in a lazar-house ; but the best is,
There's not a nose among 'em : he's acquainted
With the green water, and the spitting pill's
Familiar to him. In a frosty morning
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot, his bones
Rattle in his skin like beans toss'd in a bladder.
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,
The friction with fumigation cannot save him
From the chfin-evil ; in a word, he is
Not one disease, but all : yet being my friend,
I will forbear his character, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.

Soph. The best is,
The virtues you bestow on him, to me,
Are mysteries I know not : but however
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care
T'uncloath the gentleman, and with speed ; delay
Takes from delight.

Ricard. Good, there's my hat, sword, cloak :
A vengeance on these buttons : off with my doublet,
I dare show my skin, in the touch you will like it better ;
Prythee cut my codpiece-point, and for this service
When I leave them off they are thine.

Hil. I'll take your word, sir.

Ricard. Dear lady, stay not long.

Soph. I may come too soon, sir.

Ricard. No, no, I am ready now.

Hil. This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricard.*]

Soph. I was much to blame to credit their reports
Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,
And with such virulent malice, though I presume
They are bad enough : but I have studied for 'em
A way for their recovery.

The noise of clapping a door, Ubaldo above in his shirt.

Ubaldo. What dost thou mean wench ?
Why dost thou shut the door upon me, ha ?
My cloaths are ta'en away too ! shall I starve here ?
Is this my lodging ? I am sure the lady talk'd of
A rich cap, a perfum'd shirt, and a waistcoat ;

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But

But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,
A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,
And an old woman's biggin for a night-cap.

Enter Corisca.

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty, ha!
The windows grated with iron, I cannot force 'em;
And if I leap down here, I break my neck;
I am betray'd, rogues! villains! let me out,
I am a lord, and that's no common title,
And shall I be us'd thus?

Soph. Let him rave, he's fast,
I'll parley with him at leisure.

Ricardo entering with a great noise above, as fallen.

Ricard. Zoons, have you trap-doors?

Soph. The other bird's i'th' cage too, let him flutter,

Ricard. Whither am I fall'n, into hell?

Ubal. Who makes that noise there?

Help me, if thou art a friend.

Ricard. A friend! I am where
I cannot help myself, let me see thy face.

Ubal. How, Ricardo! pr'ythee throw me
Thy cloak, if thou canst to cover me, I am almost
Frozen to death.

Ricard. My cloak! I have no breeches,
I am in my shirt as thou art, and here's not
For myself but a clown's cast suit.

Ubal. We are both undone,
Pr'ythee roar a little—madam!

Enter Hilario in Ricardo's suit.

Ricard. Lady of the house!

Ubal. Grooms of the chamber!

Ricard. Gentlewomen, milk-maids!

Ubal. Shall we be murder'd?

Soph. No, but soundly punish'd
To your deserts.

Ricard. You are not in earnest, madam?

Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it, and now hear
What I irrevocably purpose to you.
Being receiv'd as guests into my house,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,

You have forgot all hospitable duties,
And with the defamation of my lord,
Wrought on my woman-weakness in revenge
Of his injuries, as you fashion'd 'em to me,
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.

Hil. Mark that, poor fellows.

Soph. And so far you have,
Transgress'd against the dignity of men,
(Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend
Chaste ladies honours) that it was your trade
To make 'em infamous: but you are caught
In your own toils like lustful beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the usage of men from me;
Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
Like the most slavish women.

Ubal. How will you use us?

Soph. Ease and excess in feeding made you wanton;
A pleurisy of ill blood you must let out
By labour, and spare diet, that way got too,
Or perish with hunger.—Reach him up that distaff
With the flax upon it, tho' no Omphale,
Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it;
As you spin well at my command, and please me,
Your wages in the coarsest bread, and water,
Shall be proportionable.

Ubal. I will starve first.

Soph. That's as you please.

Ric. What will become of me now?

Sophia. You shall have gentler work; I have oft ob-

served
You were proud to show the fineness of your hands,
And softness of your fingers; you shall reel well!
What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I'll
force you.

Deliver him his materials. Now you know
Your penance, fall to work; hunger will teach you;
And so as slaves to your lust, not me, I leave you.

[Exit Sophia and Servants.]

Ubal. I shall spin a fine thread out now.

[Exit Ubal.]

Ric. I cannot look
On these devices, but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.

Hil. Fellow, think of thy task,
Forget such vanities, my livery there
Will serve thee to work in.

Ric. Let me have my clothes yet,
I was bountiful to thee.

Hil. They are past your wearing,
And mine by promise, as all these can witness;
You have no holydays coming, nor will I work
While these, and this lasts: and so when you please
You may shut up your shop and windows. [*Exit Hil.*]

Ubal. I am faint
And must lie down.

Ric. I am hungry too, and cold—
O cursed women!

Ubal. This comes of our whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to night,
But not o'erleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.
[*They draw the curtains.*]

Act. IV: Scen. 3.

*Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acantho,
with Attendance.*

Hon. **N**OW you know all, sir, with the motives why
I forc'd him to my lodging.

Lad. I desire
No more such trials, lady.

Hon. I presume, sir,
You do not doubt my chastity.

Lad. I would not,
But these are strange inducements.

Eub. By no means, sir.

Why, though he were with violence seiz'd upon,

And

And still detain'd, the man, fir, being no soldier,
Nor us'd to charge his pike, when the breach is open
There was no danger in't : you must conceive, fir,
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain
To read old homilies to her in the dark;
She's bound to it by her canons.

Lad. Still tormented
With thy impertinence?

Hon. By yourself, dear fir.
I was ambitious only to overthrow
His boasted constancy, in his consent,
But for fact I condemn him ; I was never
Unchaste in thought, I laboured to give proof
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so,
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.

Lad. I will look on
This pageant ; but——

Hon. When you have seen and heard, fir,
The passages which I myself discovered,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.

Lad. Well, I'll observe the issue.

Eub. How had you took this, general, in your wife?

Ferdinand. As a strange curiosity : but queens
Are privileg'd above subjects, and 'tis fit, fir,

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. IV. Scen. 4.

Enter Matthias, Baptista.

Bap. **Y**OU are much alter'd, fir, since the last night
When the queen left you, and look cheer-
fully,
Your dulness quite blown over.

R 3

Mat.

Mat. I have seen a vision,
This morning makes it good, and never was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall, and when the queen appears,
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,
Observe th' encounter.

*Enter Honoria, Ladislaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand,
Acanthe, with others about.*

Bap. She already is
Enter'd the lists.

Mat. And I prepar'd to meet her.

Bap. I know my duty.

Hen. Not so, you may stay now
As a witness, of our contract.

Bap. I obey
In all things, madam.

Hen. Where's that reverence,
Or rather superstitious adoration,
Which captive-like to my triumphant beauty
You paid last night? no humble knee, nor sign
Of vassal duty? sure this is the fool
To whose proud eyes, and then happy is it,
Your lips were glew'd; and that the arch then offer'd
To witness your subjection to be wed on:
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour;
And that false glow-worm of constancy
To your wife, extinguish'd by a greater light
Shot from our eyes; and that, it may be, (being
Too glorious to be look'd on) hath depriv'd you
Of speech, and motion: but I will take off
A little from the splendor, and descend
From my own height, and in your low state hear you
Plead as a suppliant.

Mat. I do remember
I once saw such a woman.

Hen. Follow me, I have more to say to you.

Mat. And then
She did appear a most magnificent queen.

And what's more, virtuous, tho' somewhat darken'd
With pride and self-opinion.

Eub. Call you this courtship?

Mat. And she was happy in a royal husband,
Whom envy could not tax, unless it were
For his too much indulgence to her humours.

Eub. Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis to the
purpose,

I like the play the better for't.

Mat. And she liv'd
Worthy her birth and fortune; you retain yet
Some part of her angelical form; but when
Envy to the beauty of another woman
Inferior to her's, (one she never
Had seen but in her picture) had dispers'd
Infection through her veins, and loyalty
(Which a great queen as she was should have nourish'd)
Grew odious to her——

Hon. I am thunderstruck.

Mat. And lust, in all the bravery it could borrow
From majesty, how'er disguis'd, had took
Sore footing in the kingdom of her heart;
(The throne of chastity once) how in a moment
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows,
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!

Hon. How his reasons

Work on my soul!

Mat. Retire into yourself,
Your own strengths, madam, strongly man'd with virtue,
And be but as you were, and there's no office.
So base, beneath the slavery that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,
Varying your shapes like Thetis, tho' the beauties
Of all that are by poets raptures sainted,
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me perhaps, but not regarded.

Eub. If this take not, I am cheated.

A& V. Scene. 1.

Sophia, Corisca, Hilario.

Soph. **A**RE they then so humble?
Hil. Hunger and hard labour
 Have tam'd 'em, madam; at first they bellow'd
 Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work
 For fullness; but when they found without it
 There was no eating, and that to starve to death
 Was much against their stomachs, by degrees,
 Against their wills, they fell to it.

Cor. And now feed on.
 The little pittance you allow, with gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stop'd their noses
 At the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding
 For their fine palates; but now, their work being ended,
 They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-parings,
 With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their water,
 For festival exceedings.

Cor. When I examine
 My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,
 And takes a box on the ear when I spy faults
 And botches in his labour, as a favour
 From a curst mistress.

Hil. The other too reels well
 For his time; and if your ladyship would please
 To see 'em for your sport, since they want airing
 It would do well in my judgment, you shall hear
 Such a hungry dialogue from 'em.

Soph. But suppose
 When they are out of prison they should grow
 Rebelious?

Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake
 To lead 'em out by the nose with a coarse thread
 Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel after,
 And without grumbling; and when you are weary of
 Their company, as easily return 'em.

Cor.

Cor. Dear madam, it will help to drive away
Your melancholy.

Soph. Well, on this assurance
I am content; bring 'em hither.

Hil. I will do it
In stately equipage.

[*Exit Hilario*]

Soph. They have confessed then
They were set on by the queen to taint me in
My loyalty to my lord?

Cor. 'Twas the main cause
That brought 'em hither.

Soph. I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end,
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside;
They come, the object's so ridiculous,
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forc'd smile to grace it.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.

Hil. Come away,
Work as you go, and lose no time, 'tis precious,
You'll find it in your commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it!
The word is proper; I have graz'd so long
Upon your commons, I am almost starv'd here.

Hil. Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

Ubal. Better'd?
Worser they cannot be: would I might lie
Like a dog under her table and serve for a foot-stool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her illand curr refuses.

Hil. How do you like
Your airing? is it not a favour?

Ric. Yes;
Just such a one as you use to a brace of grey-hounds
When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be
An honest yeoman phenterer, feed us first,
And walk us after.

Hil. Yeoman phetiserer! Such another word to your governor, and you go supperless to bed for't.

Ubal. Nay, even as you please. The comfortable name of breakfast, dinner, collations, supper, beverage, are words worn out of our remembrance.

Ric. O for the steam Of meat in a cook's shop!

Ubal. I am so dry, I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers When I draw my flax from my distaff.

Ric. Nor I strength To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh! I have the cramp all over me.

Hil. What do you think Were best to apply to it? a cramp-stone, as I take it, Were very useful.

Ric. Oh! no more of stones, We have been us'd too long like hawks already.

Ubal. We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting, We will come to an empty fist.

Hil. Nay, that you shall not. So ho; birds; how the eyesles scratch and scramble! Take heed of a surfeit: do not cast your gorges; This is more than I have commission for; be thankful!

Sophia. Were all that study the abuse of women Us'd thus, the city would not swarm with cuckolds, Nor so many tradesmen break.

Cor. Pray you appear now, And mark the alteration.

Hil. To your work, My lady is in presence; shew your duties Exceeding well.

Sophia. How do your scholars profit?

Hil. Hold up your heads demurely. Prettyly For young beginners.

Cor. And will do well in time If they be kept in awe.

Ric.

Ric. In awe! I am sure
I quake like an aspen leaf.

Ubal. No mercy, lady?

Ric. Nor intermission?

Sophia. Let me see your work.

Fie upon't, what a thread's here! a poor cobbler's wife
Would make a finer thread to sow a clown's rent start-up;
And here you reel as you were drunk.

Ric. I am sure it is not with wine.

Sophia. O, take heed of wine;

Cold water is far better for your health,
Of which I am very tender; you had foul bodies,
And must continue in this physical diet.

Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,
For fear of a relapse, and that is dangerous;
Yet I hope already that you are in some
Degree recover'd, and that way to resolve me
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound
Concerns both nearer; what would you now give,
If your means were in your hands, to lie all night
With a fresh and handsome lady?

Ubal. How! a lady?

O I am pass'd it, hunger with her razor
Hath made me an eunuch.

Ric. For a mess of porridge,
Well sop'd with a bunch of raddish and a carrot,
I would sell my barony; but for women, oh!
No more of women, not a doit for a doxy
After this hungry voyage.

Sophia. These are truly
Good symptoms; let them not venture too much in the
Till they are weaker. [air

Ric. This is tyranny.

Ubal. Scorn upon scorn.

Sophia. You were so
In your malicious intent to me, [Enter a Servant.
And therefore 'tis but justice.—What's the business?

Serv. My lord's great friend, signior Baptista, madam,
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain
Assurance of my lord's arrival.

Sophia.

Sophia. How!
And stand I trifling here? hence with the mongrels
To their several kennels, there let them howl in private,
I'll be no farther troubled. [*Ex. Sophia and Servant.*]

Ubal. O that ever
I saw this fury!
Ric. Or look'd on a woman

But as a prodigy in nature!

Hil. Silence,
No more of this.

Cor. Methinks you have no cause
To repent your being here.

Hil. Have you not learnt,
When your 'states are spent, your several trades to live by,
And never charge the hospital?

Cor. Work but tightly,
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house
But of your spinning.

Ubal. O! I would this hemp
Were turn'd to a halter.

Hil. Will you march?

Ric. A soft one,
Good general, I beseech you.

Ubal. I can hardly
Draw my legs after me.

Hil. For a crutch you may use
Your distaff, a good wit makes use of all things.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. V. Scen. 2.

Enter Sophia and Baptista.

Sophia. **W**AS he jealous of me?

Bapt. There's no perfect love
Without some touch of't, madam.

Sophia. And my picture
Made by your devilish art, a spy upon

My

My actions? I never sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.

Bapt. Excuse me;
At his earnest suit I did it.

Sophia. Very good:
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?

Bapt. The prosperous events that crown'd his fortune
May qualify the offence.

Sophia. Rood the events!
The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to, but
When their rash and desperate undertakings thrive well;
But good and wise men are directed by

Grave councils, and with such deliberation
Proceed in their affairs, that chance hath nothing
To do with 'em. Howsoever, take the pains, for
To meet the honour in the king and queen's
Approaches to my house, that breaks opportunity,
I will expect them with my best of care.

Bapt. To entertain such royal guests,

Sophia. I know it.
Leave that to me, sir. — What should move the queen,

So given to ease and pleasure, as some speak of,

To such a journey? or work on my land

To doubt my loyalty? nay, more, to take

For the resolution of his fears, a course

That is by holy writ deny'd a christian to

'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome

He hopes in my embrace may receive

His expectation. The trumpets speak

The king's arrival. Help a woman's wit now,

To make him know his fault and my just anger.

Exit Sophia.

Act. V. Scen. ultima.

Lead music. Enter Mathias, Eubulus, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Memria, Baptista, Atantbe, with attendants.

Eub. YOUR majesty must be weary.

Hon. No, my lord,

A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.

Math. Not Love, attended on by *Hermes*, was more welcome to the cottage of *Philemon*, And his poor *Baucis*, than your gracious self, Your matchless queen, and all your royal train Are to your servant and his wife.

Lad. Where is she?

Hon. I long to see her as my now lov'd rival.

Eub. And I to have a smack at her; 'tis a cordial To an old man, better than sack and a roast Before he goes to supper.

Math. Ha! is my house turn'd To a wilderness? nor wife nor servants ready With all rites due to majesty, to receive Such unexpected blessings? You assur'd me Of better preparation. Hath not Th' excess of joy transported her beyond Her understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her, And gave her your directions.

Math. How shall I beg Your majesty's patience? Sure my family's drunk, Or by some witch, in envy of my glory, A dead sleep thrown upon 'em.

Enter Hilario and Servants.

1. Serv. Sir.

Math. But that The sacred presence of the king forbids it, My sword should make a massacre among you, Where is your mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, sir,

Then

Then know, she says she's sick, fir. — There's no notice
Taken of my bravery.

Math. Sick at such a time!

It cannot be, tho' she were on her death-bed,
And her spirit even now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this honour
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This mortgage of her manners. [*Exeunt Mathias*

Eub. There's no climate *and Hilario.*

In the world, I think, where one jade's trick or other,
Reigns not in women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Against the sex.

Lad. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean women

Have their faults as well as queens.

Lad. O, she appears now.

Enter Mathias and Sophia.

Math. The injury that you conceive I have done you
Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness
Wrong not yourself and me.

Sophia. I am pass'd my childhood,
And need no tutor.

Math. This is the great king,
To whom I am engag'd till death, for all
I stand possess'd of.

Sophia. My humble roof is proud, fir,
To be the canopy of so much greatness,
Set off with goodness.

Lad. My own praises flying
In such pure air as your breath, fair lady,
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the queen of queens,
In her magnificence to me.

Sophia. In my duty
I kiss her highness' robe.

Hon. You stoop too low,
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

Sophia. Howe'er
It may appear prepos't'rous in women

So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, fir?
Without a magical picture, in the touch
I find your print of close and wanton kisses
On the queen's lips.

Math. Upon your life be silent.
And now salute these lords.

Soph. Since you'll have me,
You shall see I am experienc'd at the game,
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave man, fir,
And do deserve a free and hearty welcome,
Be this the prologue to it.

Eub. An old man's turn
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,
However cold ones, madam.

Soph. I will warm 'em
With the fire of mine.

Eub. And so she has, I thank you,
I shall sleep the better all night for't.

Math. You express
The boldness of a wanton courtesan,
And not a matron's modesty; take up,
Or you are disgrac'd for ever.

Soph. How? with kissing
Feelingly as you taught me? would you have me
Turn my cheek to 'em, as proud ladies use
To their inferiors; as if they intended
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,
And not a salutation? What I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the humour
I'll fly at all, are there any more?

Math. Forbear,
Or you will raise my anger to a height
That will descend in fury.

Soph. Why? you know
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,
By the help of Mephistophiles, and your picture.
Pray you look upon't again. I humbly thank
The queen's great care of me, while you were absent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,

And

And being for that time a kind of widow,
To pass away her melancholy hours
Without good company, and in charity therefore
Provided for me, out of her own store:
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two principal courtiers for ladies service,
To do me all good offices; and as such
Impley'd by her, I hope I have receiv'd
And entertain'd 'em; nor shall they depart
Without the effect arising from the cause
That brought 'em hither.

Mat. Thou dost belye thyself;
I know that in my absence thou wer't honest,
However now turn'd monster.

Soph. The truth is,
We did not deal like you, in speculations
On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were
No substances, and actual performance
The best assurance. I will bring 'em hither
To make good in this presence so much for me.
Some minutes space I beg your majesty's pardon—
You are moy'd; now champ upon this bit a little,
Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Hilario.*]

Lad. How now, turn'd statue, fir?

Mat. Fly, and fly quickly
From this curst habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am; in her tongue
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair
Upon her wicked head; a snake more dreadful
Than that Tifiphon threw on Athamas,
Which in his madness forc'd him to dismember
His proper issue. O that ever I
Repos'd my trust in magick, or believ'd
Impossibilities, or that charms had power!

Eub. These are the fruits
Of marriage; an old bachelor as I am,
And what's more, will continue, is not troubl'd
With these fine vagaries.

Ferd. 'Till you are resolv'd, fir,
Forfake not hope.

Bapt. Upon my life, this is
Diffimulation.

Lad. And it suits not with
Your fortitude and wisdom, to be thus
Transported with your passion.

Hon. You were once
Deceiv'd in me, fir, as I was in you;
Yet the deceit pleas'd both.

Mat. She hath confess'd all,
What farther proof should I ask?

Hon. Yet remember
The distance that is interpos'd between
A woman's tongue and her heart, and you must grant
You build upon no certainties.

Enter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Ubaldo and Ricardo,
as before.

Eub. What have we here?

Soph. You must come on and show your selves.

Ubald. The king!

Ricard. And queen too! would I were as far under
As I am above it. [the earth]

Ubald. Some poet will
From this relation, or in verse or prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all ages.

Lad. I remember
This face when it was in a better plight:
Are not you Ricardo?

Hon. And this thing, I take it,
Was once Ubaldo.

Ubald. I am now I know not what.

Ricard. We thank your majesty for employing us
To this subtle Circe.

Eub. How, my lord, turn'd spinster?
Do you work by the day or by the great?

Ferd. Is your theorbó
Turn'd to a distaff, signior, and your voice,
With which you chanted, *room for a lusty gallant,*

Turn'd

Turn'd to the note of *Lacrymæ*?

Eub. Pr'ythee tell me,

For I know thou art free, how often, and to the purpose,
Have you been merry with this lady.

Ricard. Never, never.

Lad. Howsoever you should say so for your credit,
Being the only court-bull.

Ubal. O that ever

I saw this kicking heifer !

Soph. You see, madam,

How I have cur'd your servants, and what favours

They with their rampant valour have won from me,

You may, as they are physick'd, I presume,

Trust a fair virgin with 'em; they have learn'd

~~Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing~~

But cold and hunger for 'em, and may now,

Set up for themselves, for here I give 'em over,

And now to you, sir, why do you not again

Peruse your picture, and take the advice

Of your learned consort? these are the men, or none,

That made you, as the Italian says, *a beco*.

Mach. I know not which way to intreat your pardon;

Nor am I worthy of it, my Sophia,

My best Sophia. Here before the king,

The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,

I do renounce my error, and embrace you

As the great example to all after-times

For such as would die chaste, and noble wives

With reverence to imitate.

Soph. Not so, sir,

I yet hold off. However I have purg'd

My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,

In your unmanly doubts cast on my honour,

Cannot so soon be wash'd off.

Eub. Shall we have

More jiggobobs yet?

Soph. When you went to the wars,

I set no spy upon you to observe

Which way you wandred, though our sex by nature

Is subject to suspicions and fears.

My

My confidence in your loyalty freed me from 'em.
 But to deal as you did 'gainst your religion,
 With this incanter to survey my actions,
 Was more than woman's weakness; therefore know,
 And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do
 Desire a separation from your bed;
 For I will spend the remnant of my life
 In prayer and meditation.

Math. O take pity
 Upon my weak condition, or I am
 More wretched in your innocence, than if
 I had found you guilty. Have you shown a jewel
 Out of the cabinet of your rich mind
 To lock it up again? — She turns away.
 Will none speak for me? — I have and I have rob'd me
 Of the use of my tongue.

Lad. Since you have conquer'd, madam,
 You wrong the glory of your victory,
 If you use it not with mercy.

Ferd. Any penance
 You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
 He will gladly suffer.

Eub. Have I liv'd to see
 But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle
 Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the cloyster.
 To the old sport again, with a good luck to you:
 'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
 We must have some of the breed of you: will you destroy
 The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,
 And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion
 Against the sex, and show me but two such more
 I'll marry yet, and love 'em.

Hon. She that yet
 Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,
 Thus begs remission for him.

Soph. O dear, madam,
 Wrong not your greatness so.

Omnes. We all are suitors.

Urb. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.

Richard.

Ricard. And we have suffer'd for it.

Soph. I perceive,

There's no resistance ; but suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From jealousy hereafter ?

Mat. I will be

My own security ; go ride where you please,
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,
I'll set no watch upon you ; and for proof of't,
This curst picture I surrender up
To a consuming fire.

Bapt. As I abjure

The practice of my art.

Soph. Upon these terms

I am reconciled ; and for these that have paid
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Lad. At your request they have it.

Ubal. Hang all trades now.

Ric. I will find a new one, and that is to live honest.

Hil. These are my fees.

Ubal. Pray you take 'em with a mischief.

Lad. So, all ends in peace now,

And to all married men be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Eighth Volume.



